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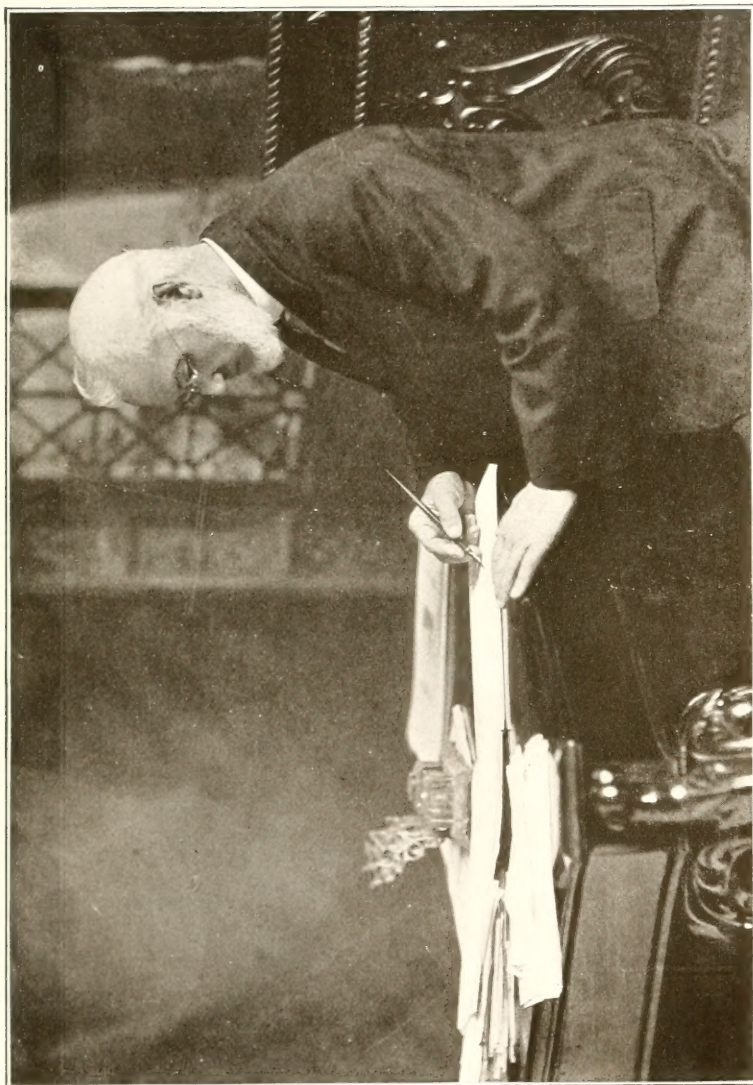
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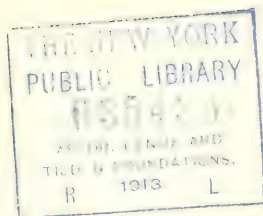
HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

*ILLUSTRATED BY
A NESTING BRANCH OF
THE ARCHIBALDS*

BY
WILLIAM CHARLES ARCHIBALD



BOSTON, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1910



"THE mere tradition of a great ancestry has sometimes helped visibly to mould the characters of men who were intrinsically strong enough to stand alone. Reveries about historic birth and the teaching about historic foregoers have frequently given color to a lifetime, even when the man who has indulged in them bore Nature's own stamp that he was one of the chosen few who are to hand down greatness rather than derive it."

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BY W. C. ARCHIBALD

LEST THE RACE FORGET HER WORTHY SIRE

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS
HARRIET, EMILY, GEORGE, ARTHUR, SARAH, ANNIE
AND OUR FOURTEEN SONS AND NINE DAUGHTERS
TO LIVE WORTHILY OF OUR LONG HERITAGE
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

*"Our lives are songs,
God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure,
And the song is sad
Or the song is glad
As we choose to fashion the measure."*

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PREFACE

THIS book was written by a busy man between the hours of business activities. It comes from the heart of one who is not a stranger to communion with his Maker. A singularly fresh disappointment leaves a dark background, keenly sensitive, and quivering with lofty longings and shattered hopes. But life to rise is mightier than the logic of events. The reader will be led by the author into a kaleidoscopic view of life's doings.

Circumstances in life arose which were calculated to greatly depress him. In the midst of these, his thoughts turned back to his very happy childhood, where came ten little children, one by one, into the home-nest, to be cared for, taught and led by two great home-ful souls whose time was devoted equally to all for the purpose of a wider extension of happiness, contentment and useful citizenship. The study of the principles and the philosophy of the home-making seized him afresh, and a hopeful feeling, which he identifies with one he found in the old "Red House" in the long ago, began to pervade him. Many people have inherited good principles and there are also many devoid of this inheritance.

The reader will find the story vivid and faithful to the facts. It is an appeal to the people and the State to preserve the home life of the nation as their civil right. It takes centuries to give lasting strength to these principles which make families distinctive. The nation has a wireless call to defend this right. The heart's desire of the writer is to awaken kindlier thoughts and convey useful and tender messages of truth, to live on and on. Of our personal desires to do right or wrong, the writer believes it is easier to do right if we exercise the habit to

stop and think. If any toiler is on the gloomy line or worry train, let him get a transfer on the special back to his home of childhood days.

“ Jump on the train and pull the rope,
That lands you at the station Hope.”

It rejuvenates age to live our lives over again. Child's imagery has the light touch of real life. Bypaths and leafy shades sail into our picturesque futures in songs of nature to sweeten age.

The reader will find an exultant liberty as he is led by the author through fields and dells, orchards and homes where he has read some of the many lessons written by the Creator and still unmastered by the schools. He is indebted to more than a dozen persons who went from the Archibald homestead many years gone by, whose expressions have been recalled for this volume. The river and its banks between the seen and the unseen seem to have narrowed down, until the unseen comes into view and voices are heard. He also acknowledges his indebtedness to his brothers and sisters for many charming incidents narrated herein; to the late Israel Longworth, Esq., for personal description of S. G. W. Archibald's home on the Salmon River; to the public speeches and letters of Joseph Howe; to the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and to Burke's "Titled Nobility" for ancestral tracings; also to the history of the First Maine Cavalry by Lieutenant Tobie, for data and extracts.

W. C. A.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

INTRODUCTION

MR. WILLIAM CHARLES ARCHIBALD has placed the "House of Archibald" under lasting obligations to him. He has done more. He has made a valuable contribution of practical wisdom to every lover of truth, beauty and progress as represented in home life. "Home"! Scarcely a word in the English language is richer in meaning. It stands in the thought of the noblest members of the human race for all that is best, most desirable and holiest. The preservation of the home in purity, integrity and true unity, is the one guarantee of progress social, political and religious.

This volume is a portrayal of the qualities, principles and purposes which lie at the basis of ideal home life. Stronger proof could hardly be offered of the powerful influence of education and environment than these pages reveal.

There is also unanswerable proof of the effect of heredity on life and thus an emphasis upon parental responsibility. The volume is far more than biographical chronicle. It is full of suggestion and instruction universally applicable in founding and developing family life. Its simplicity of style adds to its charm. The practicality of its suggestions enhances its value.

Its delineations of character and its descriptions of natural beauty bring the reader into an intimacy of fellowship with a family whose contributions to progress give it a most enviable distinction. While the narrative or nar-

ratives will have a positive fascination for those who have the good fortune to be branch, twig, blossom or leaf on this family tree, they will appeal to a multitude of readers who have a deep interest in Life with its perplexities and its problems, its joys and its jolts, its infelicities and its inspirations. It will stimulate in every reader exalted aspirations and will lead to high resolve in the serious undertakings of life. It should awaken a determined effort to prevent the unholy invasion of home life and the safeguarding of the hearthstone against every enemy. He will serve his God and his Country best who does most to make the home a place of perpetual beatitude, a place filled with Divine harmonies, yea, a very vestibule to Paradise.

A. Z. CONRAD, D.D.

*Pastor Park Street Congregational Church,
Boston, Mass.*

BOOK ONE

HOME-MAKING AND ITS
PHILOSOPHY

CHAPTER I

COLONIAL DAYS

WALLACE ARCHIBALD, Esquire, of Poplar Grove Farm, Musquodoboit, was the son of Samuel Burke Archibald, whose great-great-grandfather, Samuel Archibald, senior, was the second in order of birth of the four Archibalds who originally settled at Truro, Nova Scotia, in 1762.

This emigration embraced persons of many names, who took up farms dotting the table-lands around this eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy, following the Acadians' removal in 1755. The site or hub of this town was laid fifty or sixty miles from its felloes, Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou, and Parrsboro, encircling the wheel. To-day much of the intervening areas is in fine farms, with forests on the highlands, whose increasing revenues flow steadily towards this thrifty railroad center of beautiful homes. Truro is almost environed and seamed by people of this race, whose pastoral tastes have been preserved on the fertile lands and rich marshes extending west as far as the eye can see down the bay. Their descendants have gone out to all the continent.

The townships of Guysboro, Pictou, Colchester and Musquodoboit are well peopled with this name. Their attachment and love for Truro as their ancestral birthright and New World race-home has been deeply and permanently laid. This affection for lineage is likely some day to find further commemoration in memorials honoring the blood and race which is steadily growing more useful and prosperous wherever located in this western world.

The Archibald race, seeing opportunities for expansion, have proved to be good colonizers. They go out from

their mother land as individuals or in families, but soon group themselves into communities and continue to retain their race characteristics, and this is a mark of their strength of inheritance. They share the honors in the making of three Londonderrys.

The Archibalds, so far as they have been traced, seem to have gone to England and Scotland through the Scandinavian Provinces at the time of the Danish invasions.

If a collection of names of a widely settled race is a link in ancestral tracing or even ancestral homes, they point to the Hebrew period beginning with Abram, Adam, Jacob, Joseph, Asher, Daniel, Elisha, Ephraim, Asa, David, Jonathan, Cyrus, Hiram, Ebenezer, Ezra, Alexander, Silas, Stephen, Mark, John, James, Hannah, Rachael, Mary and many others (see fourth book) and these names are maintained to-day. The motive and power that preserved and handed along the old family names has proved to be a strong characteristic of this race. From Scotland they went in large numbers into the counties of Derry and Ulster, in the north of Ireland, many centuries ago, and where large communities of them remain to-day in prosperity. From Londonderry they emigrated to America.

“After the Irish Society of London obtained possession of Derry, in 1613 it was incorporated under the name of Londonderry. From April 1690 the Protestants of the North defended themselves within its walls against James II until the siege in August.”

Of the Archibalds, a few families came to Londonderry, New Hampshire, while it was still a wilderness. Some of these emigrated to Truro, Nova Scotia, about 1762.

Londonderry, Nova Scotia, is situated eighteen miles north of Truro, on the Intercolonial Railroad, and is the seat of the oldest iron-smelting works in the Province.

Its location is one of great natural beauty, lying along the two picturesque sides of a deep ravine and running stream for miles, coming from the base of the Cobequid Mountains. From the town, stretching east and west, lies a rich, fertile and productive country, with many families of the Archibalds who are owners to-day of extensive farms and dyked marshes.

They now number two hundred families in the Province, or about a thousand persons. So far as data are available, the daughters of this race are less numerous than the sons. These data are given herein and may one day be of use to biologists.

The phonetic sound of Arch-i-bald carries in it the daring spirit of the North, as in Norseman. It has its antilogy in the soft euphony and melody of Normandy. The middle letter or syllable carries a slight accent. The broader expressive meaning in the first syllable is linked with the last one, uniting the high sea courage of the vikings with the mountain boldness of the highlanders.

“In old knightly times the German, Erchanbald, meaning sacred prince, was adapted by the French into the name Archambault, and by the Italians to Archibaldo. The Scots, too, adopted Archibald as the lowland equivalent of Gillespie, and as a Christian name it was frequently heard in the houses of the Campbells and Douglasses.”

“The Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to perform an incantation to restore the fruitfulness of their fields. It began by the cry ‘Erce erce eordhan moder,’ as if it were not the Earth itself, but her mother, that was called upon.”

The general characteristic of the race is pastoral. Industry, integrity and hospitality may be said to comprise the essence of their traits. There is a spirit and a life to their work, which, touched by a natural simplicity, is both the

allied companion and offspring of greatness. God seems to say by the mountain, the flower and the bird that sings above it, "This is *my natural* work."

The touch of the Parent Gardener was felt

In the daily breathings of the air,
In the tender whisperings of the leaves,
In the broad beneficence of skies,
In the flowering time of meadow lands.

The wish of the pine, the whirr of the bird flocks or the tinkling of the distant waterfall are simply repeating waves of musical life. The vitalizing of the heart and mind and the filling out of the personality unfold our finer intuitions which inspire and guide our balance with external things. As men think, so they become in physical reflection or enduring strength. The deeper forces of their natures intensified the desires to climb the slopes. This was the spirit of the life back of their expression. This consciousness transcends the human limit, as naturally as the rose diffuses sweetest fragrance. Soul activity relies upon the rule and concord relating to both worlds. They drank the cup from sorrow's spring. The garnered years recorded in this volume contribute a harvest of reminiscences replete with sweet, golden incidents. A purposeful will unrolls resources. The fount's gentle spray sparkles impressions in showers, to poise the life, to press its effluence in just perceptions. The farm acres resting on the bed-rock of imperishable principle, plead for the thoughtful silence and meditation.

That moment is not lost that silence holds
In purest thought of goodness and of love;
In every quiet hour we are ascending
That height whose summit is the light above.

At the grindstone of uncongenial toil, fatigue annuls itself in the calm peace the soul draws from its Maker. In the retrospect we see the heads of two families in two generations moving along in sentient work, their thoughts enswathed by a spirit, kindlier than the work begot, which lifted them. Intelligence exhaled impression in its train that glowed with light and warmth by the hearthside of genuine life and solid worth. These fountains of supply did not run dry.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lives
The Great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

The wealth of families grows in stretching out the hand for lineage whose warming blood and endearing name are ours to aid. In the "world's broad field of battle" this love of race and men will at last include the brotherhood of humanity at large. There is a close correspondence in the discovery of radium with its radiating, permeating, illuminating quality, and the new insight into Omnipotent Love revealed to us in this nature world. Radium radiates its powerful heat without exhaustion, we are told, and man may forcefully burn his life to a marvelous upliftment. The quality of goodness far outweighs the most brilliant mind, in illuminating the lives of men. There is a stage of goodness which means mastery of self, and men unknown to fame have sought and found it. Even he who forgives his brother seventy times seven becomes the receptacle of the fruits of goodness. These are the marks of soul-life in the world. As farmer, horticulturist, educationist, physician, engineer, scientist, jurist, preacher, or statesman, each speaks by his work.

In these pages I am speaking freely of the things that many persons think should be kept veiled, but which after all are a part of genuine, vitalized life in the individual. Should we not sometimes lift the curtain of our souls for others to see what we are feeling and thinking, even if the act reveals how many empty rooms there are? The true independence in a life must proceed from native forces within.

The forest life of our grandfather began in a log cabin when he was twenty-one years of age, among the big trees, one hundred and fifteen years ago.

Many of the localities where the scenes in this book are laid bear the names originally given by the early occupants of this territory, the Micmac Indians, a tribe who in after years showed great friendliness to the English. Appended are some of these names, with their Indian spelling and derivation.

Micmac Land, Meqũmaaqe: Country of the Micmacs.

Musquodoboit, Mooskũdoboogwěk: Flowing out square and plump.

Upper Musquodoboit, Kesokwěděk, or Archibalds' Mills: The road runs over a hill.

Middle Musquodoboit, Natkamkĩk: The river extends up hill.

Musquodoboit River, Amaltũnik: An island in the mouth, variegated in appearance.

Porcupine Den, Pookndapskwode.

Micmacs, a tribe of Indians friendly to the English.

CHAPTER II

THE RACE LINEAGE IN NOVA SCOTIA

TWO BROTHERS, near the ending of their teens, in love with country life, left their home at Truro and came to Musquodoboit. William was born September 19, 1774; Samuel Burke, December 12, 1776. Their father was John Archibald, 2d, whose wife was Margaret Fisher. David Archibald was born at Londonderry, Ireland, and was the father of John Archibald, 2d. He was one of four brothers who arrived at Truro, N. S., in 1762; namely, David, Samuel, James and Thomas. From these descended all the Archibalds in Nova Scotia. These four brothers with others were the original grantees of Truro township, consisting of eighty thousand acres. At this date Samuel was eighteen years of age. He and his brothers were mill owners and exporters of lumber. They dug a mill-race from the Salmon River, Truro, half a mile long.

The French had been deported from Nova Scotia in 1755.

The Archibalds, four brothers and three sisters of one family, came together from Londonderry to New Hampshire, and the four brothers a year or two later (in 1762) moved to Nova Scotia. David Archibald was elected to the General Assembly as a representative in 1766, and Samuel in 1770, and thereafter continuously until his death in 1779.

John Archibald, 2d, was the grantee of the forest lands in Musquodoboit for his two sons, William and Samuel, where they began the making of farms. These lands were distant thirty miles from Truro and fifty-four miles from Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. The brothers took

their axes with them and first built a log cabin. They were robust young men and as the sequel shows had pluck and perseverance, and were not afraid of work. The uplands were heavily wooded and the river bottoms were studded with thickets of alder, hazel, cranberry, wild cherry, flowering elder and young elms, in clumps or hedgerows, as is their habit. These young men, with a natural love of independence, in following their own ideals, selected this picturesque spot, happily made of mountains softening into valleys, hills and plains, with knolls and intervalles, brooks and river, fine forests of maple, birch, beech, ash, elms and oaks, and other kindred of the woods. The thick undergrowth was as rich embroidery, while groups of spruce and fir emeralded the landscape. There were a few hemlocks standing in the deep woods with their great sheavy pendant boughs, tipped with winter's gold and laden with snow, while mournfully bending in quiet speech, as humility graces and mantles man. Here and there were tall pines, rearing their towering trunks in kingly majesty, holding aloft their wavy plumes and touching a sky line of their own making, rooted on hillside or mountain top, surrounded by a family group of smaller size,—types of these men and their succeeding generations.

Public roads there were none; only blazed paths between the houses of the settlers. A loving swain and his bride-to-be often sat side by side on the same horse, or a married pair rode to Sabbath service with the husband looking protectingly through the winding pathway, while the wife's right arm clung to him for steadiness and confidence.

The clearing of the land of trees by the young men in their bachelor days proceeded hand in hand with their preparations for the building of frame houses. The log

house stood midway in a straight line between our grandfather's "Red House," built later, and Uncle Samuel's new white house. Our grand-uncle's house was also red, as were a few others along the river. The cellar, or dug-out, for storing vegetables, was of deep interest to us children as we stood about its mound and dreamed of its old home associations. Could we gather now all the thoughts, purposes, and plans silently made beneath the old home roof, the self-denials, resolutions and fortitude that filled their lives with hopes and expectations of easier days to come, we would be near the core and kernel of the elements which conduce to the making of the most useful and noblest among mankind. Men are not to be judged merely by the work they accomplish in one generation, but they are to be measured by their lasting greatness.

The "Red House" sat on an eminence crowning a raised plateau, which sloped around and gently downward to a running stream and newly-planted willows. On the other side it was merged by a double slope into a rich and fertile hollow, filled with orchard trees and fringed with hedges. The front drive was a curve over a grassy lawn, to the willows and the public way. The old post road ran over the hills and mountains to avoid the wet lowlands.

The level system of road-making began about 1828 and was introduced by Sir James Kempt, Governor of Nova Scotia, assisted by Mr. George Whitman and other scientific men. The new public road is now one hundred feet in front of the "Red House" and on a lower level, with grades easy and pleasant. The new road runs up the river from west to east, with the intervalles and river to the right, midway between the high and low lands. It naturally follows in a series of straight and curved lines of more than ordinary engineering beauty well calculated

for finest effects and ease in travel. The double curvature around the turn from the "Red House" was much like the letter S, and ran around the breast of a large hill, along a very pretty slope and dry roadbed, to the commanding view of this unique and fertile farm. The house was always in view of these road curves.

The art of road-making has made advances since that road was laid out, but a landscape surveyor to-day would be altogether likely to adopt the same picturesque course. From the upper turn in the road miles of open view of river farms can be seen, with stately elms gracing the rich lowlands. Mixed forests largely of sugar maple and beautifully green, or gorgeous with the colorings of the season, cover the mountain side across the river, like the shingles of a very slanting roof. In mist or sunshine these landscapes afford a continued source of instruction and delight. Old folklore has it that grandfather went with the road engineers and assisted in locating the highway so as to accentuate the natural beauty of its surrounding and give pleasure to travellers for all time to come. This is what we would expect from him as we knew him. He planted the roadsides with poplars, royal fir, hawthorn and apple trees, with here and there at some gate entrance a willow or two. He never grew weary of telling the story of George Washington's truthfulness regarding the hatchet and the sin of hacking a tree. He named one of his boys George Washington, although himself a British subject, and, wonderful to tell, after his marriage the son went to the "States" to live and was naturalized. It is hard to say what would have happened if he had named all his boys for the great men of the "States." They might all have gone to the land from which they borrowed their names. He himself was named for the great Edmund Burke, the orator and statesman.



THE ARCHIBALD HOMESTEAD, MUSQUODOBOIT

Sketched by William Charles Archibald



GRAZING IN THE AUTUMN MEADOWS

"The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The voice of Rover, that welcomed the children home."

The locating of the house site is always a pleasure—more than we know until we have it to do. The raised plateau was a tongue of land running in the direction of the main post road and river and about thirty feet above the level of the highway. It was in form like the open hand, with palm up and fingers pointing to the sunny south. The grassy slopes were irregular at the chine of the hill as the finger tips, and were wavy curves naturally planned for easy gradients. If we stand erect, as grandfather always stood, in the heart of this handlikeness, looking across the road and river we will see to the right with its arm outstretched full length, the slope of the vegetable gardens, and closer the play-places of the children, studded thickly with trees and shady, grassy walks. It was our Longfellow who wrote that “it was strong evidence of goodly character the thoughtfulness one displayed in caring for trees.” The trees are of varying height and fruitful capacities. In coming along the highway towards the house through the hawthorn and apple hedgerows (the ends of which show in house engraving), the road swerves gently into a modest curve, exposing bright spots of red of the house-end, which could be seen through the leafless forms of winter trees and shubbery, or in graceful shadows of waving branches in their spring and summer dresses. The left view, along the outstretched arm, has the fingers pointing to the two barns on a lower level, with their cellars, sheepfold, wagon-house, and forge, and the ever babbling brook, with its big channel pushed against the opposite bank, which in turn rose over a rolling slope up to the Annand Farm adjoining us on the east. Between us and the barns stand in great majesty the seven balms on the upper chine and edge of the slope, back of which the sledded wood was piled.

Both houses sat on squares, with their corners indicating the four points of the compass, and with their front doors facing to the southeast. Great poplars stood as great overarching sentinels, holding and shading the kitchen entrance and deep green slopes, where the summer breezes were wont to play for comfort and coolness. The trees touching the house kept coming nearer, and the eastern sun played with light through the open branches, while the heat was left behind. The porch or kitchen entrance was touched with light and warmth for a couple of hours at midday, which drew all dampness to a wholesome dryness. A robin or two, or the swallows under the barn eaves, in twittering converse would call us in the spring of the morning, but the children were proof against their chirping summons at that untimely hour. The hottest day had its cool places inviting to rest, but duties and comfort differed widely.

The flower garden at the front had two neatly laid-out walks, meeting at right angles, with gates to enter. A broad terrace, ten feet wide and two to three feet high, ran the full length of the house. Along its base were shrubs and roses, which half hid it from the view and smothered it with blossoms. Through the terrace ran a neat row of giant rhubarb, which caught the greenery of spring with earliest peeps and us with firstlings of the sauce.

In early spring, below the wall the sun poured in its southern warmth and quickly kindled slumbering life. The walk along the wall stood out two feet for a border forty feet in length, planted with large cabbage roses. So thick and full were they, our little noses lost themselves again and yet again in them and could not be altogether satisfied, and many a one went to our breasts to make us fragrant. There were tall phloxes, reaching their spikes

just over the neat stone wall to attract general notice; likewise the larkspurs, dahlias, foxgloves, Canterbury bells, and hollyhocks; and all of these tall-stemmed and of varying heights. Many varied colors graced the path and wall.

The central walk was margined by more herbaceous perennials, in clumps or shortened beds, according to our mother's taste. With object lessons such as these, we learned the worth of flowers. Variety in a garden is the spice of life. Mother's direction in garden-making was closely followed. How well I remember her in early spring directing me and spade or fork with loving care. The marigolds, pansies, bachelor buttons, balsams and sweet Williams headed the walk, as I recall them, in their smiling welcomes to the children. Then followed bluebells of Scotland, lilies, butter flowers, wormwood, poppies, thyme, forget-me-nots, lobelia, mignonette, heliotrope, London pride, sage, dielytra or bleeding heart, and columbines, and between these we walked up or down and plucked or regaled at will. Along the "Red House" front and planted close thereto upon the terrace wall were morning and evening glories and other convolvulus. The hops and honeysuckles stood back behind the lilacs, and, like the humming birds, we often went to these.

At the post-road entrance a well-made, well-hinged, mortised gate, painted plum brown, stood for forty years. Outside were steps which led down over a grassy slope to the roadside level. The garden fences were made of pickets, kept upright and straight as was our practice even if we had to right them in the mornings. We know that grandfather built the "Red House" about the time of his marriage, as we know our barn within the lawn was finished while he was yet a bachelor. Whatever work he did, he did well.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

The family altar was a cherished institution of the ancestral family, and for centuries the principle and habit were handed down, and homestead life began by blessings overhanging and expected in the old-time way. This altar brings to view the principles it embedded which shaped their course and future in homes and households yet to be. The morning and the evening songs, with Bible reading and prayer, within this circle grew, and here eleven children grew. The household faith may best be understood by the daily Scripture teaching. They taught their children to love the truth and training for their own sake. They placed before their family the building of a home, and how to get the blessing promised. They believed and prayed for a broader Christianity in a whole-hearted way.

The work of the Home and Foreign Bible Society in Great Britain never appealed to them in vain. Then the work was small and had fewer friends than now. But they believed and prayed that God would bless His own word and work. In 1908 fifteen million copies of the Word of God were distributed in five hundred and eighteen languages and tongues. It is well to stop and think what God hath wrought with the hands and hearts of His disciples. Another prayer they breathed for seventy or eighty years was for the restoration of the Jews to their own loved land. Visible signs of fulfilment are nearing, and some of us may live to see it; if not we, our children. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Jewish people which we have not yet even tried to pay. Our people held a deep and lasting sympathy for them all their days. Their punishment is great. Their loss in home and national life in the last long period is of tremendous import. God proves himself to mankind by His government of men.

THE RACE LINEAGE IN NOVA SCOTIA

Mr. Ernest Gordon has summed up the interesting and unique situation as follows: "The Jews, hated and starved in Russia and Roumania; the Jews, invited to the Turkish empire with open arms; the Jews, organized throughout the world to purchase Palestine as an everlasting possession of the Jewish people; the Jews, masters of international finance and influential in international politics; the Jews, apparently unable to colonize elsewhere; lastly a Turkish revolution which destroys all political hindrances to Jewish settlement in Palestine, also, we may add, the open recognition by the Jewish rabbi and scholars that Jesus is one of the greater latter-day prophets whose empire is the world."

Virgil, who lived before the advent of Christ, has this to say:

Come claim thine honors, for the time draws nigh,
Babe of immortal race, the wondrous seed of love,
Lo, at thy coming how the starry spheres
Are moved to trembling, and the earth below,
And wide-spread seas and the vault of heaven,
How all things joy to greet the rising age!

These things attest the soundness of the ingrained beliefs our people held and cherished through so many decades and centuries. Their souls went deeper still for mankind everywhere, and they prayed that the time would "soon come when all people and nations should bow at the feet of Jesus and 'Crown Him Lord of All.'"

We are in the heart throbs of the Laymen's Missionary Movement to give the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by the middle of this century to every nation, kindred and tongue upon the face of the earth.

Their youngest son, William A., was a Christian physician, a man of sturdy qualities and sterling worth. He was for years in doubt as to a choice of profession, and all

the while he ranked in the higher types of Christian gentlemen. The outlook for his usefulness was wide. One year and a half after obtaining his degree at Harvard he died at his brother Samuel's home at the age of twenty-eight years, very deeply lamented. Grandfather's home was now left with three daughters and seven sons, all of whom were married. These new homes were conducted on the same moral plane as their parents'. In each of these homes at their beginning was set the family altar, and the record shows they were exemplary and useful men and women. In these two generations were thirty-six daughters and fifty-one sons, represented in nine healthy families.

A pen picture of the physique of the Archibald family in Canada and the United States is as follows: They are a gainly formed race and are of full medium height, and stand erect as a thrifty apple tree even into old age. Their heads are medium size and round, shoulders square, arms long, with robust muscles and hands of good proportion; body long, with legs and thighs medium, short and straight, with feet well arched to support bodies of full average weight. Forehead full, with face large and cheek-bones low. Eyes full, clear and mild, nose prominent, and mouth medium to large. Chin short and round, with breast full. Temperament somewhat phlegmatic, yet valiant in worthy attainments. Coolness in deliberation is a leading characteristic. Sincerity and reverence are prominent traits of this growing family.

The nest of noble qualities our mother brought to father's purposes and life-plans at marriage was a strong reinforcement to strengthen the Archibald race in their family possession.

After grandfather and grandmother moved into the white cottage under the willows, the children were wel-

come at all hours. Their lives were very methodical, which even the animals knew. I recall my father leaving for Pictou with our black mare, and stopping with a friend, a Mr. Fraser, at Middle River. The mare was put into a pasture on a Friday evening and on Saturday morning she was gone. They searched all the day for her without success or tidings. They agreed to go to each of two churches on the Sabbath morning for inquiry, and at one of these they found Black Bess at a hitching post between two horses harnessed in their carriages. She knew it was the Sabbath and where she was expected to go, this being the mare my grandfather drove to church for years, and the habit had told.

We used to run into their pretty white house to see them in the mornings, and on Sabbath morning we knew the following catechism awaited us: What day is this?—The holy Sabbath day. Who made you?—God. Who redeems you?—Jesus Christ. Who sanctifies you?—The Holy Ghost. For what end were you made?—To love and serve God. Who was the first man?—Adam. Who was the first woman?—Eve. Where did God place them?—In the garden of Eden. What to do?—To keep and dress it.

Then the Ten Commandments followed, unless grandma intervened to say the boys must go after the horses for meeting, and so we were excused for this time.

Each of us had his little world of thoughts as the little seeds were sown, in all the moods and tones of budding soul life. Though we felt the pulsations we, of course, did not understand them. Rays of vision sought us in those sweet, mellow years, and the artist's alternating light and shade made prints and pictures upon the minds and characters of the girls and boys for our lasting good, even to the latest years.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

It was on a large bearskin robe that, after dinner, grandfather lay before the open fireplace and took his religious siesta, and all was quiet. Grandmother was ever the good friend of the children in little loving ways, but I noticed that as our grandparents grew aged they lived more quietly, and let go, in a measure, the things which formerly gripped them so. From early recollections they came into our consciousness, and they still are lingering there.

Our grandfather sold half of his west acreage to outsiders, a few years earlier, and divided the remaining half with his sons Wallace and Samuel, for which they paid an annuity in produce and cash as long as the old folks lived. To our Uncle Samuel was apportioned the western half, on which was a large barn. Our father and mother at marriage began home-making in the "Red House," so long their home, with a store of tender associations, which continued to deepen to the end of life. The white house in the willows on the knoll overlooked the broad and winding glen with its brook and coves, where the sheep and cattle grazed and rested in the shade. The front entrance of their house was through a portico, and the children and all friends entered that way. The door usually stood open in fine days and had a very inviting look. It was a pretty site, with cosy, sunny spots everywhere in view. We used to love to sit on the front steps and look through the trees. Many and many a Sabbath afternoon of the long summer days, with book in hand, we leisurely wended our way up the glen to read or rest or sleep in the shade of the banks. Over the brook opposite, on our level, stood a row of apple trees, following the zigzag windings of the glen banks, carpeted in the richest greenery all the spring and summer and autumn. The sheep cropped it

as short as a clipped lawn, while the lambs frolicked and gamboled down its paths and along the chines of the bank above. The tops of the apple trees reached the table-land, while their trunks and blossoms nestled in their home retreats to draw or waft us all into their orbit of beauty.

When the brook was full it mirrored the enlarging scene, and the trout and minnows glided here and there and flashed a light of silver at our approach. The pikes, kingfishers and sand peeps came quickly, too, after heavy rains. Of course they loved their freedom, as well as we, from cares or worries, as in the happy days of youth. Sometimes the kingfishers seized the pikes, and death was almost certain. It was a sweet spot, protected from winds, and the first blades of spring showed there. Moreover the fine foliage of the apple trees gave a special charm to the scene, and brought thoughts of fruitage days in autumn. All these dreams and visions were natural and rational, and were a source of happiness, a supply of which we were storing up, like the bees in summer for colder winter days.

The old garden and orchard went with the low "Red House" to us, but grandfather reserved a pretty level square with fruit trees on the sides, and it was but a little while until the grounds on all sides were planted with flowering mints, poppies, onions, cives and vegetables of every edible class. Gooseberries and currants fringed the margin, and roses the border about the house. Grandmother was a great fruit gatherer and every year made the first fruit pies, and we children ate them. Grandfather was a natural horticulturist, which correctly interpreted means an advanced agriculturist loving the beautiful. The work of horticulture is more complex and requires greater skill than simple farming.

His garden stood a few feet higher up the hill than the "Red House," and partly between the two houses, so that the pathway led us around the square and the picket fence which raised it to the dignity and name of garden. It was the outside furnishing of the home. From the middle walk was the best perspective, and both houses were in the eye. In those days the garden was regarded as the necessary adjunct of every home. The homes in the country to-day have rather lost ground, compared with those of the pioneers. It is to be regretted that this is so. Can it be that the appreciation for flowers is declining, or does the strenuous life the farmer is now leading, with new and unheard-of expenses and demands, leave him with insufficient time and means to cultivate and satisfy his artistic nature?

The artificial life of woman tends to this degeneracy. It is true, wealth has been lavished freely on vain displays. The spirit of these times attaches more value to the artificial and fictitious than to the real and the natural. Those who suffer most are our wives and daughters. The love of display and show is building life on a shallow plane. The deepest affections of our daughters are dwarfed, and goodness itself is weakened in them. These lives of highest value to our race are being prejudiced and warped by false ideals; and the deep-seated love of our mothers, who would have died for their children, is being usurped to-day by their successors who affect to believe their individual freedom and light opinion are of greater value to themselves than family stability and goodness. In the place of the fine spirit and good judgment of our mothers towards their husbands and their children is seen the growing spirit of increasing display, and that, too, at the expense of nobler things. The family and nation greatly need that deeper,



A FOOL'S PARADISE

"O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree —
How ill exchanged are things like those for thee,
Diffuse your pleasures only to destroy!
Boast of a florid vigor; and then they cloy."

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finer, innate sense of the soul, receiving God's countenance and sweetest expression in the moral and spiritual nature of woman. The great need is the re-enthronement of pure basic principles buttressing family life, to prepare the way for national development and lasting greatness. This can spring only from a true perception of the rightness of things, and is more important than popularity. *Self-will must give way to the law of love.*

Grandfather was called "the bishop of the countryside" because, I suppose, of his natural leadership in religious life and moral influence. Every one knew where to find him on every question. He was superintendent of the Sabbath school from our early recollections, although, of course, there were others who often filled the office. The community was strongly Presbyterian with only a few families of Baptists, of which grandfather and grandmother were in the lead. They were members of the Baptist church in Stewiacke Village, seven miles distant. They were constant church-goers, first to their own and then to others. Grandfather was free or open communionist, and partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper with the Presbyterians and Methodists who extended invitations to all Christians. There are many mansions in our Father's house above, which also is true in lives and places here below. "The love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind."

CHAPTER III

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

FATHER was by nature a gentleman, made stronger by God's gentleness, even tempered, courteous, bearing truth with prudential courage. "Prudent" was a favorite word with mother. Whether father ever told a lie when a boy we do not know. He had disciplined his mind in the arts of peace. His spirit was pure as a child's, as we saw him then and as we think of him now. While he talked to us, assembled in family circle on a Sabbath evening, about life and death, mother sitting there with the youngest on her lap and uniting her thoughts with father's, we felt they were always prepared for heaven. In the opening dawn of manhood his heart was susceptible to good impressions. In affectionate, mild, persuasive tones and ways, with a firmness that ever carried conviction, he spoke of the necessity of obedience to truth and uprightness, and made us feel that such must be, or should be, first and paramount to all else. He held that the essential elements of true character were inborn, as honesty, sincerity, integrity, reverence.

First, we must be honest with God before we could in the true sense be honest with man—before we could act from motives on the plane that God demands of us. Endowed with a noble inheritance of self-control, his nature broadened and deepened and he grew in strength and nobility, and this by the traditional faith handed down along ancestral lines. I cannot recall a single instance where anger mastered him. I have seen him show the spirit of indignation, but in a thoughtful, deliberate manner, which would take some time to work itself away. In his plans of life in business matters, if losses followed

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he usually said, "Well, we did it for the best." He believed men were like ores which have to be tested and refined. The great Master said: "I see no best in kind, but in degree; I gave various talents to each, to charm, to strengthen and to teach." The purpose of this book is to set in interesting outline pictures taken from real home life, and which are ever subject to review, in order to test their power and permanency. They will stand for illustrations of solidity to all the families and races and names of men. This is a peaceful work for all men, to promote in them higher ideals in the Kingdom of Righteousness. The golden text in the lesson of father's life was a living, conscientious conviction. His was a right-down faithfulness to the admonitions of conscience, with steadiness and courage that lasted him through life. Veneration and adoration of the Deity held a very high place in his soul. Kindness and good will flowed like a perennial stream that kept the sympathies of family life warm and tender.

The late Phillips Brooks said, "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gave him he gave him for mankind." Such greatness is as effective in the lowly walks of life as in those places which men classify as high and great. A Christian home is the best and finest product of our civilization. How well we remember leaning against father's knees as we grew older, charmed by his converse with a friend or neighbor. His neighbors must have been all the better for their talk with him. His motives were apparent and his manner never intrusive. In matters of opinion he was fair-minded. To our parents we owe our fondness for reading and our knowledge of the Bible.

In educational and progressive subjects he was ever ready by reasonable means to employ the best and most efficient teachers in order to raise the standard of the district school to the first rank. He took great satisfaction in its growth and attainments. When the new school-house was in prospect and the grade of the teachers to be employed was considered, he kept in view the greatest good to the greatest number, and did much to place this school beyond question in the front rank among those of rural Halifax. The community found father and mother warming with enthusiasm at the district's growth and at the school's advance. This example was contagious, and these were the days of a general advance all along the Valley, about 1850 to 1860.

Soon after came the new School Act in 1864, which placed the Province of Nova Scotia in educational matters on a level with the best system of that day on the continent. This act was framed and introduced into Parliament by the Hon. Dr. Charles Tupper, then premier of the Province of Nova Scotia, now Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. of Armsdale, Halifax, Nova Scotia, K.C.M.G., LL.D. This act of Dr. Tupper gave his Province lasting honor. Father gave his hearty support to this measure, although it met strong opposition.

"Beauty leading youth to the family shrine is no fable in the world's history and there is no reason why in Nova Scotia it may not be amply realized," said Joseph Howe.

Our mother was the beloved daughter of a Baptist clergyman, whose itinerancy was in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. She was a pretty girl and a very graceful woman. She was slightly below medium height, finely featured and intellectual. Her refining spirit and easy movements were like soft waves of light. Her interesting personality

inspired the home. She possessed a happy ambition for improvement and in each department of both indoor and garden life she was the guide and inspiration. Her spirited ideals reached us in song and story, and we grew to think of things beyond our vision. She was most lovable in her home. She was a visitor at grandmother's on the preaching tours her father was making in his group of small churches, and the friendship grew between both families.

My eldest sister Harriet writes: "Grandmother Archibald took a special liking to mother when a little girl of nine years of age and wished so much to take her as her own that her father, Rev. George Richardson, who was the Baptist pastor in Lower Stewiacke, realizing no doubt that greater advantages would come to his daughter than a moving minister with a large family to provide for would be able to give, and as all the parties thereto agreed, the adoption took place."

It transpired that two brothers were rivals for her hand and the years of ripening affection at last called for her personal decision involving the heart's affections, and Wallace was estimated in the setting. The other brother soon after left the homestead to seek his fortune elsewhere, and also happily married.

Such are the ventures in life, and we ask, who decides them for us? Imagination emancipates us from the present; without it people would remain without pictures of situations. Aspirations spur us to advance. Mankind takes infinite pleasure in changes which lead on to character; and if it embeds itself in enduring principle we have the finest and sweetest fields for goodness and love. In strong contrast to this are the self-will and thin, colorless thought where appearance, display and evanescent vapors of life fill the youthful mind. A reputation made without

man is built on thin veneer. The unhappy homes of the world have their beginning here—in the want of conscious anchorage in what is right.

Says an eminent judge: "There is no reason why the home should be destroyed. It is contrary to sound public policy to tolerate separations. The suffering party must bear in some degree the consequences by prudent conciliation or bear in silence. The world depends upon its virtues. There may be much unhappiness in it which human laws cannot undertake to remove." Men of power and of the highest character and men everywhere should not be set backwards to measure the distance mankind has already travelled along this dangerous highway. The larger view of life is emphasized in the sacredness of human pledges of love, and only the sovereign power of religion can meet the social inequalities and other diversities in early life, as well as the later years of home-making. The heart is the great reservoir of feeling.

Our mother had love and helpful sympathy for every joy and every sorrow, with a finely administrative judgment to meet each case and every need.

Her life was a full nest of sweet, useful thoughts and faithful sayings, which moderate comforts and cares of family could not disturb or weaken to the close of her useful life. Her refined tones in lullaby melodies sank into our soul's deepest silence to awaken responses. Her musical tastes had strength and accuracy in intuitional teaching and found a source of enjoyment in contemplation. The notes of song in babyhood are the notes of age, sung in octaves. She let down into the seed-plots of our infant souls sweet, soothing strains from her own soul's musical memories that still sing themselves in their unbidden way,—precious memories of our precious mother. Her literary

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tastes were naturally poetical, her sentences enwrapped a rhythm of poetic feeling which is still humming to us. Her language was adapted to her refining thoughts. Her thoughts compassed all our needs and were expressed in few words which proved that she lived amid a wealth of rich natural beauty, and this contributed its quota to a mind searching for the useful and the best. A fine, delicate sensitiveness was always present, and never for a moment did we see her without it. It encircled her personality with a sweetness of manner and drew others like-minded to her.

Her life had its daily round of duties, tiring and wearing. She dressed with taste, but her thoughts went deeper than trivialities. She longed for a home with more convenient appointments, but would not unreasonably incur debts the farm could not afford. Her knowledge and interest in business related to the home, and was ever a factor in getting and doing. As a mother she ever held the honor and dignity of safeguarding the internal arrangements of the home without question. Father's and mother's dignity of purpose in the home was the ruling note. Their cheerfulness and simplicity of Christian characters were perennial. They never lived beyond their means, as that was held to be destructive of home ideals. Better is real character, plainly showing on its face and speaking plainly of moderate means and moderate comforts. This is exemplary and attractive.

Mother's grasp of affairs and sympathetic discussions were conducted with ability. The effect of the home influence was to saturate the senses with the virtue of Christ's blood. Our parents held to a firm hope in the beyond, and their instruction was that we must feel deeply before we can think keenly.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

How often in childhood in the hours of slumber have we heard our mother's sleepless spirit breathing and pleading for the very conscious presence and power and peace of the Soul of All, to commune with herself afresh in the deep silences of the darkness, and invoke blessings on the children and the home, and to fill it with wisdom and love. In these quiet hours were ladders, great and small, reaching from home to heaven, and over the rounds our little souls went round by round as mother led the way in the darkness, with our little hands in hers. We followed the magnetic touch which remains in our visions still. "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me"—even me. In the lowly soul's sorest need the deeper sense of desired blessing comes and her finely featured face shone the next day as if it were the face of an angel. The supreme knowledge of the influence and possession of this higher love that brightened and quickened the soul's power into a beautiful radiance within its sphere left a fine impress upon us and the home. This belief in soul-communion with Him and with each other is the very nerve of our life here and hereafter. Plain, honest people who think for themselves prove day by day their communion with God. Idea of distance does not enter into it at all. We may be in as close sympathy with our friend in California as with one at home. A knowledge of the works of God and their science are friendly aids to Christianity, and the open book of nature is a means of grace to exchange harmonious ideas livid with the benignity of our Creator. There is a sense beauty and there is a beauty of the soul which meet and touch in the realm of wisdom and are united by the hand of our wise Creator.

The measure of a man or woman is only seen in Christ Jesus in tenderness, generosity, stability, and devotion.

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

As I write I think of personal acts of disobedience, or failure to accede to reasonable requests as a loving duty, because that inward sense of obligation was not as strong as it might have been. It was in small things, but they pain me more than I can here express. Father and mother are near us now. I see their faces and hear their voices in mellowing sweetness, and the nearer they come into my spiritual vision the more keenly I feel the pain of past neglect. We expect to meet them in their happy land and that hope mitigates our pain. When we meet, the joy will swallow up all regrets in a purer life than this, in the presence of the angels of God, rejoicing that we are made worthy through the blood of our dear Saviour, who died for sinners to give new powers and activities unfolded in His great design. Heaven is to be our home and our pains here will not be remembered. It is well for us to get dangerously near seeing our dearest friends over the river. It is well to be sorry for every act which compels us to ask forgiveness of God. "His spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

CHAPTER IV

A COMPREHENSIVE SITUATION

THE "Red House" location was a commanding one, just where we would expect grandfather to place it. They were "looking-ahead" people and prosperous. Standing on the large flat stones on the walled terrace at the front door, looking outward from the right to the left corners of the house, one could see at the foot of the stone wall, a house length apart, two of the spired poplars. The first one was grown from a rod used in driving and afterwards stuck in the garden, where it grew rapidly, and reached in our day seventy-five feet in height. It is now known as Bolles poplar, and its native place is Turkestan. The other tree was planted later from a cutting, and these were the only two of this variety on the farm. It is easy to believe that the spires of our churches found their model in this tree.

Looking across the highway to the right stood about fifty Lombardy poplars, running back and down the road. These interesting trees are tall and grand, and our prospect was bounded by them. They are natives of Italy.

On this lovely eminence we seem to be standing before a mammoth oval mirror. In the foreground are the flower gardens and walks, tall trees to the right and to the left, with their dark green foliage tremulous in the breeze; the highway lined with board fencing on either side, dressed in white; the double hedges of golden willow lining the noisy brook down to the river bank, the band of water sparkling in the light; the green intervalles lying low and rich beyond; the rising upland and orchards close to the maple grove; the broad new lands father had cleared and combed away up the mountain side for fuel, until a level

resting-place was found upon its shoulders and lofty brow; the raspberry garden in the mirror, well laden with rich red fruit, opposite our mouths; with the glen and coldest spring of water at its center. This view and prospect extended over and beyond a great natural park and possessed the ideals for an extensive farm and beautiful country seat.

The seed grows the plant, and the plant owes its life as long as it lives to the seed. The centuries bring the generations. The sower is not always the reaper. God will gather in His own.

We have the happy assurance that our personality is not a dream. Our sense attests the truth. The touch of warm hands in affectionate clasp is a reality. It was no accident that a wholesome home was planted by the singing waters and willows of gold. Along its stream we wandered, where no banks appeared, only tangles of shrubs and vines in watery reflections above the river bridge; or waded the gravelly bottom, to feel the cool waves upon our heated feet. Can we forget the wind waves of sunlight sweeping across the rustling grass, and the silken blades of gilded grains in the race with the white, fleecy clouds of the sky? Or the sunrise and sunset coming and going softly as the breaths of little children, in their deep, suggestive silence, as rosy memories of golden chariots afloat?

Father was a Conservative in politics, with a strong desire for justice and fair play. His opinion was that a people should be judged in part by the character of their public men—not merely by their ability, but as well by their ideals and realizing measures. Their attitude in private life had much to do with fitness for public service.

In 1843 father left the Liberal party in Nova Scotia, of which Hon. Joseph Howe was then leader. This change

of allegiance was caused by Mr. Howe's attitude on the university question; Howe resolutely advocated the withdrawal of all government aid from the existing colleges, and the centering of one government grant upon a State University for the Province. He held that a much larger and better equipped university could thus be established, and at less cost. With this view father so far agreed, but when Mr. Howe said, "We saw the sectarian system was poisoning social and public life," father strenuously dissented, and argued that the churches needed an educated ministry, trained in Christian colleges, abreast in privileges with any college in the land. He held that no evils, such as Mr. Howe complained of, in an educational system which was grounded in a people could be finally settled by suppression, and that Christian manhood in these Provinces was higher than in Europe where State Universities were maintained. Hon. J. W. Johnson, leader of the opposition in Parliament, fought for denominational colleges and won the day. Mr. Johnson's views on this university question appealed to father, and on this principle he decided his course and supported Mr. Johnson, continuing to do so to the end of life.

His punctuality in payment of liabilities was widely known, and his word or promise was as current as his coin. As a neighbor, no needy one went away empty. To accommodate others in the little things of life he would deny himself, and this remembrance is still sweet incense and without a sting. His life was successful when measured by his chosen standard in yielding service to humanity. The spirit of the home was felt in the harmony of its surroundings with nature as the bountiful supplier. Industry was taught and practised as a virtue; they had no money in banks or mortgages. There was always time

to talk over things vital to life. How in contrast with the hurried, nervous, rushing, money spirit of to-day! All this rush and flurry without thought and judgment is not progress; nor are the artificial, complex and distracting customs we call civilization. Men must take more time for reflection, rest of spirit and meditation, if they would grow in Christian manhood. It is good to lose ourselves in visions of noble purpose before we go into the larger life so soon to be ours.

The farmer's life is pre-eminently adapted to man for his natural freedom, fullest development, noblest manhood and highest service. All other avenues of life-work are more artificial, and inherently tend towards a stale degeneracy, while freshness in life is kept by the soil touch.

Could the agriculturist at once secure equal rights, equal training, and justice with the privileged and ruling classes, there would be an immediate reversal of present conditions. The degeneracy of cities is now more than over-balanced by the uplift of the farmers' sons.

We never knew father to find fault with the weather. There was no self-assertion in his bearing, but strength implied. Every day was beautiful, and although a rain storm would be rough to drive in, "It was a good rain," or "a hot day." To this day none of us ever say, "a nasty, ugly storm," be it rain or snow or wind. It is worse than wicked to find fault with Providence. It establishes a habit.

The distinctive note in his life, that sounded harmoniously within his sphere, was one of consistency and persistence to the end. There was a sensitive pride in family conduct, that was zealously guarded for the sake of an honored past. We prized the necessities of the present, and the legacy we must leave. The generations of Archi-

balds in Nova Scotia were sober, plain people. They were considerate and deliberate in judgment. They were inclined to quiet contemplation that leaves no bitterness behind it.

The business of farming gives a certain poise of mind and habit pleasant to experience, and a tranquil confidence in the world of matter and in people;—the birds and green fields soften the asperities of life. We were taught to respect older people and revere age, replying “Yes, sir,” and “No, sir,” “Thank you,” etc.

The children were not over elastic or flexible in disposition, but the will of the majority evenly ruled. We were taught to make ourselves the friends and protectors of the birds who built their nests on the ledges of the buildings, in the garden bushes and orchard trees, or in the hedgerows and fields. The free-flying birds which nest about the farmer do so for protection, and sing joyously with their happy families and repay his protecting presence. They know their cruel enemies of the wild dare not come where man makes his abode. The birds of the wood have no notes that compare with the lofty notes of faith of the merry song sparrow. The notes of our bluebird or joncos are notes of love, the thrushes roll on a spiritual serenity, the bobolinks shout a very joyous music for man. If we live with them in our kindnesses they learn our note of sympathy and sing it back again to us. Are these not signs of a new world of life moving and acting according to a principle the very opposite of cruelty, hatred and destruction?

We had a great deal of reading out of doors, in the branches of favorite trees or lying on the grass in shaded rest. May-day brought a profusion of Mayflowers, Nova Scotia's provincial emblem, so pretty and fragrant that

they must have deepened our love for the beautiful homeland. On our good Queen Victoria's birthday all hearts were glad, and sang or hummed as best we could the national anthem, in praise of the noblest woman on the throne since the days of Queen Esther. The great beds of white and blue violets blooming around the sugar-camp grounds were gathered by the girls, to honor the Queen's May-day, with the little girls, Sarah and Annie, in the lead.

This enchanting farm was hewn out of the forest by the arms of a man who saw the end of his work at the beginning. Its mountains and hills, slopes and plains and river opened to his view, and altered into agreeable homes with sheltering barns; into lawn-like fields, bordered by flowering trees and heavy sashes of blooms along the fence lines and river; with animated life of horses and cattle, sheep and lambs, clothing the green banks of the brook and the pastures with a picturesque peace. Such was the work of our grandfather and his boys.

The sheep were sheared, and grandmother and the girls did their equal part in washing and spinning, weaving and dyeing before the days of mills. Our interesting animals lived up to the plane of their intelligence and courted the respect and admiration of man, and so did the trees. If we make two blades of grass grow in place of one or fruit to appear where there was none, we assist God and bless mankind with an inspiring freshness that will lengthen lives.

CHAPTER V

SHEEP WASHING AND CLIPPING

IN THE first days of June warmth we rounded in by count the whole flock of sheep and lambs to a corral under the willows by the highway, and near the brook pool, with its three to four feet of water in the springtime. Above these lovely little falls we laid in the gravel bed a broad plank, with strips six inches wide nailed on its edges, to bring a wide pour of water over the pool and on the backs of the sheep.

The boys were in ecstatic glee. They caught the sheep and led it to the pool, where a man and one of us did the washing. We pressed the wool between two hands, pressing it over and over until the impurities were pressed out. We turned the sheep round and round, and upside down, until it was well washed. We then assisted it to clean, green grass, where it lay until the water soaked away. The sheep had no love for this heroic treatment, and often pleaded in their bleating tongue for mercy. The lambs came with their mothers when we caught the sheep, as is their habit, and kept very close by them, as when sensing danger, while we led the mothers down to the very edge of the pool, and they bleated wildly for "maa." They were smart if we did not catch them too and initiate them also, and they got a hearty laugh from us. Our flock of thirty sheep went one by one under the shower and pour, and many a refractory fellow or big wether stood a boy on his head before he reached the water. The fun and frolic were well kept up by the individual antics and contortions of these interesting animals.

There was one fellow we have not forgotten, the big white ram on which the boys centered all their powers.

SHEEP WASHING AND CLIPPING

We gave him a double cleaning and double washing under the double pour, and held him well under the water to make him good. Before we got through with him he was on the verge of drowning. He always butted us behind when we were not looking, ever giving us sorrowful surprises. We "had it in for him" now, and every child was more than willing to lend a hand. Some of the little ones threw more water in his face. We soaked the butt completely out of him. He walked away so meekly and so quietly, as though he would never look at us again or butt us. Next year he was worse than ever, but we walked backward with the pails, facing him, and with our eyes looking into his we dared him.

It took two fine days for the sheep to dry, and one short day to clip them, when all joined in piling the fleeces in the wagon and hauling to the green for spreading. The dandelions in their big golden blossoms covered the grass plot where the wool was spread out in fleeces to the sun. Here it was dried, rolled and layered in wool sacks for the Archibald carding mills, and one or two of us went to the mills to see it carded into rolls, which meant a holiday off the farm.

Oh, the secrets held back from the children in those wonderful mills and waterfalls on the big water wheel, in deep, narrow caverns a long way down below! Sixty years are gone, and we have not got all their treasures yet. I would like a manhood search at those mills again for hidden wonders.

Mother kept a spinning and a weaving girl. The large spinning wheel and spindle in motion were an everlasting wonder and a musical affair that sent forth fine and low humming tones, soft as wool. When alone the boys sometimes tried their hands at spinning, but no one ever

gave us praise for spinning the roll. The spinner loved her work, and chimed in music of her own as she sent the wheel on a quick revolving whirr; and then flew back, twisting the woolly roll to thread, to its very end. The ambitious Lizzie McDonald and Maggie Glencross spun six skeins a day, with pride twisted in their work.

Next came the weaving in the garret at the head of the stairs, over the kitchen, where bobbins, spools, quills, and shuttle sped through the warp treadled off the beam. The yarns were shuttled through the crossing warps from off the quills and driven into fabric. Seven yards of cloth was a generous day's work. There was careful planning and a deal of minute, painstaking work done before "home-spuns," all wool or cotton mixtures, were woven. It was in our nooning hours upstairs, reading and observing, that we felt the tremble of the floor and heard the intermittent spindle hum.

We saw all this going in childhood days, and it exalted mother's management in our eyes, and still it stronger grows with advancing years. Grandmother had her little spinning wheel in her sitting-room for wool and flaxen tow. We were allowed to sit beside her on a little chair or a footstool, and look at it spinning round, but we could not see the spindle's end, it went so whizzing fast, and we must not touch or handle any part at any time. She spun on this for pleasure, and for instrumental music, and for profit, too. To-day it finds its place in the spacious hall or reception room in a solemn, unnatural stillness of its own, or is loved and touched and handled in an effort to recall dim memories of the past. It is an heirloom from the "days of auld lang syne."



Sketched by William C. Archibald.

THE SWEET-SMELLING MAPLES ON THE ARCHIBALD FARM

CHAPTER VI

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING

THIS was in March and to us the beginning of spring. The maple grove held from three hundred to five hundred trees of tapping size and faced the north, on a descending slope looking to the house. My readers must go back to "ye olden time" when wooden spouts a foot long were used, shaped like a crescent, and a steel gouge of the same shape was driven into the tree two or more feet from the ground, and the wooden spout tapped firmly into the opening to prevent leaking. An axe or auger made an incision above the spout and the white chips fell on the snow while the sweetish sap followed almost in a stream for freedom and to us. The troughs were two feet long and made of clear split fir, hewn out with axes, or from birch bark peeled from the best white birch, without knot holes, because of its tougher fibre. The bark was folded into basin shape and skewered by wooden pins, and held from four to five quarts of sap, a quantity equal to a day's run.

The sap of different trees varied in sweetness or sugar yield. Two pails full of sweet sap from a large rock maple gave one pound of sugar.

As we children came into the majestic presence of these sweet friends of the woods, our spirits rose high at the prospect. The blood dashed through our veins and arteries with the speed of the maple sap on a soft, sunny April forenoon, following a sharp, clear night with frost that froze the snow to a walking crust.

The gathering of the sap in pails, with a hoop for easy carriage, was among the first pleasant experiences of the boys and we soon found it required great care to lift the full

barks with a hand-grasp at each end, and pour their contents into the pail without waste; but we learned to keep the sweet liquid. In later years father used oxen and sled, and by means of cut roads around the maples, the heavy work was lightened. A hundred-gallon hogshead was lashed on its side on the sled, and into a hopper attached at the top the pails of sap were poured as the team passed by that way. This was glorious gathering in the rich golden sunlight of spring's snow-melting days. The boiling camp was prepared by felling a tree of birch, or other wood than maple, two to three feet in diameter and cutting into ten-foot logs, then placing two of these three feet apart in front of a camp with open ends, and filling in between with small wood to fire. Three boilers were suspended and lowered to the logs, the largest holding forty-two gallons. After straining the sap, it went into the smaller boiler and was brought to the boiling point, when sweet steam floated out in clouds to sail around the world. The hot sap was ladled from this boiler into its nearest neighbor, where it was reduced and ready to be given to the larger one known as the syrup boiler. This was merry-making to see the water go up in steam and the syrup sweeten to stay with us. Much care was needed to prevent the sap boiling over. This was in part accomplished by suspending a piece of fat pork or bacon in the center and below the lip edge of the boiler. The boiling sap would recede as soon as it touched this fat. The regulation of fire was also important. Father led us all and enjoyed most of our doings; much work had to be done before we were within measurable sight of melliferous reward. The fires were kindled in fine weather about midday, and were kept steadily going until midnight, but the children's interest never flagged from start to finish;

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING

and so it was repeated on all boiling days. If you want children to work well put sweet morsels at the goal.

At midnight the syrup was carried in pails to the house and sometimes we got a resting sup on the way. And the next day under mother's care, a double straining and stove boiling began with accelerating interest. It took longer time for mother's enthusiasm to kindle than ours, but we observed as the perfumes ascended she gradually rose to the eventful occasion. We could not all be present to assist her in this interesting work, but it is safe to affirm that all were present in spirit. There were many occasions when she was able to count all her dear children present, and often many of them in her way.

The kitchen air took on aroma essentially different from wash-day odors. The hours were long and the children brought the best wood from the wood-house with a speed unknown on other days. Mother would plead for more space to oversee the syrup, when the treacle stage was nearing, which we knew by smell. A block of ice for testing the wax was never overlooked. Once on the ice, the sugary treacle, whether too soft or too hard, was never known to go back to the kettles. The larger boys assisted mother in keeping the way open and bringing an armful of wood to the wood box. Their work was conveniently chosen at the wood pile chopping, where they would be near if needed.

At last the wax was right. Exquisite minutes! Anxiety unrestrainable! Palpitating agitation! The wax had the grain. "Ladle it on the ice,—remove the barks rapidly—rush the boiling and the barking—now leave the rest for sugar cakes, square or round, which must simmer a few minutes longer—ready for sugaring—fill the squares while hot—quickly pour and pass the empties and set aside the

fulls," the last of nature's indefinable sweetness is in a solid. The imagination working through the tongue can get the finest effect of taste which grows into a new refinement.

From March to November are eight months devoted to sapping and planting and gathering in the fruits of the earth in Canada and Vermont, leaving four months of winter slumber to nature and to sleigh bells. It happened two or three times when father was laid by from work altogether for six months, with rheumatism of a very acute form, that he rented the sugar plantation to an Indian family named Nowlan, who built a wigwam near our sugar camp and carried on sugar making much as we had done.

Some new troughs were needed annually, and the Indians were experts in stripping the bark from trees so as to prevent leaks. They paid a rental of seventy pounds of the first sugar of the season, which was regarded as the best; and this included the use of our boilers and firewood.

Father trusted this Indian as an honest man, and he was not disappointed. He let him have the maple grove the second year with like results. It was father's method to appeal to the honest qualities in men and hope for an awakening response. We children liked to go over to the wigwam for its novelty and sit on the boughs; and while it might be wholesome it also had a certain charm for youngsters. The Indians would come to the house for milk and potatoes. They were clean, tidy and respectful. Father treated the Indians with sincere respect, and they seemed to be looking up the shining trail and feebly following the unerring Guide beyond the stars right to the throne of God. His influence over the Micmacs was very marked, as he always had the kindly words and goodness from the Lord to share with them, and I am quite sure much of this was good seed scattered that yielded

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING

fruit. Sometimes they came on a Sabbath for sundry needs, when father sandwiched in some good teaching. They seemed pleased to hear the Great Spirit was "our Father and your Father too—then we are brothers." This kindness of heart grew out of his pure and religious life and purpose to uplift the Indian life.

It was the rule of our home to treat all humanity with full courtesy and kindness, and it brought its own reward. I recall a colored preacher who came to our settlement and preached in the new schoolhouse. He had a good-sized audience and an interesting meeting, but many were slow about inviting him to their home for the night. Father at once extended an invitation, and mother gave him one of her best bedrooms, and he breakfasted with us. There were no negro settlements on the river, and they rarely came into the community.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING AT MAPLETON

The mountain on the southern and eastern sides is studded with maple trees of all ages, most of them with trunks towering far above the mixed forest, and extending away down its regular sloping sides into the deep glens at least five hundred feet below. The road up the side is sharply zigzag and mostly hidden from house view by the luxuriant undergrowth. The rich colorings in ripening foliage daily creeping down the slopes and stretching across the lofty grades, are simply magnificent. Here stand six thousand maples of sugar age. For three generations maple sugar has been made here. By a recently discovered process a new article called "maple cream" has given added value to the finest flavored product known to commerce, and its markets are widening even to the mother land. This product is neatly packed in waxed white paper.

The owner is proposing a new plan involving the piping of each tree with tubing, pencil size, and leading to aqueducts collecting and carrying the sap to the evaporators and camp, centrally located at the mountain's base.

To one point these six thousand maples will send by gravity their run of sap, which in a season will each make one and one-half to two pounds of cream. This economical method will do away with tin pails for each tree—the expense of gathering teams and tanks and the work of collecting the sap in pails day by day. The evaporators will become self-feeding and the sap will be delivered to them clean and fresh, and will be turned into syrup or cream in three or four hours after leaving its maple home.

The heat rises by the thermometer to two hundred and forty degrees to get the true crystal grain, when the boiling pans are quickly removed to an ice-cold surface and expertly stirred with large ladles until ready in color and grain to cake and mould into a cheese consistency, which it retains for months in ordinary cold storage.

It was impossible to detect any change in abundant samples collected at various dates. In the mouth under the gentlest movement of the teeth the cream simply melts its fragrant sweetness slowly into a delicious health tonic, delightfully rich in solidity and recurring memories, and unequalled, so far as known, by any other melliferous sweetness in the world. The sunny sides of these hills and ranges yield more cream than the wintry slopes. The maples, like the apple, live here a century or longer. Maple and apple seedlings are ever springing up and more than maintain their quota and increasing family. Hundreds of hills and vales await the home-makers. The valleys are ideal apple lands with sharp, gritty soil, and pre-empted from hurtful gales.

CHAPTER VII

TREMONT TEMPLE, GOVERNOR HOWE AND MR. ANNAND

WE KNEW our father and mother, our grandfather and grandmother in their lives as children know. They held from "On High" that conscious acceptance and strength that will eventually rule the world. We are now in the throes and struggles as individuals and nations for that supremacy. Can we know the gracious Spirit coming within, to personally rule? It was the Pentecostal prayer in unity that led to the outpouring of the Spirit in wondrous power.

The Spirit of God brooded over the vast assemblage in Tremont Temple, Boston, led by Drs. Chapman and Alexander, and seemed to lead the audience to the fulfilment of the conditions God required, where the Holy Spirit descends in great measure on a hushed and waiting assemblage.

The writer was one of the workers in those meetings, in which the power present in its very nature and influence differed from all power proceeding from earth or man. It was manifest to the soul and evident to the senses that it differed. It placed a fresh emphasis on the reasonableness and soundness of Christianity. It touched man from its own higher plane of approach and there is nothing on earth analogous to it. Christ was set in the minds of men and the Spirit of God touched the hearts. The people were calm, never calmer, and the power was pervasive. Men desired a vitalized life and found it. "I surrender all" brings power to the soul and strength to the life to wish to live like Jesus. No other power reaches the remote recesses of the soul or attempts to find it as this heavenly

influence does. By contact sin seals up the soul's way to power. The Holy Spirit discloses it to the inner sight and unfolds it then.

We felt this power in the Archibald homes and all the children knew we were greatly subdued by it.

An impressive statue educates and trains by its presence through suggestion.

The power our parents held was inwrought with precision. Their spiritual natures raised moral sanctity and integrity in daily life in us. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." It purifies rule. Away with police courts, and empty the penitentiaries as soon as we can! The parole officer of the Dominion of Canada is proving the potency of this old doctrine. Tobacco and drunkenness habits slough off. I recollect when father once used tobacco and pipe, he and a neighbor were smoking about the fire-side when each pledged the other to give up the use of tobacco. I suspect mother had something to do with it, but they never used it again. This voluntary act left the deepest impression on his family, for not one of them has ever used tobacco. He would not worry or fret for reasons, nor curse or swear, drink whiskey or use tobacco.

A life of purity and usefulness is the secret of happiness. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "the meek," "the merciful," "the pure in heart." Our Heavenly Father is more ready to give than our earthly father. These thoughts and impressions flow forward with the years and will not be stilled.

Our grand-uncle, whose farm adjoined us on the east side with its Red House, sold it to "the Annands" of the City of Halifax, a prominent family of wealth, and the two young brothers, James and William, who married sisters, Misses Evenings, came to the farm and proceeded



LOOKING DOWN THE MUSQUODOBOIT TO OUR
BRIDGE FROM THE ANNAND FARM

"In joy and gladness there ye go—
My country's pleasant streams,
And oft through scenes as fair ye flow,
A bless the poet's dreams."—*Joe Howe.*

to build a mansion in the Colonial style, with spacious halls and large rooms and corridors that excited the wonder of the people on the river.

It was set on elevation, in full view of their large estate. The flower garden on the front was walled around on two sides with cut stone, and extensive plantings were made. Money was lavishly expended in ways which fancy and improvements dictated or tastes suggested.

Our grandfather and the two brothers were social and political friends. Mr. William Annand and Mr. Joseph Howe had been elected to the House of Assembly in 1836. It was about this time Mr. Howe wrote his beautiful poem, "Our Country's Pleasant Streams," doubtless suggested by the Musquodoboit River and its many beautiful tributaries. The girls and boys loved to repeat and hum its rhythmic flow in the schoolroom.

The noble lakes your strength supply,
And now the crystal spring,
Where, undisturbed, the wild birds fly,
Or bathe the weary wing.
Through narrow gorges here you foam,
There down the valley rove,
Like youths who leave a quiet home
The world's delight to prove.

—*Joseph Howe*

Mr. Howe and Mr. Annand were re-elected to the Assembly many times in our metropolitan county. Later Mr. William Annand received the appointment of immigration agent at London. It was in 1845 that Mr. Howe came to the "Annand country seat" to reside for two years, following the defeat of his government. While here he wrote many of his delightful poems, some of these to his daughters, others bearing on nature scenes and incidents

social, political or otherwise. His social qualities were of an unusually high order, and his influence with his political following was great. Our grandfather exchanged visits with Mr. Annand, as also they did with Mr. Howe, their farms lying side by side. Socially the Annands and the Howes added much to the communities along the river. The population of Musquodoboit at this period was about 1300. Mr. Howe was a great lover of nature and the natural or simple life. He did much to inspire the young people by his poetic spirit and literary gems, many of us committing to memory his poetry and prose writings while they were yet fresh from his pen. There was a natural elegance and fullness and roundness of expression, with an attractive beauty and inspirational spirit which awakened the young minds and touched the hearts, for which we will be ever grateful to him. We felt a pride and ownership in whatever he did while residing among us, and continue to do so yet in the same things.

The two men whom I believe have been of most service to me by their oratory and more by their writings are the Hon. Joseph Howe and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Since then it is Dr. Lyman Abbott, a present peer, abreast of all in the soul's powers' exponents.

Mr. Howe says: "In 1845 I moved to the headwaters of the Musquodoboit. They were two of the happiest years. I had for a long time been overworking my mind and underworking my body. Here I worked my body and rested my brain. We rose at daylight, breakfasted at seven, dined at twelve, took tea at six, and then assembled in the library, where we read four or five hours every evening. I learned to plow, to mow, to reap, to cradle. I knew how to chop and pitch hay before. Constant exercise in the open air made me hard as iron. My head was clear

and my spirits buoyant. My girls learned to do everything and got a knowledge of books which amidst the frivolities and gossiping city life they never could have acquired, and my boys got into country life. I read the *Edinburgh Review* from the commencement and all the poets over again; wrote a good deal, and we spent the best part of every day in the fields or in the woods. My children were all around me. I had cares enough, God knows. I shall never perhaps be so happy again."

Mr. Howe was a man of immense gratitude, and the gift of a silver pitcher from his New York admirers was greatly prized by him. The pitcher bore the following inscription:

"Presented to Joseph Howe, Esq., by Nova Scotia residents of New York, as a testimony of their respect and admiration for his honest independence in publicly exposing fraud, improving the morals, and correcting the errors of men in office, and his eloquent and triumphant defence in support of The Freedom of The Press. City of New York, 1835."

In 1847 the general elections were brought on and kites were flying. Mr. Howe's reply to a political charge is a species of this style of repartee: "There are," said he, "two kinds of kites. There is the innocent toy, which amuses us in boyhood and which in the hands of a philosopher may call down light from Heaven. There is a foul bird, which settles on an object but to sully or destroy. Our learned friend's kite resembles the former, the latter resembles the Attorney General's bill." At the polls Mr. Howe and his government were triumphantly returned.

The people of Musquodoboit prepared for him a welcome to his "country seat." It is described as follows: "Mr. Howe reached the Red Bridge, about twenty miles

from his home, early on the afternoon of Wednesday. Here he was met by a great number of the inhabitants of Middle Musquodoboit, in wagons and on horseback, who escorted him with banners flying and every demonstration of affection and respect, for some miles on his road. When the cavalcade reached the rising ground near the Episcopal Church, a still larger body was discovered awaiting its approach. This included the leading men from the head of the River, and the flower of its youth who had come some fourteen miles to welcome their representative. A wagon with a raised seat, handsomely festooned with flowers and drawn by six horses, was in waiting for him. Having taken his place in it, a line of horsemen and carriages extending for nearly half a mile was formed, and moved forward in good order, a banner with the inscription 'Welcome, Howe, the Victory is Yours' fluttering above his head. As the cavalcade passed along, flags and handkerchiefs were waved by the women from the houses along the road, and these demonstrations were answered by cheers. About three o'clock the procession halted in front of Kaulback's inn, where dinner had been prepared. Two addresses were here presented from the Middle and Upper Settlements, and signed respectively by Adams Archibald, chairman, Alexander Stephens, secretary, for Middle Musquodoboit; Colonel James Kent, Angus McInnis, for the Upper Settlement.

"To these addresses Mr. Howe replied, thanking the yeomanry for confiding their interests to his care, for the steadiness of their political confidence and the warmth of the reception, and the kindly relations which subsisted between them. At six o'clock the carriages were ready, the horsemen mounted, and the party drove to the head of the River in the cool of the August evening. It was



THE LONGFELLOW RESIDENCE, BUILT BY COL. JOHN VASSALL, 1759

The frontage of this colonial residence bears strong resemblance in form of architecture and general outline to the Annand mansion, in which the columns stood out about seven feet, supporting a balcony from which the outlook was magnificent. The broad steps leading to the entrance betokened generous hospitality.

dark before Mr. Howe neared his home, but his approach was told by the clear notes of the key bugle and the merry cheers which could be heard for miles down the valley he was ascending. His family met him at the door with full hearts gushing with victorious congratulations. 'Rest was sweet,' he said, 'after all the excitement I had gone through. For a month I did nothing but play with the children and read old books to my girls. I then went into the woods and called moose with the old hunters, camping out night after night, listening to their stories, calming my thoughts with the perfect stillness of the forest and forgetting the bitterness of conflict amidst the beauties of nature.' "

Four years later the farmers of the Upper River presented a silver tray, bearing this inscription:

"To The Honorable Joseph Howe, presented by the inhabitants of Upper Musquodoboit August, 1851." It was said by the people who presented it, that it was "the spontaneous and grateful offering of the inhabitants of a settlement to whom you have endeared yourself by stronger ties than those of political party." Mr. Howe replied, "I shall accept the gift in the same spirit in which it has been bestowed. It will often remind me of happy hours passed among you, of peaceful pursuits which recruited my body and mind; of old friends, whose steady industry and unostentatious virtues fitly illustrate the rural life of the country for which it is my pride to labor."

In his great Detroit speech in 1865 his peaceful powers and tactful imagery were forcibly illustrated by the following quotation: "I see around the doors, the flags of the two countries. United as they are there I would ever have them thus draped together, fold within fold."

"The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by

Goat Island and Anticosti—but it comes to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the Revolutionary War, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea, but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when drawn up to Heaven they form the rainbow or the cloud?"

Reply of Mr. Howe to an address from the people of Musquodoboit, made June 6, 1867: "Gentlemen, for twelve years you have honored me with your suffrages. For more than a quarter of a century you have given me your political support, and within that time I passed upon this river in intimate and close communication with you two of the happiest years of my life. You know me well and have never failed me, and can judge how this warm welcome after so long an absence touches my heart, and how much it will be appreciated by Mrs. Howe and my family.

"It has been said on both sides of the Atlantic that the people of Nova Scotia no longer sympathise with me or share my opinions. Yet I go into the counties misrepresented by those who make these statements, only to find myself welcomed by demonstrations of unmistakable significance, and to be greeted by the masses everywhere without reference to old party lines.

"I miss from among you some of the old friends who respected and loved me, and who now sleep tranquilly on the hillsides. We would not wish them back, but the resolute performance of our public duties is the best tribute we can pay to their memories.

"May the blessings of Heaven rest upon your homes,

where the domestic virtues are happily illustrated, and while the hand of cultivation year by year gives additional softness to the scenery, may the sturdy independence of character so characteristic of the Musquodoboit people never pass away.

“Believe me, gentlemen, very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH HOWE.”

After Mr. Howe's last homeward sail from England he said to the electors at Brooklyn, Hants: “There is nothing good that is not tried. The very trials to which we are subjected give us more stamina and energy. The gourd which springs up in a night may perish in a day, but the oak is shaken and strained by the mountain winds, which loosen its bark and give strength to its fibre, and when generations who have witnessed its wrestlings with the storms have passed away, then and then only is it fit to form the ribs of the gallant ship and to sustain the thunderbolts of war. How is it with that precious metal, so precious that for it men and even women will sell their very souls? Melted in subterranean fires beneath us, it is driven through the rifted rocks, it is pulverised amid the sand, until the miner finds it, and even then it must pass beneath the stampers, be purified by water and tried again by fire, before it is fit to deck the hand of beauty or enter on its great mission as the agent of commerce and the medium of exchange.” The foregoing speech of Howe's is quoted from memory.

May 6, 1873, the Hon. Joseph Howe was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia.

On June 1, 1873, Lieutenant Governor Howe died at Government House, Halifax, N. S., at the age of sixty-nine. He was the father of responsible government, a journalist, orator, poet, statesman, patriot, Briton, upright citizen, honest man—the greatest Nova Scotian.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

"Incomparably the finest speaker, the greatest natural orator that British North America has ever produced."—Joseph Pope in his memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald.

A magnificent memorial tower commemorating responsible government in Nova Scotia is now being erected in the beautiful park at the Arm at Halifax, N. S.

To have lived as neighbors of Mr Howe was an honor and uplift accorded to few families, and his name will be treasured there for generations and generations to come.

The following poem was composed by Mr. Howe for the Industrial Exhibition held at Halifax, 1851. It specially honors the great statesman and author. We appropriate its share of sentiments and virtues so nobly expressed for the Archibalds now deceased, and all these are worthy of emulation.

OUR FATHERS

Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tents within;
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And genius here spontaneous plaudits win.
But yet amid the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave:
Place claim I for the dead—'twere mortal sin
When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
Unmark'd to leave the wealth safe-garner'd in the grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye:
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
And, while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those, and for their work, who are not here.

Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names, which, in the days gone by were spells,
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath shall own our reverence for the dead.

Look up! Their walls enclose us. Look around!
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works they be,
The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? and who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?

Who in frail barques the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that lived upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In ev'ry sea they found a watery grave.
Honor, forever, to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red cross flag their fathers gave;
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still to venture, or to die.

The Roman gathered in his stately urn
The dust he honor'd—while the sacred fire,
Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honor the dead: and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours:
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers.

CHAPTER VIII

"RED HOUSE" NATURE STORIES

FROM our "Red House" there was within the curve bounding the horizon a sense of proprietorship, even though all the land under it was not owned by us. It was made up of scenery, and sunlight, and moving shadows, and mental pictures. There was room about the stone steps leading up the garden wall for seating the family and a few friends there in the shade of the afternoon and evening. The house roof, the lilacs, the tall poplars lent us a cooling air, redolent with the fragrance of earth in the calm of the evening. It was pleasant to sit or recline, or to stand and tell of the day's doings, or the plans for the morrow. There was plenty of mutual consideration to keep us within the bounds of propriety in a joyous company. We had a full view of all passers-by, which in a country place is worth something, though there was no meddling with their affairs unless we could be of use to them.

We lived a sort of personal life so far as we could, with great freedom, but held that the unity of the family and its best interests must always direct our course. We were social, and loved to have the neighbors drop in, as was their custom, for oftentimes they did us much good. We had a deep-seated feeling that we owned a pretty place and we knew others enjoyed it too. More than once, travelling strangers called, and, introducing themselves, asked mother, "Who lives here?" The house situation and the landscape view kindled in them a special interest, and they enjoyed standing and looking outward over the streams and the fields.

I used to think more birds were singing in our trees

than I heard elsewhere. Whether the birds love natural beauty and choose their homes there I can scarcely prove, but they do learn to love the society of humane humanity. They would seemingly drop into the trees in the mornings in flocks. They often flew through the open windows and rested their wings clinging to the ceiling. One of the boys brought home a half-grown crow from the little woods, and this fellow fell in with our odd ways. He would walk about the garden and was cunningly intelligent. He had a habit we did not like of picking up a spoon or fork in his bill and hiding it. This seemed to be his nature, and a slight punishment did no good. The toads in our garden were our friends, and we stepped aside or over them when we met them on a walk. I knew a little boy who put one in his pocket to examine it in the house and ask more about its nature. This was my own dear little boy Willie.

Sometimes a solo or chorus of musical notes burst forth into the air, or a quotation from some familiar author. We had grown fond of committing to memory pleasing expressions of others, and sometimes these floated on the evening air. George was the family orator. To be an orator and express great thoughts was held by us to be the beau-ideal of power, popularity and greatness. This thought gripped us early and still holds us firmly. Now we think it greater still to write truths and hear the inner voices.

One lovely evening as the cooling air was coming in, the mist or land-fog sailed on the fields and lowlands, hiding them from our elevated view. It kept coming and thickening until we were introduced to a new world above the farm. The brook willows showed about half way above the mist in their slender, graceful gossamers

and the highlands seemed to be let down. Our river was buried in the lowered clouds, and even the garden on the gentle knoll was gauzy. The atmosphere exhibited one of its rare powers of reflecting earth objects, and we saw them in the clouds. The appearance did not last long. It was indeed a moving scene with noiselessly shifting pictures that our childhood's fancy liked to make, which left a beautiful ethical impress we could not forget. After all this change had gone, we welcomed back next morning our real old world we knew and loved so well.

Another evening in this same garden spot, on the garden wall was a lurid sunset and rosy light extending far north and south in a shading, tinting light. The sun had "gone down" or set below the seeing line so clearly marked in the bright light, as we were in the habit of speaking of it, and we gazed on the effulgence with eyes wide open and full of wonder. We could not tell why it was so. Nor could any one of our company explain it. Our feeling was that the sun did not want to leave the world in darkness. It was night where we stood, and rosy daylight in the west, and the thought floated to us that we would like to be over there at the edge of the world to look. At last we all went into the house, but in a very different, delightful mood and with subdued natures and quiet speech. Next morning we looked to the west but the rosy light was no more. The sun rose slowly in the east and was to us the same sun we always knew. While these scenes may have been witnessed in a thousand places, you are asked to come to our farm and see them as we saw them together, and associate them with our making and family history.

In the evening air the cry of animals or birds in the distant low woodlands on uncle's farm across the bending river would blend and mellow in the falling breeze, and

roll and round into great globes of sound to fall upon our ears, particularly in the dusk of summer.

The spirit of money-making and roaming over continent is killing the love of home and locality. The same spirit prevails all over America, and has much to do with the disintegration of home life. The homes of England are its chief pride and source of permanency and greatness. We love to think of them and the nobility of lasting. There the higher ideals spring and grow and are maintained.

Grandfather's eight-day clock went to his new home and stood across the front corner of his sitting-room, and held in high and grand degree the useful, musical and ornamental qualities combined. Its hour bells were toned in a high key, and if the windows were open the strokes could be heard through his garden. It stood full seven feet high, and the ornamental fretwork in wood had a beautiful finish. It was imported complete from Scotland about 1810, through our great-grandfather Dechman, and it was highly prized, not only for its excellence in workmanship but as well because it came from the country of their nativity, and was priceless for the “days of auld lang syne.” The weights hung about four feet below the face, into which compartment opened a long, narrow door. Grandmother held the key and the weekly winding was usually done on a Saturday afternoon. We often asked grandma to let us see into its hidden springs of life, but we were allowed only a momentary look that was never long enough. It went as an heirloom to Uncle James Archibald, and his son has it now; it is still a reliable timekeeper. An erroneous rumor exists that the works were imported and the case made of the farm oak.

When we were little boys an old gentleman who was

travelling was lodged at our house over night, and he taught us the verse:

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table strew.

The associations of chairs, tables, books and other articles lend a preciousness to human worth. Even the heavy-gilted sugar-bowl which my sister Harriet showed me the other day was sweeter far because we had looked at it so often and tried its contents almost as frequently in the early days of youth.

We may well remark why the doors of the home and the garden gates remain so vivid in our memories. It was there floods of bright thoughts flowed into our minds to stimulate our scintillating lives, to make us happy and where little social companies often met. The rose the little child picks from the bush is to him the sweetest rose of all. The picturesque ideals we have are gathered from childhood's gardens and will stay with us to the end. It is about these gates and doors new hopes have birth and dreams of purposeful years of power begin. There is much blending here of desires and ideals that crowd the hours to satisfaction. Evening moments in full reflection are the most restful to tired folks, especially when keyed with joyous notes. There is no tonic so renewing as hope and gladness, which lifts the tired bodies on airy wings of music and reconstructs the energies of heart and mind. Faith and hope are the best of these for penetrating the future mysteries.

One beautiful afternoon, with our visitors, we went for a walk to the Porcupine's Den, a mile away. It was a jolly trip for those who had not seen this place. With us

were Uncle George and Aunt Mercilla. The den lay under the Parker road, back of our maple grove. (See farm engraving.) Along the way were many woodland openings, and wild flowers mingling with the undergrowths here and there on every side. The stalks were high, and mostly in dark colors, as I recall them. Occasionally we came to beds of flowers low down in the semi-open glades which made a lovely carpet in the overhanging trees, and some of these flowers with others pretty in our eyes we took to grace our ramble. This was Eden's garden in nature's lovely wilds. 'Tis near the evening sun the woods are best to see. Dark shadows begin to cast themselves about the denser thickets, as if to hide some secrets, and we peer into the shady places looking for its deepest meaning, while every step is beset with something new and begirt with refreshing interest. Our voices seem to control our words in this roomy, enveloped land, and our tones to cadences, softening in the spirit, and on we go up the hilly crest through birches, maples, spruces and bushy hemlocks, treading the mossy greens for more odors of the leafy woods. This helps to compensate us for loss of bird music. Most of our singers at this season are in the open fields and trees and hedges about the homes, and so our party made its own music under the roofing trees, and charmed the squirrels and chickadees and jays of single notes into silence, and the woodland shadows rang sweetly with louder melody. The sounds were sent afar, but promptly back they came in echoes. With our company there was no lack of joyous speech, interspersed with laughter, which rang out to the circumference of this woodland park.

The open cave ran under the Parker road, and the descent into darkness from the upper side down slippery steps (apology) was regarded and used as a test of courage.

This was seldom lacking in people of country birth. With a guide and a torch this small cave was easily explored. The body of ice lay far beyond the sun. Here were traces of stalactites and stalagmites in ice, which we passed between in a bending posture. How this cave got its name we never learned, but we leave that point to the reader's imagination. The recollections of these pleasure excursions are pleasant memories of bygone days, not lost but lingering still and linking friends together.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONALITY, NATURE, REVEALED WORD

WITH father and mother in the home, we had the fullness of the safety feeling and a short-lived lack of happiness. It always seemed to be an easy thing to love God as we were growing up, but when we tried to grow in that love it seemed harder. The truth was, the strength and volume of the home influence subjected us only. The trouble was, we did not make a "full surrender." Still, parental teaching awakened desires to do right for its own sake, although resolves were often like the morning cloud and early dew. The desire for present good, love to God, and service of man are the foundation of religion, but human pride chokes out the best of teaching before its essence is found anew or we are fastened by it.

As infants we began lisping the name of Jesus as we heard it from our parents' lips and saw His Spirit in their lives. Our parents' custom was to talk with each child in a personal way on the rightness of conduct and the care of our soul's feelings, and this was often done at the bedside where heart to heart talks were made, with one child alone with mother or father, as the case might be. In family circle these talks were regular on Sabbath evenings. They had a burden of care for their children, and father did not forget his children at the regular family altar.

In a very recent letter from Brother George he writes: "You have a grand subject upon which to write, many of the name being conspicuous in things good and great and our own father not by any means the meanest of the race. His accomplishments in the few short years he lived were marvelous. Reared a family given every ad-

vantage for that day, maintaining his parents in part and his own family, securing an Acadia College scholarship. This with considerable sickness and lameness is certainly noteworthy,—and withal an honest man.”

We were taught to seize upon a power not our own, but above us. There is such a thing as steeping the family life sweetly in religious thought, when it is deep in the lives of parents. Reverence must saturate the being to shape its course into a personality for good. Life is a growing time for young and old to intake the deeper meaning of the parental character of our heavenly Father and the Holy Family above. God’s truth cannot be measured or judged by any standard of man. Earthly judges of the highest courts are often weak and guilty of judicial blunders, through prejudice or influence, because they lack the highest principles for forming judgment. I write from experience. It is wiser and better to stand alone in the consciousness of right, than with the approval of the world, knowing we are in the wrong. “He will take care of you, through every day, through every hour God will take care of you.”

Our God is a God of justice and He will do the right. He has promised us redemption and has clearly expressed the terms. It is many times easier to understand the character and will of God since man has turned to the study of his own higher nature and God’s work in nature, considered together with their relation to the revealed word. The soul must have full freedom from conventionality in order that God may work in the soul according to its individual temperament, but in His own excellent way.

Country life is changing. The boys go into money making before staying character develops. The young are rushed through school, colleges, and into business—both

girls and boys—on a sweeping tide. They seem to need greater direction in development of soul—seed thought in acquirement of knowledge. The material is in them to make men and women, not in books. The making of personal character is in lectures, in the home, in the school, and in college on graduation day; but as the pistil of a plant, after being pollenized by the stamen, must develop a seed of its own, so must our youths develop thought and character from the teaching received by them. It is depth in the youth, not in the book, that is wanted.

Inherent power in the man should be trained to use in the service of man. There is much good in what is, we agree, but it needs labeling and proper setting.

THE FRUIT GARDEN

The old garden at the west of the house comprised about three hundred square feet of land lying on a pretty incline where were prolific bushes in heavy clumps of red and white currants, with here and there a gooseberry or raspberry cane. Plums and apples extended from the terraced walk down a bank steeply coving to a rich basin, where stood dear mother's rosy apple tree. (See engraving.) The whole plot was very fertile, and grew a rich grass through which the scythe ran every year. The currant bushes dotted the sloping sides. There were about fifty damson trees, which had been early brought from Edinburgh by grandmother's family and were thickly planted into a grove facing the highway. They grew very tall, or we children were very short, and they bore immense crops.

The boys were like squirrels in reaching the black damsons, or we would shake the trees and down they would come like great hailstones, often on our hatless heads. But in the plum picking father scaffolded the trees, so the large

tops could be picked by standing on planks and long ladders. We liked immensely to pick fruit, and did satisfactory work, eating and picking, and carrying it to mother. She knew what we were doing, and had her stewing pans and jars and crocks in sight, and as it would be twelve months before we would pick again she prepared to feed us on plums when most needed.

The upper plum tree stood a little apart, and had been reserved by grandmother. It was of medium height, bushy and fruitful yearly. It was her habit every spring to scatter hardwood ashes through the branches on a misty day, and it always gave more plums to the cubic yard than any other tree in the orchard. I wonder if that dear tree is living. I think I must go and see some September.

Now in this saucer-basin stood mother's apple tree, which bore a seedless apple. The fruit was good—the best in the orchard, and we believe that is the reason it was mother's tree. Its color was rose-red, very velvety, with yellow ground from which the pink shaded to the deepest blush. In flavor it was crisp, spicy and decidedly aromatic. The size was small to medium, slightly conical. The cells held black specks, few in number and about the size of a pinhead. The core was so small there was no core, nor was the flesh about it tough—reminding one of the boy who stood by while another was eating an apple, and being asked what he was waiting for, said, "The core." The other quickly answered, "There aint goin' to be no core." It was very spicy and delightful in the mouth.

The tree head was very symmetrical, large and beautiful, and strongly branched. It was an annual bearer unless the frost nipped the blooms, which occurred about once in four years. The apples would scarcely keep until Christmas time.



MOTHER'S ROSY APPLE TREE

The tree stood somewhat in the shade, as the thick groves of damsons hemmed it in on two sides, while the thorn hedge on the third side terminated at scarcely a respectful distance from it. Many pocketfuls of the best specimens went into mother's bureau drawer and, after mellowing, on plates to visitors. I have hope that this apple tree is still alive, as they live in this land a century, while the plum tree averages about twenty years.

In this pretty shadowy slope and breast of green, overhanging with leafy odors, touched here and there lay smiles to lighten the reader's page where we often went to read.

Beneath this orchard's bending tree
Four smiling sisters stood,
All like the fruit they gathered of—
Fair, rosy, fresh and good.

The sons, and better still the daughters, did not care for the shallowness of social life. They were happy in what they had in the home and did not attach values to or crave smiles which end in shadows. The home was the center of life to them. There was no smell of tobacco about the flowers and clovers, but all were free to be happy and develop a preference of their own to impart true and lasting gentleness in natural graces along the pathway of their lives. Many an hour was spent in the shade on a Sabbath afternoon with book or the *Christian Messenger* in hand.

The more freely we have admitted God's thoughts and love expressed in nature, the more freely has the sectarianism we have invested in Christianity, and the imperious character we held of God, been melted into sympathy and love to men. God is a practical gardener, and planted a garden eastward in Eden, so He has something to do with good gardens to-day. It pays to let nature have a chance

to do some of your preaching for you. Increase the trees in new arrangements about the home for birds to sing in, and the orchard trees for the orioles to swing their cradles in. This educates the boys and girls. In those delightful early days we never felt the need of going to a schoolroom indoors. We had our bugs and butterflies, and I would rather be filled to the brim with those things, seen and heard and understood, than with etymology and prosody taught there with the birch, renewed day by day. These memories renew the crosscut hopes of always living there.

Father ordered a bale of young apple trees from Rochester Nurseries, New York, about 1850. Some of these were Jennettings and Russets, and bore large apples. These were the first grafted apple trees sold there. I remember grandmother employing William Whippy, who had some grafting practice, to top some seedlings in her garden. He also brought a few grafted crab apples from his nursery plot and planted them on the north side of their new garden.

A man who does not love trees and flowers and music has not completed his education, nor will he ever have power with those who do. These efforts were useful lessons and taught us to love and value trees not only for their fruit but for their beauty and grateful shade.

Father built a new piggery back of the "Red House." It had a good cellar. One April morning the boys went to the pen and in surprise found the winter stock had multiplied by twelve, and a busy lot of white porkers were working as if their lives depended on it. But they grew and grew like goslings, until half a dozen of them filled the pen, and they too went where all their progenitors had gone, or were on their way.

The four-bushel boiler and furnace were placed in the

center of the piggery and the pens in the further end. Here were stored the garden tools and the carpenter's bench against the wall, and on the wall or in the rack were the spokeshave—seldom used, the various augers, planes, hand-saws, nail-box and hammer, and each after use must find its place by means of boys or give a reason why. My memory sweetly carries me back to little-boy days, two feet long, when father asked me to go and bring to him a three-quarter-inch auger. I found it too difficult to select the size he wanted, or get the idea of it in my head. But when he told me the handle was as long as my short arm from the shoulder down and as big round as my little wrist, while he held my hand, I brought the right one to him. We liked to be about when the tools were used, to see the borings or the chips. The ash-hopper stood near the house side, just where mother wished it, and she was the only one who claimed its allegiance once a year, and it was not withheld. It was funnel shaped and held ten bushels of hardwood ashes, and she said the maple made the best, and oftentimes father bought them from a farmer. Into the hopper we poured hot water that ran down in lye, which after boiling there was kept in the soft-soap barrel. This was before the manufacture of hard soaps in the Province, and under grandmother and mother's supervision the household soaps were made for many a year. The leached ashes were spread on the land for fertilizing.

CHAPTER X

ROADSIDE TREES—EVERY TREE A TEACHER

IN BOYHOOD our most delightful lessons came from wandering about under the maple groves with sweetened pails in hand, over the hills, and down the brook runs choked with leaves so soft to tread upon (see engraving) or starting a pair of partridges which had quietly waited our nearer coming; or watching a porcupine quickly climb a tree beyond the reach of missiles and tamely look upon us; or following the long lines of roadside trees of stately firs, so richly clad in tints and coloring; by the hawthorn hedges, dressed in whiteness on the roadsides; and looking over the large green fields until the scene took us in charge. The birds lived in those hedgerows and sang us into splendid company for many an hour.

The gray schoolhouse stood near the highway on Uncle Samuel's west line, and about one-quarter of a mile from home. The roadsides across the farm were planted with trees early in farm making. There were no trees left standing from forest cutting. Beginning nearly opposite the schoolhouse were planted nearly two hundred balsam firs, two or three feet apart, and they had grown without hedging almost seventy-five feet high from terminal bud to ground, and well branched. They ran on the opposite side of the street in front of Uncle Samuel's garden. They naturally grow even and regular, and were left alone by the boys because of the numerous chambers of liquid balsam on the bark of both trunks and branches. They were exceedingly pretty trees with blue and purple shadings, which kept making varying tints throughout the year. They have finer, softer figures and deeper emeralds than their cousins, the spruces. In long roadside rows gently curving

the highway, they form pleasing impressions in new swerving sky lines.

These were followed by two hundred balm of gilead trees, the best of this family for streets or homesteads. They had grown up and were in company with the firs in the sky lines. Then followed a family willow or two, separated by a field gate, and directly opposite were more willows in a row.

Sometimes we sat under the hedgerows either singly or in groups, chewing the red fruit of the thorns, thinking of our futures. Into all these dreams went a good deal of this valley scenery, and it has stayed there ever since. We have roamed into many places, with a merited reputation for the beautiful, but our birthright scenes have lost no charm. Our mother led us by the hand in baby days, picking the pretty wild flowers or strawberries in the grass, and the plants grew life-ful by our finding out their names and purposes.

At the end of these two hundred poplars, across the road was uncle's big barn, with open cellar, facing the road and a veritable bugaboo to children passing after dark. I was never alarmed yet I kept up a smart walk and directed an eye towards the dark opening as I passed along. I have heard of boys running by, but they did not belong to our family. Of course tricks have been played there. Our cousin Anna was once coming from the post office, when a young fellow from the hills stepped into the dark entrance and as she was passing uttered some unearthly noise; she flew into the house out of breath and almost fainting. The fact is, such places should not be permitted to be open to create a fear in children. Near the barn was a big willow and under it a broad barn gate. This tree was joined in roadside line by fifty furzes which

shot in pride far, far above their humbler, wide-protecting neighbor. At their terminal began on both roadsides white flowering hawthorn hedges, the plants for which came from dear old England. Nature had lifted the road between the hedgerows a few feet, along a level center running six hundred feet or more, to give the carriage riders a loftier view. At both ends of the hawthorns were a few apple trees and they too were lovely, dressed in pink and white, and were ever our June delight.

They did things so kindly,
It seemed their hearts' delight
To make the children happy
From morning until night.

The thorn hedge ran to our plum garden, and directly across the road from the plum grove stood fifty balms, extending east in a row to a point in our river prospect that gave us the widest view of the farm from the terrace wall. These balms had great overarching boughs which cast their shadows far over the road and field. The old road beyond the buildings over the hill had been planted with poplars, but in the making of the new road around the curves they were cut away. Within our house's view hung our field gate, with two guardian willows one on each side, while opposite on the house side, near the brook and at right angles to it, were seven giant willows—the farm pride.

The sheep and lambs would lie on each side of the brook in the cooling shade and rest in comfort. If the individual history of all the trees could be written, with all the good they have done to the animal world and to human kind, few philanthropists would compare with them.

Grandfather had planted a roadside orchard for the boys and it turned out to be a good investment, for the

boys shook them clean year by year. What are fathers and mothers working for but for their children? If they are to be more refined and intellectual than their parents they will eat less meat and more fruit than we. In the autumn days at school recess, Uncle Samuel, with a large basket of apples on his arm, would appear and throw them at the boys to catch. It was better than baseball to watch the scrambling of forty or fifty children, doing their best to catch them.

The rich fragrance of the white thorn was by far the best of the family, and the pinks of the wild apple made this bordered drive longer, it being the habit of people to bring the horse to a walk to prolong the fragrance. Our river prospect had kept the poplars back to the point of nature's harmony. It was behind these, in the spring coming of the birds on the grassy turf, that the first great company of robins came to see us and rest awhile. How friendly acting they were. They knew us once again. They seemed to have a human interest in us as we would stand and watch them. Their fine military bearing commanded and possessed us. We were sure of spring when they arrived. Their dancing and cheerful chirping while running on the grass for closer talk with us pleased the children's fancy and made us instant friends. Perhaps we had scattered some crumbs, or fed their open beaks in the last year's nest. The young remember more than we think they do. They would run as if they were coming towards us all the way, but suddenly would stop, and why? We were dressed in another suit since last year. Had they lost confidence in us? We used to think the same birds came to the last year's nest, with a homing instinct just as we. They seemed to know the place and say, "Here at home again."

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

Oh, to be a robin in the Spring!
Just to swing and sway and dangle,
Far from earth and all its tangle,
Homing in the gay bird jangle
With a zest—and just to sing.

The hopping and flitting through the leafless branches was full of merriment of vernal bliss. The love notes of mating and nesting pointed to the turn-tide of the season, when life and light on the farm swiftly start to rise. We loved these birds as no others. Their red breasts were crests and swelled suddenly with melodious life. They sounded their hopeful notes in the breasts of the people. We caught their melody and rushed the spring seeding of the farm.

In dim recollection, possibly I was told it, one beautiful afternoon mother took her eldest baby boy by the hand for a walk to the mills, through the fields, over the river, up past the sugar camp and wood path by the Porcupine Den, to Deacon James Archibald's, to spend the afternoon and take tea. Little boys with short legs are poor walkers. We had only just arrived when I pleaded with mother to go home, the only good place for tired people. I was given something about the door to play with, but I was played out; and failing to get mother to come, I started alone. Wood paths made nice walks for one, and I chose one that led into the deep woods, and here I began to cry as children do who lose their mother—and even grown up ones, too. Soon I was missed, and vain was the search. Two large mill ponds were there, and it was feared that I had fallen in. The mills were stopped and the men took up the search. We may imagine the feelings of a mother as time passed and deepened the suspense and danger. How long they searched is not known, but one

to two hours at least. It chanced that evening that Annie Whippy went for the cows, and as she heard the bell she thought she heard a cry. Wild cats were numerous in those days, and knowing they imitated a child's cry she guardedly advanced towards the cows and in the direction of the cry. She found me and took me in her arms and carried me to mother. How she knew whose child I was does not appear. There must have been great joy after so perilous a separation.

It is now I feel the deepest regrets for having strayed and caused my truest friend so much anxiety. I have been in the woods much since then, but never lost. True life in the large must have begun to express my being then as an inheritance, for I love the trees next to the human.

Shortly after our grandparents moved to their new white house, they adopted their granddaughter Anna Green, who was named for mother and who remained with them until 1859. She went to the normal school at Truro, and then to teaching, and afterwards married at Hebron, Yarmouth.

When Cousin Anna graduated at the normal school and came for a visit she sang the following lines to us, and we learned to sing them then, but I have never seen the words in print. I not only give them for mother and her namesake and the "days of auld lang syne," but to bring the beautiful lines into print.

"Mother, dear, I'm thinking of you,"

Said a beautiful child with bright blue eyes,

"You said if I were good and kind

I'd one day meet you in the skies."

"My darling child," she sweetly said,

"There is a balm, a better land."

"Why mother, dear, see from your eyes

Those little raindrops trickling down!"

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Refrain: Though many years have passed since then,
And many friends proved kind and true,
I never see the raindrops fall
But, mother, dear, I'm thinking of you.

"Mother, dear, I'm thinking of you,"
Said an old man whose life was wasting away.

.
"Why, grandpa, dear, what makes you cry ?
I'll drive those little tears away."

"No, no, my child, I'm thinking now
Of mother, dear, in heaven, they say."

CHAPTER XI

LOOKING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW

WHERE the river bridge now stands, father had placed a hewn tree from high bank to bank for a foot-bridge, and one end of this was too narrow for little children. We trembled at the thought of crossing long before we came to it. But father stretched out his hand and we "sidled" over, while our fearful hearts were in our mouths, or we seized his coat or waistband as he moved slowly to suit our steps. Our heads grew dizzy as we looked upon the running water. But all this happened before the day of looking up or straight ahead. But in those days we had nothing to do but be happy, and so it was a love of nature that went into our making, along with foot-bridges and running rivers.

Our brook was unruly at heavy rains and would overflow its banks and carry gravel to the fields. Father had curbed its free action by staking each side with fresh-cut willow stakes four feet long, sharpening one end and driving them into the ground two feet apart, in the early spring when the ground was soft. Its length, a thousand straight yards, was improved by the rapidly growing willow heads bowing outward and overcoming the lack of beauty of a straight line. (See farm scene.) These willows accentuated the farm view, while presenting a new landscape line tipped with golden catkins most beautiful in the sun's sparkling showers.

When driven from the fields by spring showers we sat by the open windows, looking on the scene, always changing because the willows grew so fast with the brook water ever sieving to their roots, which the feeling willows loved so much. Our willows and our robins were our closest

friends, and we loved to go to them or have them come to us. In this refreshing hour the bobolinks brought their hilarity songs into the sunning mist, and robins and wood-thrushes and blackbirds were perching apart in the long willow growths, making a chorus of clear whistling notes from throats gladdened by the warmth of spring and the pendent dewes encircling them. As their notes came singly or in chorus through the open windows the effect was sometimes wonderful in stirring within us a flow of feelings really new to ourselves, perhaps partly because the singers had not been trained to keep time together. Still, whether it was single or triple melody our thoughts were kept afloat by new ones they touched till sweet reflections filled us as their songs did the air. They hopped from twig to twig to nearer twigs and sang their little roundelays unbroken by any chirrup of alarm.

The wild pears and plums and cherries like first pledges came earliest with their snowy heads of bloom, and dotting the edges of our landscape feasted the senses of smell and sight. These were followed by the bush cranberry, with its showy panicles; the woodland aspens or popple, small as they were, graying a forest of giants, or the blood-red buds of the maple shading the picture to a lively light. There is no color or shade, no feeling or thought, no mood or uplift, no sympathy or harmony, no looking up or looking down, no quickening or contemplation, no hospitality or meditation in man, but has its suggestive counterpart in the feathered people and sheavy trees of our woodlands.

The river, full to the brim and loving freedom, zigzagged its way a bit, and as if moved by some hidden spirit of the wilds started towards our house as if to overflow us all; but it stopped at the heavy bank as if met by the obstacles of man, turned aside the other way, moving slowly as if in

thought, and gaining purpose straightened out again and ran with sheer force of down momentum against the bank of a knoll, and again turning towards us with fuss and force it received tributary strength from our brook and spring, and then left us for the farm below. The earth below it was firm, and siftings of the world were packed in clay, and while it rested here the salmon trout went down for food and found it waiting for their call. They gamboled round, moving through the waters in swift, curving lines. They looked up for something new in wiggling worm, and this sweet morsel toned the shock of footsteps above, and they were hooked. We saw the river between the side-line fringes of the farm through the open doors and windows.

The sun's smiles spread quickly over the face of nature, the dews dried away, and we went to work again. A regal pride of home, in home, and for the home naturally grew within us, and was an added reason for cherishing a place and family name by men who laid their powers and noblest purposes on the upper side of human life.

In the springtime the earth is earthy with wholesome odors. July is rich with the redolence of new-mown grasses and sweet-scented nosegays. For here were fifty tons of fragrance swelling to the nostrils in the sweet-scented hay the cattle loved to chew and cud again, and we to fork so well. August carried gilded grains in gold and bearded barley to the barns. Father raised one hundred bushels of barley yearly, and ever gave to us with a generous hand after mother's baking. The grocer might run out of sugar, but our farm never ran out of barley, or the household of bread. September and October abounded in apples and plums in our pockets and scintillating sunshine overhead. Then was the tide of impelling climax in grate-

ful cheer, with Thanksgiving early in November for rewards of toil, and the inspring of implanted hospitality expressed in the ever open hands stretched to kin and friend and all who came our way.

Our Indian summers, with glints and glistenings and shimmering sunlight tinting the meadows, gave us the last and best of summer in bright farewells, and gentleness and thankfulness were expressed for nature's bestowal. The dinner of thanks was spiced with finely sliced apples in pies or puddings, great and large. Our mother was not blind to the tasty skill that could utilize the seeping flavors of garden mints and onions. In these golden autumn evenings each of us saw the turkeys and the full-grown chickens flying into the highest branches for safety following observations, or the flock of young geese, led by the knowing gander, sail off adown the streams.

In the midst of these nature activities we had great opportunities to receive lasting impressions which gave us a spur. The generous qualities were fanned by the breezes. All nature was put in tribute to incite our ambition, and hope and Heaven were the distant goal.

One autumn, black bears came into the oat fields on the upper interval near the woods at night, and tramped or rolled and ate to their content. Father proposed to his man that they should make their bed in the branches of a large, low-growing spruce standing near the edge of the Annand farm line, and watch for the bears. This they agreed to do. The flint muskets, relics of England's glory, were cleaned and loaded with bullets of their own making. The platform was in the branches and, like Napoleon, they awaited the attack boldly by cutting off their own earthward retreat. Aeroplanes with wings were unknown in those days. The muskets were to be primed after ascend-

ing to the platform, where guard was maintained through the night.

We children were all aglee at the prospects of the slain, for we had not yet been taught to love the (Teddy) bears as the children do these days. In the wee small hours of the morning they returned to tell us at breakfast that they heard about midnight a sniffing and a snuffing in the forest darkness, and then they heard no more. They took the powder from the pans after they were well away from the woods. The cunningness of the bear is shown, as none ever returned to the field again. To-day we almost feel glad their bearships escaped, for humanity to the wild animals has full possession of us.

On Sabbath mornings the boys were dressed in white shirts out of respect for the day and for church. The girls had all the ribbons and braids and whites, and looked especially pink and neat this morning. The rule was to sleep an hour late Sabbath morning and the cows to leisurely wait our coming, but this hour sometimes ran to ninety minutes and the cows had moved to the bars. There were always a few minutes to learn a few verses on the Sabbath school lesson or a psalm or hymn, or to read, but never to be indolent. We are still picturing that deeper, wider life which seemed never to forsake our parents and which they sought to convey to us. In this they bequeathed to us a strain of independence and indifference to the world's badge of success, and yet we love success above the average man. Our trusting natures have sometimes been sadly betrayed. How much good our parents did they never saw or realized. Time and eternity only will disclose.

Mother was very desirous of having a new house, and in this she did not differ from the ordinary woman, who wishes to have her surroundings pleasant and comfortable.

The children happily enjoyed the entertaining talk with father, who must have enjoyed it too, though it was not clear to him when the house could be built. But it was a pleasant anticipation for the children. I think mother had some dreaming, too, though we regret for her sake that she did not live to see it built. All agreed that the house site was good. They would either move the "Red House" off or take it down and build on the old cellar—and why? It would be a pity to lose the earliest and finest row of rhubarb along the front length of the house. It made a massive border and an immensity of early sauce. The two large clumps of purple lilacs near the facial corner were in the right spots to set off a new house and overpoweringly fragrant to fill it and the garden, too, with their aromas. We were fond of breaking the spikes into bouquets, and mother would gaily say, "Is there not enough odor now coming through the open doors and windows?" Grandfather's new garden was neatly plotted in walks and squares, with one broad walk from the garden gate running to meet an apple tree at the further edge. All the tansies and mints, herbal or medicinal, bitter or sweet, useful or dangerous, we had reason to test if a pain or an ache or a fever or a chill or a symptom appeared. They were gathered on a fine day and hung in bunches in the garret to dry, without labeling, and I strongly suspect many a bitter steeping was made where sweet was intended. Thanks to healthful inheritance we recovered.

The writer cannot pass from this subject without reference to a serious importation by an otherwise influential and highly respectable Halifax house in stationery.

The etceteras included a new herbal pill made in England and put up in neat oblong boxes with an attractive label, and in two grades, marked number one and number

two. It is fifty years since I have been near a box of them, but the appearance both outside and inside is "awfully" vivid now. Their color was a peppery gray and they were of the size of the old-fashioned field pea. Father had business with this firm, and they gave a large volume or two bound in cloth of the pill-makers' writings, and if I recollect correctly a sample box or two of the "Herbs." One of the books was half the size of a large family Bible, printed in large, clear type, and somehow our folks believed in vegetable pills, and we had to sample them. They worked well; we got better. We feared a repetition. But if we looked feverish or a pimple or a boil appeared our blood needed a cleansing. We thought we were well enough, but mother would bribe us with a spoonful of her lovely damsons or raspberry and ask us to delay no longer; or an appeal to be brave like George with the wasps would be made, and down they had to go, after the courage rose. I would rather the wood box had downed them than me, though they cost nearly a half penny apiece. Oh, the memories hidden in number two. Our parents gave them for our good, but the pill-makers will receive an eternity of punishment to merit their freedom.

The weather-stained schoolhouse was cottage roofed and thatched with shaved pine. It seated forty to fifty children of average age, and if the children liked the teacher an extra ten would sit on a soft plank against a piece of vacant wall. We went home to dinner, a practice which was of immeasurable value. We not only enjoyed a warm dinner, but we were brought under good influences of the home and saved from the evil influences of some of our companions. Thus the home training was kept paramount.

One of my early teachers was Miss Alice Archibald, and well I recall the picnic she provided for us one summer

afternoon to the Annand hills and raspberry gardens over the river. Miss Archibald and the girls crossed our bridge, but most of us went into the Annand pasture below the road and forded the shallow waters. At the close of the school year's engagement Uncle Samuel and she were married, and were neighbors of the school and of ourselves.

CHAPTER XII

WORK OUR NATURAL HERITAGE

OUR community had a strong regard for education, and many enthusiastic men were numbered among its supporters. Teachers were employed by the year, and the strength and character of many of the male teachers advanced the schools immeasurably. James Murray of Pictou and Robert Colquhoun of Shelburne stand out as leaders. Both of these had classes in Latin and French. Discipline was enforced by an emphasized address followed by the birch or by standing the delinquent in a corner, a spot reserved against all contingencies.

Memory played an important part in most of our studies—as it still does—with the notable exceptions of mathematics and science. The days seemed long then, trying to learn things we did not understand. Of the influences of home compared with school, the home far overweighs the school in the making of men. One is the handmaid of the other. There were many reasons why we liked the gray schoolhouse, a notable reason being the fact that in our family were afterwards seven teachers. So when father bought it for five pounds sterling and the men of the district turned out with teams to haul it to our yard for a woodhouse, we were glad. It certainly did not quite suit its new location, nor add any beauty to the home grounds. Many names were cut in the wood work, both inside and out, and are one class of immortals.

During Mr. Little's régime one of my deskmates was Sam Burris. Sam and I progressed in arithmetic. His life has been a success and our friendship has lasted.

His father, Matthew Burris, married a Miss Archibald, of Deacontown. The names of the children were William,

Sarah, Samuel, Olive, John, George, Jane, and they were schoolmates. At the Archibald's Mills James Archibald's children were Mary, Adam, Maggie and Ella; Matthew Archibald's, Sarah, William, Maggie, Jonathan, Emma, Mollie, Neil and David, and these (three) families were our schoolmates for many years.

The boys were fond of swimming during the noon hour, but the farmers were unwilling to allow a crowd of them to travel through the fields to reach the river. As a last resort to keep from the grass, we undertook to walk in file the pole fence before the schoolhouse, one-eighth of a mile. The fence was old and our training in walking a pole had been sadly neglected. We had a high-minded teacher, however, who taught some things outside the curriculum. He introduced what might be termed the elective system in punishment. It chanced the boys of this term were practising with vaulting poles and scaling a high fence. Two or three of the larger and more nimble ones had raised the pole about in line with the eaves of the schoolhouse, and this had greatly excited the wonder and admiration of the school. On the day of which I am now relating the pole had gone up another foot, ready for the next recess, and it happened that the best scaler was guilty of a misdemeanor or inattention, for which he was called before the teacher for punishment. He immediately elected to run around the schoolhouse three times and at each round to vault the raised pole. The school at once applauded his bravery, and our studies were suspended to watch the hero's skill. Suffice it to say he won, as we all expected he would, and we were able to continue our studies without weariness.

Sister Emily says, "You certainly have very faithfully reproduced the low 'Red House' and the schoolhouse, both

from memory, too. Grandfather's white house looks so life-like up by the willows."

Some time after, we had Mr. Colquhoun as teacher. He frequently came into our home of an evening. Mother was not only entertaining in conversation, but a good singer. We got a drilling in the old "Vocalist" at such times and these pieces were fibered into us on these occasions: "There is a Land of Pure Delight," "Sister, Thou wast Mild and Lovely," "Come, Ye Disconsolate." Thanks to mother's perseverance some of us received our first musical consciousness. Their minds and hearts were active. Father did not sing. The standard of mental and moral excellence never dropped. Time was always held at a premium. "The mind is the standard of the man," he would say to us. There was always something to do for improvement. Five or ten minutes of waiting meant getting information from a book. But the minutes must never be idled. The story of Elihu Burritt on his anvil study was a ready one. We can make a beautiful farm out of a pretty forest, we have a good country and belong to a great nation. There is no better story in the English language for boys and girls and it is here inserted for their interest.

"Elihu Burritt was a child of poverty. Most boys in his circumstances would have been discouraged and would have been driven to the wall as weaklings. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and was the youngest of ten children. He had but little education when a lad in the common school of his native village, and at eighteen years of age, after his father's death, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. But he was not disheartened by his handicap of poverty and lack of education. With pure grit he determined to have an education. He bought some Latin and

French books, carrying them in his hat or pocket, and learning from them as he worked at his anvil. He improved every spare moment, so hungry was he for knowledge. He always had some book near him, and he soon took up also the study of Greek, Spanish and Italian. He taught school for a year, to earn money to support himself, but he broke down in health. But the handicap of poor health did not discourage this dauntless young man. He persevered with tremendous will-power and invincible energy. He studied seven languages one winter. When his health failed from teaching school, he went into the grocery business in a little store. Soon he lost all his money in this venture. But this handicap did not make him show the white feather of defeat. He walked from his native town, New Britain, Connecticut, to Boston, Massachusetts, and then to Worcester, where he again took up the anvil and the forge, often watching the castings in his furnace with a Greek grammar in his hand. Then he studied Hebrew. He searched the libraries for books. In Worcester he toiled at his forge and at his books by day and by night, until he translated all the Icelandic sagas relating to the discovery of America. When he was thirty years of age he had learned all the languages of Europe and several of Asia. Soon he became lecturer, editor, author, scholar. He visited Europe many times, and met the great men of the world. When he died, at sixty-eight, he was esteemed and loved by two hemispheres. He believed that it is not genius that wins success, but hard work, a pure life and pure grit."

Father's custom was to rest one hour at noon and we had the hour, too, a custom that was strictly observed. Father spent his hour reading or sleeping. We took ours in reading and resting. Father was easy to approach,

and we talked freely to him of our ambitions. If a drain was to be dug on the farm, or such other uninviting work to be done, father would say, "Come, boys," and lead the way. If he arrived on the ground in advance, he might give a little talk on clover and the change the drain would effect in the land, the result being that we would go to work with a will and look for clover. I knew of one drain built that way. Father was a good-looking farmer, intelligent, courteous and benevolent, with no taste for dissipation, yet full of humor.

The river had two grassy channels above the farm, into which it overflowed during the spring rains or the late autumn flooding of the lowlands. As the waters rose, so did our spirits, until each island spot saw the waters above. A rich sediment overlaid the grassy intervalles and kept the land in perpetual fertility, feeding at the same time our imaginations with pictures no human artist could rival.

Driftwood and logs were left on the land, and the boys gathered these as the new grass greened the meadows. The oxen, in their English yoke with bows, munched the rich, juicy grass, while we kept pace loading the wood which had lost its juice. We had music as an accompaniment, borne from the hedgerow of alders along the spring where the blackbirds and bobolinks loved to assemble. There was a bird-lore rumor that they liked those boys who would not throw stones at them, and they loved to sing to us, who heard them sing so sweetly.

Grandfather in his pioneer days had laid a low plank bridge across the river close to the old ford, and it was his practice to remove the planks before high water, while the stringers were anchored to the bank.

There were fine beech groves across the highlands, and

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the story was told us that grandfather gathered into his ox-cart a load of pigs to take to the nutting. The half-grown ones had their feet tied together one frosty autumn morning, and were started for the beeches. The hoar frost was on the planks—the oxen slipped—the cart slid, and all went into the river. Pigs are unfitted to swim even if they are untied, and like their fated race on the hillsides of the Gadarenes they were all drowned in the river; but the oxen and cart were brought safely to land.

In 1853 father built a much longer and higher bridge of logs, with high abutments on each bank filled with rough granite boulders from off the farm. This is the bridge in the river picture. This was an expensive private bridge, his immediate reason for building being that a pair of large oxen broke through the ice over deep water, close below where the present bridge stands. I recollect well the incident on a cold mid-winter day, and the great difficulty and delay in getting them out. The ice had to be chopped to shallow water, which must have taken one or two hours, but they were finally landed, very chilled, but by rubbing and blanketing and rushing them to the stable, where warm drinks were given, they were not much the worse for their winter bathing. Those abutments were proof against the freshets. A low railing was placed along the sides to prevent sliding over. The beechnuts of two generations ago had all gone, even the fewer trees did not bear many. So our boys were not permitted to learn the art of tying the pigs' feet.

Still we had our times close to the squeal when grass rooting began. The large pigs in the pasture had first to be caught, and this was done while they were guilty of mischief which they knew as well as we, and happened either in the field or garden when they were discovered.

They were anxious to get back to their old lot, for our Rover was persistent in biting their legs and heels, while he was safe from kicks as he surely would not have been from horses or from cattle. Our plan was to stand the gate ajar and adjust a noose of large rope in such a manner that it could not be seen from the inside. It was wisdom not to allow them to see us arranging the noose, for they are quick learners and suspicious of man's ways, especially if they had been caught before. When the end of the rope had been tied to a large post, we started in to round up one and it was their habit to bolt towards the gate. He was suspicious to see the gate so nearly closed, and there was usually a pause, but our closing in brought matters to a decision and the risky plunge must be taken, and the "porker" usually was caught around the neck and held until a small noose was arranged in the mouth, behind some large tusks nature had thoughtfully provided for this purpose. This capture was accomplished in utmost silence of speech so far as we were concerned, but our silence was offset by an explosion of deafening cannonade of squealing which echoed for a mile. The tension on the rope was made by the animal's backward pull, which never failed. With an awl we pierced the offending snout and inserted a couple of rings, also a yoke was placed around the neck; and meanwhile the high pitch of the squeal was steadily maintained, though in no sense did it assist us in the work. We treated the valuable creature with as much consideration as possible, except in extreme contrariness. Those who make a special study of animal nature will surely find this animal an interesting problem. When the work was through the noise ceased, and the world's customary melody and music returned.

When father had tasks for us which called upon or

touched the heroic in us, he would offer a reward. When my sister Harriet Newall (who was named for that excellent woman so widely known for her goodness) was twelve or fourteen years of age we were offered a lamb, the choice of the flock, as a reward for learning the shorter catechism from beginning to end. This was an exceedingly difficult and heavy task even for adults to understand. The book contains one hundred and seven questions, including the moral law with the reasons annexed. It should be stated here that ever since we were able to talk we had been steadily making towards their acquaintance, and I suspect father thought at the speed we were making we might never complete it. This offer was made on a Sabbath evening, I think, when we were assembled in the evening circle. This family assemblage was regularly maintained week by week and year by year as long as father lived, and after his death mother continued the custom. I cannot recollect when it began. I believe my sister liked catechismal literature better than I, for she certainly got a better grasp of its meaning. My sister applied herself to the task but I hesitated, the contract was so Herculean. We both liked lambs, perhaps better than abstruse orthodoxy, but the lamb was to be won only through the catechism. The evening for recital at last arrived and we began at the "chief end of man," asking the questions alternately. The first half of the book was old, familiar ground, but when we began to climb the heights, "What is effectual calling," and the reasons annexed to each of the Ten Commandments, and the theological distinctions between justification, adoption and sanctification, a vortex of mystery enveloped me and I could not reasonably see my way. I tripped several times on this journey, but was still hopeful my missteps would not be considered too seriously, as my intentions

were good. I can feel even now the sweat drops on my forehead from the ascent. My sister won the lamb, and I believe most fairly too, and she afterwards won a husband who became a Baptist deacon. For my pains I retain a very general idea of the merits of this excellent catechism, which will hold to the end of my life.

We were all made Bible students in those ways. The family Bible was read morning and evening in that dear old home circle, where each read in turn, even to the youngest on father's knee repeating the verse words but the baby rested on mother's lap. Father led in prayer without the least hurry and always without ever producing the feeling of rush. When over, there was still a lingering of kind words left behind to help in the work of the day. The rule was to begin work moderately, but to increase the speed while measuring one's strength to hold on. In the evenings the younger ones went to bed with the sun. At night all were tired and weary. Father would take down his big Testament, with Edwards' notes and instructions, and in the quiet and meditative spirit of the summer night read a favorite psalm and kneel in prayer. Somehow the prayers did not seem long, and then all went to bed to sleep.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, and shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

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From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That make her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I subjoin the first line of a few of the precious psalms and hymns he loved.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked.

Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditations.

My soul fainteth for thy salvation.

I was glad when they said unto me.

Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust.

The Lord is my shepherd.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks.

God is our refuge and strength.

My soul waiteth only upon God.

Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth.

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

Rock of Ages.

All Praise to Thee, my God, this Night.

Another Six Days' Work is Done.

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

Wonderful Words of Life.

Father was specially fond of reading the Proverbs of Solomon and teaching them to us when very young. Some of us boys learned to repeat the second and twenty-second chapters in full.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children. He saw something to be wrought out, under

soul leadings and with unremitting signals. This book could not have been written sooner. It required fifty years to interpret the language of the soul.

'Tis the old-time religion.
It was good enough for father,
It was good enough for mother,
And it's good enough for me.

CHAPTER XIII

A LONG DRIVE WITH MOTHER

IN the autumn of 1856 a very extended trip was planned. Mother was then anxious to visit her parents, grandfather and grandmother Richardson, who were at Sydney, Cape Breton, her father being a resident and retired clergyman. This was a trip of two hundred and forty miles. They had often written her, inviting her to try to make the trip. Her parents were aged and her love for them led her to undertake this long journey. We were to leave home in September. Grandfather had been pastor of several groups of churches in eastern Nova Scotia, and had made many friends, and so the stages of the journey were minutely planned beforehand. We were to take the black horse, and I of fourteen years was to be the driver. For some time there was much tiptoe expectation while we were in the last stages of the harvesting, but at last Friday, the day for starting, came, and with it the half-day's journey of twenty-two miles, with fourteen miles of unbroken woods to drive through before we reached Nelson's Inn.

The day was fine and cool. We had the Henderson wagon and a good horse. The leaving of all at home for what seemed then almost a world trip made it exciting to us and those we left behind, but with lots of good wishes and good-byes and warming of loving hands we started the wheels for Sydney. The roads were dry and good and the prospects pleasing. It was a long journey for mother, but her courage and strength proved equal to it. We arrived at Mr. James McKeen's, St. Mary's, towards evening on Saturday, and were very kindly welcomed and entertained over the Sabbath, and mother heard Rev. Henry Eagles preach again. Our friends gave us a cordial welcome,

and we greatly enjoyed their company. A few years later one of their sons called on us at our home, and we were very glad indeed to welcome him and have him remain with us awhile. Mother was a very entertaining listener. By Monday mother was quite rested, and the horse was ready for another drive. After warm invitations to call on the return, we started on our itinerancy, leading to Antigonish, where we duly arrived. Inquiries of full-blooded Gaelic men as to route elicited "the meeting of a house or road or church" in their rich native dialect, which is beautifully poetic, and I have not forgotten it. We rested at the home of Rev. Mr. Whidden, a very beautiful corner house in the center of the pretty village, as it was then. Here we received the most kindly welcome, and mother rested in a well-cushioned rocker while our two or three hours' stay was so comfortably passing. Grandfather had preached here and they were friends. These friends, as I remember them, were aged but active, and the time passed almost too quickly. Mother built a charming place for her life among those she met. But our plans called for the next stage to reach the Straits of Canso the second night. The people were mostly Scotch, their fathers coming direct from Scotland. They are said to be very thrifty and economical, and live easily within their earnings. The land is good for farming and grazing. The Gaelic tongue is spoken in their home and communities still, but English is used in commerce. They are essentially kind and hospitable, as we learned in our travels. Mother's manner was ever acceptable with strangers. Her nest of estimable qualities, without the least assumption, at once won their kindness and respect. The post road here had telegraph poles which were a safe guide for us, but it was a long afternoon's drive to Tracadie, though there was more descent than rise to

Harbor Bouchie, where next day we were to take the ferry for Port Hastings across the Strait.

The sun had set ere "Blackie" was brought to a stop and as fortune seemed to follow and favor us thus far, the ferryman was standing before his door. The horse was quickly unharnessed and all were placed in the scow and pushed off for a two-mile sail and row with oars. This was my first trip on the briny deep and it was deep enough and full of wonders to an inland boy. The houses along the shores and villages were white as snow, looking so neat and trim. We reached the landing on the other shore about dusk without mishap. Then we drove to the home of Peter Paint, Esquire, of Peter Paint and Sons, merchants and shippers, living near Hawkesbury, two miles from Hastings where we crossed the Straits. The sons are still in business under the old firm name. This family were grandfather's warm and lifelong friends, and their luxurious Christian home was his also while here, and grandfather and grandmother were ever full of praise for their uniform kindness and generous sympathy running through very many years. We were welcomed as a branch of the family tree, and mother felt she had already met her parents at least halfway. Next morning we looked back on Cape Porcupine, in its loftiness, clothed in many shades and autumn colors. I had learned its name and place in school, but it was ten thousand times larger and more interesting here than on the map.

It was noon before we left Hawkesbury. We were now halfway to Sydney. The weather was golden and the roads good. The hills and slopes of the shores of Isle Madame, thickly set with snow-white cottages in villages, made new and charming landscapes. This drive by the farms along the way and on a mountain's side would not,

however, compare favorably with our neatly kept river farms at home. Our route now lay through St. Peters, by the main telegraph line. Red Islands dotted the Bras d'or Lake, or white-capped billows in the wind, or pretty, sparkling black waters in the calm sunlight.

At last, on the third day from Canso Strait, we arrived at grandfather's, where they were expecting us. They were very well and joyfully welcomed us, and mother was at home again. The horse had stood the journey very well, and now he stood in for a longer rest than usual at this time of year, but he had well earned it; and besides, in his dreams, he may have thought of the long way back to the old stable and fields, and all the prospective varyings or storms he might have to meet on the way.

Mother had brothers and sisters here, and old home thoughts and loves were renewed again, after a long separation. Aunt Charlotte was a beautiful woman, so I thought, and we were at once fast friends, while Uncle Samuel Peters was full of kindness, as was also his father, Deacon Peters. Aunt Charlotte was mild and gentle and seemed to look goodness into one. Her large, soft eyes spoke of refinement and nobility. Aunt Sarah and she seemed to me like twin sisters, so much were they alike in looks and goodness. Grandmother was the essence of kindness herself.

The big waters of Sydney Harbor and lakes seemed too large and to take up too much room. While we were there the equinoctial gale arrived on September twenty-second. The captain of a vessel had her anchored at Low Point, in Sydney Harbor. The storm was heavy and the vessel was dragging her anchor so that it was thought she would be driven ashore. In the night I went down with my uncles to the shore. At the turn of the night the storm increased, and the captain and men were in despair. The captain

was crying and wringing his hands. This was the first time I ever saw a man crying at the prospective loss of property. The act struck me with great force. Of course I could not understand it or comprehend it, as I had never seen any of the Archibald men cry, and to a boy's mind it meant a want of manly strength or self-control as we boys expected to see it in men. Happily and to the great joy of all the anchor held, the storm abated, and the ship was saved.

Grandfather had a fine garden of apples and plums, cherries and vegetables. I was given the freedom of the garden and I suspect I ate more gages and plums than a proper share. During our three weeks' stay we had several drives. Grandfather and I drove to Cow Bay, where we stopped with Mr. Spencer, the merchant, and were very hospitably entertained. We drove from there to Mr. Shepard's and Aunt Joanna's, and returned to Sydney by the same route.

Soon the time was up and now we must bid all good-bye, even those who had showered us with goodness and love. This was the last time mother was permitted to see her parents living. The parting had the element of sadness. She had lingered in going, and so it proved her final farewell. On our reaching home we had a whole-hearted welcome in the old red farmhouse once again. All were well and were looking for us. Sometimes our little plans are permitted to be beautifully worked out, and our capacity and happiness are enlarged.

On return I thought our valley seemed a trifle narrower. Every boy is really doubly equipped to see abroad. We have two eyes, two ears, two brains, two lungs, etc., whereas one each would do in more restricted ways. Of course their largest use is in reserve for accidents. It is easier to

A LONG DRIVE WITH MOTHER

learn of the world through the senses as we get its just proportions.

Our faithful dog Rover had just missed the journey of his life by his being housed for half a day when we were leaving. However, he wagged us a generous return. Blackie deserves honorable mention for driving us home within the time we had planned. "And all is well that ends well."

CHAPTER XIV

THE WATER SUPPLY

A LONG its stormy, rolling course, at points we needed, our family brook had the habit of making pools for pails. These were two or three feet deep in mid-summer time, and were reservoirs for drinking from. In its long, curving way between the pools it sank into the gravel to be purified. At its source and fully on its way it was well fringed with trees before it reached the open or felt its strength to course its way without the helping trees. But when it came in sight of our group of buildings we lent it greater beauty by apple-tree reflections in the pools, where it smiled best with the children seated in the branches.

The banks were smooth and grassy green. The largest reservoir was under the roadside willows, as shown in the engraving. At high water the brook had early laid two small logs across it, above two giant willows, one standing on each side of it, and embedded them in stone and gravel. Especially at the time of the heaviest rains the water poured over into a pool, that deepened to a respectable water-fall, from which the children learned how the waters of Niagara acted. The powers of nature are marvelous. The brook had many twists and turns before it came in sight of the house. The seven children saw its waters high and low, and from one of these pools heard its roar. Water was carried to the house in two pails by walking between them. The common way was for some of the children, who felt the sense of obligation most, to take the empty pails on their arms and advance first on one foot and then on two, in a sort of hop or gallop, set to some humming music of their own that suited the occasion, and sail across

the clean-swept chip-yard in a straight line for the front pool. Here were little speckled trout darting at our approach and making ripples. We set the pails beside the pool, and bent closer to the trout. Then taking one pail and gently putting its mouth into the pool we pushed it down and forward towards a trout up in a gravel corner until we pailed it. Then with both pails full we carried them by the big barn doors, hooked open in the summer time to dry and light and blow the cobwebs before the breezes, but set them down here to let the water become steady. The chattering of large flocks of busy eave swallows called us. They were dull-colored, but had breasts of brighter plumage and their throats were white. Their friendly manners and busy habits made us their friends. Some of them were carrying water, too, in little cups, others mud, and building round nests about the size of our porridge bowls. They had the habit of hovering in the air or clinging to the side of upright boards, with their sharp-toed feet, to rest and think.

They built in villages along one side of a street, under a garret roof father had left for them along the eaves. They, too, must have enjoyed the rain patter on the shingles as we boys did in our bedded nests during heavy rainpours. They loved their homes and were not easily "shoo'ed" away. We used to wonder where they built their nests before barns were built, or the country settled. But they were teaching us many interesting things we wished to know. We sometimes stepped into the barn floor to see their royal cousins, the barn swallows, in their nests in the gable ends or on the rafters. By instinct they seemed led to do the correct thing and to do it accurately. If we followed our best thoughts we, too, would be nearer right in our conclusions. But suddenly a house-call for "Water," brought us back to

conscious duty, and we moved at double speed over the last half of our water-walk. Each of the seven boys and girls shared these water privileges and training for almost fifteen years. We began of our own volition very early, with pints and little tin kettles, which bigger grew as we grew older.

One day the writer said he was sorry he ever learned to carry water. It happened in this way—with two pails full he was moving with good speed past the barn doors without stopping, when our big white ram, thinking possibly he had turnips, silently ran up behind him and struck a blow that laid him low and spilt both pails of water. Fortunately some one heard the fall and call of distress and came to his relief, for his ramship was standing over him with his head at an angle, ready for another charge as soon as he arose.

When we were asked to fill the pails we could not delegate the favor to another. Our house required about ten pails of water per day, or three thousand to four thousand a year, or in ten years thirty thousand to forty thousand pails of water. A hogshead caught the rain water from the spouted eaves. We had a barreled spring up on the bank across the brook where we often saw a happy face, one at a time of course, in the bottom of the well. Father dug a well eleven feet deep between the kitchen and the dairy, but it sometimes ran dry. But the brook was dependable and its waters soft and sweet. It is best remembered for the goodness flowing through it all the happy days of childhood years, and in our sweet memories running ever since.

CHAPTER XV

THE TREES AND THE BIRDS

ONE can rest and feel comforted only where one feels welcome. Trees have resting-places to wonder in. The first apple tree in the brook glen, leaning its head over the water and braced by a post, was one of these. Harriet and I, when young, liked to climb into those shady, roomy branches, where places for many more children had been prepared, and from this vantage point we could see the growing fruit and pictures in the water of double landscapes through the lowering branches. Looking through the trembling leaves and pendent fruit the world was rich with prospects. We could sit in this tree and rock it into a gallop, and climb the branches as stirrups and trot in a sort of swinging gait over our reflected figures, and when the brook was full the days were full of social festivities. The picturesque reflections enhanced the charm. Then there were days of early childhood loneliness or grief, and we would stray to this happy tree. Its arms ever extended for such little ones, and seated on "our own bough" moods melted into wonderings, and the spirit of the tree found balance in us and laid soft hands on the soul of the dreamer, till in pure affection we slid down and laid our arms about the old tree instinctively, as if we would caress it. When we had older grown there was a spruce tree at the rear edge of the sugar maples and raspberry woods which we boys used to climb in search for gum, its long, bare, brown bole tapering upwards fifteen feet before your hand could touch a branch. Moss covered its roots like a carpet, inviting to reclining seat amid fragrant balm. Here a baby could sleep on a mossy cushion, or a man reflect and listen to the deep silences of the woodland air.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the woods,
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noontide kindles through the woven leaves?
Music when such soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped upon the beloved's bed.
And so we thought when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

A merry boy will, hand over hand, knee above knee, find the seams in the trunk or branches, from which rises the thickened sap to lose its fluidity in the sun and harden in the air as hard as amber. Its lumps of crystal sugar regale the breath of millions. The fir tree—the cypress of the South—is a beautiful evergreen, half-sister to the spruce and usually found in company with it, and they are very companionable. It possesses more ambrosial personality, with a sign written everywhere, “Touch not, taste not, handle not.” Its balsam globes are filled with a hundred drops of the clearest nectar, very bitter, and this tree is able to lower its spreading plumes down to the earth and make a protecting and sheltering home for bird nestings. It is the warmest and most richly dressed of all our woodland friends. It belongs to the bluebloods of the woodlands.

It was behind the seven house “balms,” seventy-five feet high or more, we laid our year's wood, cut in ten-foot lengths, which we sledged home in winter. These trees are worth more than gold to every home for their wonderful adaptability to every situation about a home and their extreme willingness to reach out to shade where wanted

most. They are abundantly rich in healthful fragrance. There was a large bough reaching over the woodpile, and after the year's wood had been cut and housed, with long ladders we climbed away out on this long bough and fastened ropes to make a swing. We certainly had the element of risk in us as children. It had a bending and side-swinging motion that gave a tilt and sway the little ones never wearied of, and wanted more. The circular motion was long, and the ambition was to complete the full half of the circle. We sometimes held our breath crossing high aerial lines, but familiarity soon brought freedom in lofty ventures.

The buds of these Gilead balms grow to a large size, being balsamy and bitter to the taste, but valued for their healing and medicinal qualities. The catkins are on long, cord-like stalks which come before the leaves and are clothed with lateral pendent buds. The leaf buds are ovate and large, while the leaves are oblong, and when small they present a delicate yellow shading and a very agreeable fragrance. In fact I know of no other tree in all its contents so wholesome for house surroundings. I am well aware all will not agree with me, but that is no matter. The lateral buds emit a cotton wool most interesting as it drops to the earth. We had only two varieties. The other has a cathedral spire, or better, the cathedral has a spire like the tree.

The seven willows, starting within a hundred feet of our door-yard "balms," ran at a right angle up the easy grade and along the chine of the bank past grandfather's white house, dropping easily towards the brook glen. These trees arched over a broad, grassy decline, through which the pretty walk led to the front entrance of grandfather's house. There was a cosiness and coolness on the eastern

side of the house until after midday. This was the side they lived in, thus escaping all the sweltering heat. The grassy slopes under all the tree arches, the coving banks, the cleft paths back of grandfather's leading to the brook, were all cropped clean and neat by the flock of sheep grandfather was sure to let in to lick the salt boards and graze. It gave interesting life and domestic value to the farm to see the farm alive, and know so many different lives were depending upon our care and kindness. The brook ran through the yards and was most convenient for watering the animals in winter; but the gate kept them in their pastures.

The maple, ash and oak trees are more symmetrical than the poplars and willows, but they have not that domestic character in familiar nearness and rapid growth nor are they so flexible, pendulous, or so shading. The trim white birches have a dressy look. They merit a new name becoming their refining character. "The white-winged angels of the woodlands" suggests their character. One here and there about the lawn lends dignity and grace. All the rowans or ashes have a trimness with panicked flowers, scarlet berries and complex foliage, most interesting to study. I saw a flock of robins on their way south stop to feed from these. They lit on a twiggy branch loaded with heavy berries, and when their weight bore it down so that they almost lost their balance, they broke out into rollicking laughter, caught up by the others. This was repeated many times, and I joined them in their mirth. Some day in our knowledge of these dear, dear friends the narrow gulf between us may be bridged.

Over our river and up the brink of this ever-flowing stream was a pretty combination border of alders, overhanging sunless waters, and laden in autumn with the rich

brown seed cones. The choke cherries were blood red and ready to choke. The hazels, with their double and single nuts in sour wrappers, would hide them under their biggest leaves, meaty and good after the first frosts. The bush cranberries stretched their scarlet canopies over their closest friends, the white flowering elders now beaded in black fruit and in red in multiplied colors and shadings, while the white clematis with vines and tendrils locked the congenial company together and rounded up the group, making always an interesting and objective point for an hour's reading on a Sabbath afternoon. I am sure some of us will remember well these walks with mother and the toddlers. It was in such gardens the lowland birds sang unmolested, and it was to hear them at close range now and again we came in Sabbath quietness, but they sang sweetest in the warmth of a June rain, or after a gentle shower, which was their doxology for gladness. Sometimes after dinner we went to the river for a swim, where was a deep diving place below the "Bridge" or at the "Bow's." Diving from a high bridge through the air and down through the deep waters is the most exhilarating pastime and sensational experience known to most boys. It must be quite the equal of an aeroplane sail. We had much of this sportive element, and always without mishap. It was a bathtub on a larger plan, and included a fresh-air bath before the water world was reached.

Here were a stiff clay bottom and shallow gravel reaches, the river running breathlessly all the time.

One day we startled a flock of ducks, that could not fly, but on their web feet they went over the water as fast as a horse could run. We went after them in the fleetest way, and, hidden by the banks, overtook them. They were about half-grown and the noise of their stampede was

great when they found we were close on them. They dived here and there and swam along the embedded logs to hide, but they had miscalculated the boys, for they could dive too, with their eyes open, and glide along the bottom. One duckling was brought to the surface almost as wet as the capturer. Great was the swimmer's victory on such occasions, and we gloried in our winnings. The captive was taken to the house and placed among the chickens in the boarded grass run; but, greatly to our sorrow, in his utter loneliness he died just about the time he was reconciled.

There were some trout in our river, but the stream was whipped by professionals before sunrise, and we never got any but their leavings, in cloudy hours or rainy days. Still we found sport in seeing in some pool big ones darting away at our approach, or in landing a fair specimen which had more natural courage than his fellows.

Springs and autumns are lively times in the country for boys, when the wild geese are crossing. Sometimes they fly high and again low, but to see half a dozen flocks a day at different times squawking to attract the boys whom they do not fear is worth a journey. And we were free to ask father all manner of questions. Why they formed an acute angle in the sky? Why sometimes the line on one side is twice as long as the other? Who was their leader? A gander? And was there only one gander in a flock? No. Well how did they know the one to choose? He was master and chose himself. Why did the others follow? Because it was the nature of the geese to follow a male leader and the others had to come or be left behind and perish, and so the dialogues ran. Why do wild geese fly in a V form through the air? It is for the same reason that we build a boat so shaped that it cleaves the water with least resistance. Their intercom-

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munication is passed along their language line in honks or signs with natural freedom, as soldiers pass the commands of their leader along the battle-line by words and signs on picket. To rise from the earth the leader gives the command, "To wings," and with unerring instinct they take their places in adjusted lines before they have flown a mile. When meeting changing currents of air one or more birds are seen to leave one line and join the other. Their modes of action take in the welfare of the whole flock, as men join themselves in communities. The power which carries them unerringly through the clouds or over the wastes of ocean shows a marvelous sense of direction in the birds. How do they choose a leader from a hundred? They have their natural standards of courage, endurance, and quickness to observe danger, always imminent, and elect by an accurate preference as men do at a conference. The bodies of the birds are also V shaped and suggest the shape of their flying ranks. This is analogous to fruit or clusters of it taking the forms of the heads of trees that bear them.

Sometimes our domestic geese would salute their wild brethren passing over and they would exchange courtesies. In the storm they would alight in a meadow or river or lake to feed and rest; or in a sticky snowstorm down they came, but could not rise until their snow fetters were melted off and the air was clear again. They often flew high in fine weather, far beyond the reach of the Waterloo flint musket. We have no game to record as trophies of our sights.

Once in a storm of wet snowflakes a wild gander was belated, and remained with a neighbor's geese all his life. He took charge of the flock and all the goslings had the wild marking, always without any variation, which is proof of strong characteristics when compared with our

tame geese. Yet the geese of wild strain were not quite so large or heavy in the market.

About the first of June, after a rain, with the river full to the brim, one of the boys rose from the breakfast table for some good reason, and going to a side window saw what he supposed were a mare and a colt in the grass field, with the mother's head over the lower gate at the highway. Father also rose to see, and he saw a large mother moose with a calf at her side. Instantly we were on the wing; our faithful dog Rover did the barking and the moose started a gentle trot to the river. The calf was young and could not run much, and as quickly as we closed in towards the calf, back would come the mother, and we had to retreat. At the river in plunged the mother and the calf, but the strong current drew the calf to our bank, and father, with the active aid of his boys, soon had the young moose safely landed. The mother halted in the over-river orchard (see farm engraving) to watch our proceedings, and we thought she was tempted more than once to return, but for some instinctive reason she let us lead off the trophy of our chase and install it in the stable, to learn of our civilizing way and kindly treatment. We got one of our birch-bark maple troughs and taught it to drink milk as a calf would do. In a few days he could jump our pole fences with ease, and finally we had to tie him to hold him. This was unfortunately done in the hot sun, and for some such cause, we regret to say, he died, and we mourned the loss of our new-found friend.

A near neighbor reared one and kept it for two years. It would go to the woods in the morning and browse all day, and return in the evening for an inviting drink of milk. It would stand all night at the back door for its morning drink, and off again. It was sold to Captain

Chearnley of Halifax, I believe, and shipped to the King of Italy. After the second year, however, the young bulls are likely to plunge into the deep forests and never return. Our domestic cattle have scarcely yet lost their wild nature. A cow bearing her calf in the woods will hide the calf in the thickets, and if only a day old it will be wild as a moose. We had numerous instances of this on the farm. It was the same with lambs and pigs and with horses.

CHAPTER XVI

A SNOWSTORM

FROM 1845 and onwards for ten or fifteen years we saw the big snowstorms come in extreme cold. The river valley ran from east to west, with the wind that increased the draught. They began after deep-clouded calms and lowering clouds by drifting the peppery snow that set our faces tingling. Faster and faster came the drift which softened as the flakes grew larger. There was business in the storm ahead. The trees about the buildings began to rock and creak. The gusts of wind put their fibre to the test. The animals of the stables got a special thoughtfulness and care to make them comfortable. The stable doors, both large and small, were securely hooked or buttoned; for barns were not as warm or free from draughts as they are to-day. The snow would sift through the single-boarded and battened buildings, and gave us heaps to shovel out. The wind began to whistle and the boys to laugh at the bowing and the moaning of the trees. The window-sills were low, and the sashes small with heavy ribs. Against these the snow would stick and build. It was at the corners of the house the storm gales whistled loudest. Even the chimney joined in the chorus and burned twice the logs of other days. In those evening hours, sitting before the blazing hearth with the cracking and electric speed, we went at intervals to the doors and windows to peer into the darkness and measure up the storm. It was then we heard the spoken word of thankfulness for home and shelter while many a traveller or seaman was tossed or lost. We caught the deeper meaning of the lodging words. The suffering of the allied armies in biting cold Crimea was a fruitful cause of sympathy, and sent our hearts to them. The house was

low but still it shook as by a master terrier, but ever stood its place for it was built upon the rocks. From our gable beds we boys could touch the slanting roof and hear the wildest noises, that kept us long awake with the keenest sense for storms like those. As the heaviest winds racked and wrestled with the house, so our feelings wrestled within us; and sometimes we jumped out of bed to see and feel the storm's closer touch through the window-panes. 'Twas here we put our bare feet into a bowlful of sifting snow, or our hands into a cupful on the sill. By and by the storm speech of midnight changed to dreaming music in the Boris highlands. Next morning our first thought was to be up and out and gauge the storm's work for mother and the younger ones who dare not venture out. The doors were sealed by new snow mountains, and the house was banked about above the lower window-sash. The paths were more than double filled, and sleighing roads were lost in snow. Every boy wanted the biggest shovel for at least one big storm like this, until the perspiration rained about him and he cooled his ardor by resting on the handle.

The overseer of highways called out a community of shovellers. Some brought yokes of oxen in long strings with sleds to break down the way. When they got anchored in the deepest banks the boys hurrahed in glee. School was closed because it would not open without a teacher, and we rejoiced that the storm elements had conspired with us, and we were lovers of the storms. Longest back we had the weekly mail, then bi- and tri-weekly, and now a daily one, who must be helped through, for the driver was our most important travelling personage. But it was along the deep shelving brook glen banks we learned the finest architecture the world can see. Man's work is but an imitation. Its winding course and changing angles suited the storm's

design for elaborate illustrations. The spirit of the storms had been minutely planned ages ago, and worked the beautiful designs in celestial styles for us. The forms were expressed in mountain knolls with facial projections towards the brook which in a general way ran through the center of the glen, or here and there pushed hard against the high and grassy banks to make the temples or palaces of snow. The roofs were flat or sloping towards their frontal decorations. This sculpturesque construction on the front was slablike alabaster over which our hand-sleighs rode jumping or flying on aerial missions of pleasure through a boreal atmosphere on explorations to heavy crust long frozen down below. On our circular tracks back to the crest we saw the sculptured figures of cattle heads, lambs or lions and goats with horns, in peaceful association, or terraces, pillars, alcoves, arcades very popular with the coaster to rest therein. Above the capitals were cornices and brackets and cupolas and ceilings in every style of nature making, and richly flowered. Sometimes the columns were fluted or a tower panelled and scrolled and moulded in fine mosaics; or the base, shaft and dome chiselled in composite tracery and frieze of the later Corinthian order. These banks remained the winter through and every storm made changes for us that enhanced the finely beautiful and picturesque we never tired of, and still would love to see and coast around again.



THE LAKE ROAD LEADING TO THE ARCHIBALD LUMBER LOT

CHAPTER XVII

LUMBERING AND BUILDING BEES

FATHER built a new barn across the post road, just beyond the brook bridge, to store his extra hay instead of stacking it, which he never liked to do as there was much waste. The site was on a gentle hill slope and the front sill of the barn was on a level with the highway. It had a cellar for manure and an under storage for carts and sleds. He timbered one winter to get the frame, and another winter or two for lumber. The timber was laid about the site and the logs were rolled into the mill pond from the highroad. It was worth going a mile to see them roll onto the ice or into the water. Two men with axes and the boys with two yoke of oxen in the English bows and bob-sled were the equipment, with a couple of feet of snow to grade the cradle-hills and hollows.

We went on the Sheet Harbor Road, where father owned a lot of timber land. In the wind the trees would bend and crack with frost, and it seemed they were alive, as indeed they were to us and stirred new life within us. We drove in the winding wood roads, sometimes along the breast of a hill which was sidling, or over the knolls and hills into the swamps, where birds and squirrels, rabbits and moose left their tracks or came in sight. The woods were always interesting and we were never lonely there as there were so many new things to see, all full of grand expression. The choppers felled the trees and helped to load one end upon the bunk, drawing it over a lever by a yoke of oxen. It was very simple and very easy when once the art was learned. It gave a boy a wonderful sense of power and mastery to load a big tree alone, as many times we did by skilful management. We were never beaten at

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such work, but were always victors even with the largest trees.

When all was ready we cracked the whip behind the oxen, and gave the word, "Go on!" Sometimes the loads were heavy, and we would stop them at the foot of a hill to give the team breath, and then the ringing snapper reverberated through the woods, and up the hill they went with spirit, for they well knew what was expected of them. Then on the brow they stopped again to fill their lungs anew.

While at this work we gave them grain, and they were young and quick. Sometimes a load upset on a sidling road or over a bank, and then we learned the art of setting it right again.

We liked the woods, we liked the snow and frost, and chewing gum fresh off the big spruce logs. What we couldn't use we put in our pockets, for there was great demand for it from the younger ones at home.

A snowstorm among the straight, tall trees has a regal grandeur in falling flakes dropping down between the trees in gentlest grace, unlike the windy storms in the open fields. It charms us by its quiet fall and pearly fleeces.

Strange divinity of snow
Eager this world to know,
Spotless spirit, not of earth,
What wild power invoked thy birth?

Through the naked trees fell'd down
Robed in white transplendent pall,
Thou descendest silent, free,
None thy purposed mystery see.

The logs were yarded by the highway, where double loads were drawn to the mills at a later time. At noon we fed the oxen in their yokes, made a fire and boiled the tea, and kept one side of our bodies warm while lunching. The

meat birds in their pride were tame, and looked for crumbs and got them. We kept ourselves on friendly terms with them, either in the woods or open fields or trees at home.

There is music in the choppers' axes when you hear the muffled sounds and cannot see the choppers. It is a sort of distance measurement, and tells you how far off they are in a new and unfrequented road. And then the turn is by a circle, to load with the team heading outward, and we "Hello!" the chopper, and he "Hello's!" the way. Every step of the way is full of movement, over hills and hollows, with the clink and rattle of the chains in a sort of rough melody that suits the woods exactly, for everything is natural there, even the men, and of course the boys, which makes them all love it so.

Then in the spring the framers came to hew the timber and to frame it, which kept the axes clicking fast and the broadaxes hewing off the chips. This was to us upon the farm like ships unloading in a port and making business. At last the frame was ready and the various parts arranged by the master-framer, and the boys were sent on horseback to ask the neighbors of the countryside to come to the "raising" at one o'clock on the day that had been fixed. And they came. At first the sills were laid upon a wall already built, four square with intermediate sills, and these were laid with joists and then with scattered plank to walk on, but the boys preferred the narrow gauge to walk and balance over. Next came the posts at each corner and between, and when this was done it bristled with points like spires. Then followed the plates. There were lots of men to do it easily and make a frolic. Up went a plate by men on ladders with others on the ground with pike poles and anywhere they could give a hand, and the plate was set on top the posts into the mortises, and braced until the barn

square was completely plated and beamed with the big beams overhead. Next came the rafters, formed together like the letter A. They were pushed zenith-ward at the apex, and spiked to the plates, and braced. Then another pair and another followed, and were set about four feet apart until they ran from end to end and all were securely stayed.

At four o'clock the tea was ready, the horn or conch from out the deep blue sea was sounded, and the men dropped all tools as quickly as they had taken them up. Mother had set tables end to end in the long room through its whole length, covered with flaxen linen, bleached white upon the grass, and woven for her by Mrs. Henry. Along the center line ran hills of bread, thinly sliced and buttered fresh from the dairy, and buns and cakes, et cetera, on plates, making a sort of mountain ridge between the rows of hearty men seated along both sides. The girls were waiters, and if not enough girls the boys gladly lent a hand and passed the tea and coffee and the laden plates as needed. Good cheer ran along the lines, swelling up here and there among choice spirits, and passed along. They were all expected to eat as heartily of mother's fresh bakes as they had worked, and use the eggs and cream and cheese she tried to tempt them with. And all acceded while she smiled her acknowledgments.

After this back to the building they went to complete the framework, and leave their touch of finish. When father's thanks and good night were said, homeward they went their several ways, feeling, I believe, that kindness and good-will were a good thing for all.

Our work was now cut out and ready for months ahead, to board and roof and floor before the haying; and out of this new work of laying and hammering the boys got much

fun and frolic. This book could not hold it all if I could write it. We went like squirrels, here and there, high up in the air without a slip. I don't recall father ever asking us to climb the frame without our willingness to risk it. He was careful, and knew our strength of wrists and grasp and daring, and he let us use them with a word of caution. I hardly know the reason why, but I can truly say I have exacted far more of myself in industry and performances than I have asked or exacted from others.

The evening echoes of the hammers and hatchets kept harping back from the hills and from the mountain slopes in quick succession. The dropping of a bunch of shingles on the boarded roof, or a plank upon the floors, or the piling over of the lumber, sent their sounds afar, and the echoes came back louder. There was a wealth of satisfying frolic in being the proud instruments of all this noise; and boys and girls added zest by sandwiching in their share of melody or discord to the evening hour.

As I look backward I wonder at how quickly the sides were single-boarded and the roof put on. Men get no other help like boys to do new work, clean and bright. They will bring the needed article in half the time, or less, that of a man, and bring it with a smile. They glow so quickly under new sensations. I almost wonder men do not remain boys much longer than they do, to laugh and sing in glee.

Our boyhood days seem rather short, with work and study. Boys should get more trips into the woods, and relate all they look at, and be taught to sing there as the birds. Their echoes may tell them where they are when out of sight of fields and clearings. We have almost lost the art the Indians have of knowing where and when some man or animal has been in a certain place, and how far

it is away. To observe and notice quickly is of great value all the way through life. By the echoes the distance to a hill or a mountain is known. Life in the forest has a fresher and a fuller expression than in the open. Many of the people of the woods are in the trees watching us and our odd ways, who in our presence are most likely to be silent but very watchful. Most of them are very much afraid of us, and we should teach them otherwise.

In the front of the long hay-cart floor stood two big barn doors hung on heavy strap hinges, and opened wide against the sides of the barn. They reached almost to the roof. All doors are interesting, both great and small, from some particular point of view. The new barn was to hold all the grain and some hay, and the mow and scaffolds, of which father could adjudge the capacity, were big enough to leave space to hold grain without too hard labor in stowing back and down the shingles. It was through this doorway the loads of hay and grain went in. Some of the loads were high and wide, and the oxen were brought to a "whoa" before driving in. The children slid off the load on ladders, or father caught them in his arms, and many a laugh burst out there. Then in the oxen went, almost on the run, and filled the floor without a foot to spare. The biggest load might be the last that night, and it was safely housed lest rain should come.

In the morning grandfather pitched it off, with boys for stowers. We liked to climb the beams and jump into the mow, which thrilled us clear through to the hair. Talk of games and artificial sports! They cannot equal this in making strength and courage. When the load was off and the cart run out, away to the field we went to shake the swaths of hay with forks, to dry. The mowers whetted their scythes while we kept at our work, with a

call or a whistle or a note of song, and tossed the wet green hay.

After dinner the raking and the loading, and then through those doors went every load, and driven so it would not bind too much in pitching off. It was the duty of the boys to open and to close the doors. The ripening grain was very full of rustle when dry and would shell on the floor where the hens and chickens and birds found rich feeding. The new grains and first-ripening kernels were largest and we used to wonder how lumps of chickens could hold so much; but they kept a-growing to make the room.

When buckwheat was ready we hauled it to the floor, always on a very sunny day, and two good boys or men flailed it; while one had suple in the air the other struck the grain, and this threshed it very fast, and we found fun in doing it because we did it fast. The doors were wide open and we could see all passers-by, and sometimes they stopped to ask how the grain was turning out.

There was usually a small door at the other end of the floor, looking towards the river, which we kept open for current of coolness and to see all that was going on while the flails were busy. Whatever we did we were taught to do as if some one were looking at us or our work, or might inspect our work later. Father was accustomed to speak to us in moderate tones, and expected us to listen quietly to all he had to say. This buckwheat threshing was in September, a very golden month for getting grains, and the doors were kept standing open, and closed only in storms. In October we threshed the beans or peas.

After this barn was built all the threshing was done on those floors. The cattle door opened on the same side and latched back, and almost met the big door when wide

open. Then there were doors where we fed the cattle (running the entire length of the barn floor) and these we kept closed in cold weather. The opening and closing of all doors had very close relation with what we were to see on opening, or how we left the animals in comfort for the night.

It was in front of those big doors that the large revolving thresher of boyhood days was set, with the mill inside. Four long arms or poles ran out and at each pole were harnessed two horses abreast, their heads being tied to the pole in front. Our neighbors came to help. One or two men pitched down the grain, another shook it loose with his fork and moved it to the man who fed to the thresher. One man stood on the revolving table with a cracking whip, driving his eight-horse team, others shook the grain from the straw and forked it where it was to go. At the signal the horses started and the whir and noise were deafening. Each man had his work assigned, and there was plenty of it to keep him steadily at work.

One hundred and fifty bushels was a good day's work, or two hundred bushels at the most, and very dusty work it was. We boys were put up to keep the straw pitched back, and the fine dust came right to us for entrance to our throats. None of us were ever choked to death, because we kept our mouths shut; but still we ate our proverbial peck of dust, more years than one.

When all the threshing was done, we shut the big barn doors to keep the chickens out of the grain. The mill moved to the next farm and went the rounds. We opened these doors again to fan the grain and winnow out the chaff. We set the mill to suit the wind, for we had had our dust. While George and I turned the crank, father fed the hopper and Arthur held the bags. I remember

how it tired us, too much motion all one way. We kept up the speed to raise the wind to blow the chaff free from the grain, and father gauged the speed. Then we stopped to empty the bags of grain into the bins. This was a change, and we could take a look over the hills and fields. Change of season kept it ever new.

But now the leaves were falling, the sunlight was shining, the cattle grazing in the meadows, and the cows, so full, coming to the gates ready to be milked. Each knew her milker and while some would stand, others came to the pails and pleaded to be milked, and we understood them. And then the stable doors were opened and they went into their stanchions, but seldom missing their own.

The calves were all turned in loose together through the little door into their place under the barn floor. There was a simple beauty in these natural arrangements as we performed them, following each other as they did in a sort of easy order; or in other words, we were ready to do our part according to father's system in which he had trained us.

In this November landscape, composed of an infinite variety of forms and figures, we had the colors in their various shades. There were the old barn and wagon-house of mouse-colored gray; the green fields frosted with silver in the mornings; the water of the near-by brook and river in deep blue or black bands, reflecting green and coloring trees in yellow and red; the new barn, now a light gray.

Some of the trees were naked, and the wind had swept their leaves in hills or heaps or windrows along the fences or under the poplars or in the fence corners. The fences which had been whitewashed in June were still white, and in contrast with greens and grays easily suggested the picturesque, and often imparted the beautifully unique, which we prized more and more as we grew older.

The chief departments of the farm were quite separated, for each barn had its own barnyard; the sheep-run was by itself, the piggery had its own domain, the two gardens and orchards were in their enclosures. The tall trees broke up the sky lines by rows at angles with one another, while in the broad general view at this season striking colors in scarlet or orange dotted the scenery.

We may be pardoned for feeling that our progenitors knew how to preserve nature in her lovely combinations, and we took a pride in what they had done and thoughtfully worked out for their families. We learned that it was a constant study to be in touch with nature. The horses, cattle, sheep and lambs peacefully grazing in the fields gave a lifelikeness to the buildings.

As children we liked the work of looking after the flocks and the herds in a personal way, where each animal was invested with an individual interest or attractive charm for its own sake, but more because we met them among the healthy delights of field and wood.

Life must have been deeply accentuated in our natures when each one of the seven children had the same family feeling and thought in common about the old homestead and birthplace. The secret of this whole matter is very simple. What they saw in nature and how nature planted it, they accepted.

Each season's flowers lasted about two weeks and were herbaceous, except the roses and the lilacs. These made a series of twelve gardens of two weeks each, in assorted blooms. In fact, gardens are being prized to-day for their fine foliage. Every garden has its axis or center. In our garden, the walk where our mother is seen standing awaiting the approach of friends, is the axis and was the point of perspective and divergence we loved to linger

round. A house is planned, and from its center hall and entrance the rooms are in easy approach. The hall of the garden is its central walk, and from some center here all points of special interest are suggested and reached by a path. More than one shady recess is sought, in which to rest and ponder, by men and women. The children will use them at all hours.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOME SCENES ENLARGED

IN JULY the fields rapidly changed their appearance. Chrysanthemums or daisies came into bloom, with hearts of saffron, and these with meadow sweets creamed the fields into wondrous beauty. The children gloried in these meadows of mellow beauty and wandered day after day among the buttercups, best in the low, damp places where they took on the richest golden shades. Clumps of wild lilies dotted the intervalles. They had a very rich brown heart and were somewhat rare and we always took a bunch to mother at noon.

The swing of the scythes in the dew sung their euphonious notes in "swish, swish," and it was joyous music which we loved to hear. The farmer's boy has these stirrings within him, to take his father's scythe and keep in swing with the hired men, and he does it early, too. Sometimes the last clip reveals to us a bee's nest in sod, which claims instant attention. The sentinels are aggressive in maintaining their undisputed natural rights. With wisps of hay we switched all flyers, and fenced their darts with quickest moves, and usually took their citadel.

When disturbed their habit was to fill themselves with honey, even to gorging; but our plans were otherwise. We seized the comb with the nectar their industry had provided, and appropriated it to ourselves. As to birds' nests in the grass, we were usually warned by the chirpings of the mother bird, but we were always reverently careful and watchful of their interests. Those in the grass were mostly the nests of sparrows and of blue-slatted juncos. If a snake crossed our paths our dislike was shown, and perhaps both were sufferers. Partridges occasionally flew

into the orchard, and two or three days there, unmolested, tamed them wonderfully.

Raccoons, caught when young, are soon tamed, but if taken back to the woods are quickly wild again. There is an individuality of odors belonging to the trees of the woods which the wild animals distinguish and follow to a degree worthy of our consideration. The grouping of deciduous trees promiscuously, and perhaps with a mixture of conifers, sends out a laden air of mixed woodsy fragrance well worth our analytical study and research. The power to hear at distances varies greatly among the kinds of trees that stud the woods. Evidently the wild animals and the birds know their values better than man. We remember the scarlet tanagers and thrushes and woodpeckers flitting in silence among the open hardwoods, or hawks perched high out of harm's way, taking in our movements with shrewd intelligence. Then the families of bluejays and nuthatchers and chickadees liked to be among the mixed woods and were so strangely inattentive to our coming that it piqued us some. The woodcock would, in early May or June, scarcely move out of harm's way while nesting. The robins and barn swallows and English sparrows noticed us and loved us, and showed it in social ways, and we loved them for these attentions and their pretty little doings. Among the birds the long row of nests under the eaves was perhaps the best example to the children of house building, of what they would like to do in later life. We watched these swallows go to the mud puddles by the score, and, filling their beaks, fly to their nests and pack in carefully, as a mason does his mortar.

Here standing side by side like a long street were a hundred nests in all stages of construction. The walls or divisions of the nests went by agreement, while in some cases nests were double and large enough for two mothers

to sit side by side in peace. How do they convey these specific ideas to each other before they begin their nest building? This is an interesting question to bird lovers. There are other tongues than the English language, and the swallow tongue may not be a written one as yet, but it is handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, with a faithfulness we may well imitate. The preservation of the good and useful traits in our ancestors comes to us charged with an affection and with a mission to hand them on to posterity increased.

In the boys' sleeping room up stairs a papered partition had been set in front of the large chimney, and a little brown door a foot square hung on hinges. One Sabbath morning this door was standing open, and we were awakened by an unusual chatter, "Chee, chee, chee," in animated bird tones. We were, of course, used to notes pitched in every key, surrounding the home inside and out, or coming through the open windows. After a stretching, a yawning and an eye-rubbing we managed to see the sunlight streaming in, and calling us too, by its brightness, but the greatest surprise was a flock of chimney swallows or swifts sitting in a row on the step of the open door. The mother had guided them that far in safety and seemed anxious to bring them before us for our admiration, proud of her fine feathered family, rather than to take them up the chimney—the old, smoky way. We watched them awhile in their friendliness, they looking at us in our lowliness, and then we went to milk the cows.

After breakfast we went to call on our little door visitors, but they had gone with their mother.

The robins nested on the ledges of the house or out-buildings under the trees, close as they could get to us without nesting in our hair, hats or pockets. We have

heard of old coats perched on a pole to scare the crows and a wee bird's nest found in a pocket. The humming or ladybirds were not numerous, but awakened in us exceeding anxiety to know more of them. They would not wait a moment after coming into the garden, but darted here and there among the flowers, and paused an instant only to get the honey nature was preparing for their coming. What impressed us most was their quick movements on the wing, and the precision with which they approached each tiny flower and thrust their long bills into the flower for the very drop of nectar. With what nimbleness and grace, dressed in emerald and ruby, they sped from flower to flower, with a freshness and a brightness. They live mostly on the wing and in the air. Perhaps no other bird enjoys more one eternal springtime, moving over north and south continent deep with the blooming flowers, and living on the newly made dainty honey, for it plunges its tongue to the very heart of the flower and gets the best the world can give, and it is incessantly busy from sunrise to sunset, and even longer. Their cry is a low, clear "crap." They fan the air into music as they pierce and hum it in wonderful courage.

Here is a wonderful everyday life from its beginning to its close. Will man—even a single one—ever be emancipated from the wrongs within and without, to live as happy in this world? Oh, the irony of fate. This is a fact and still life is a blessing. "Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love" to mitigate the pain of living and breathe into the soul of man hope, hopes and useful service. To live right must mean to live joyously, as the birds do.

There were two or three small ponds on the farm, but no lakes. One was the size of two-thirds of an acre, back of the young orchard and hayfield, which had filled up

level by washes of land and was growing black spruces five to ten feet high. Some of them to keep above the wet stood over logs and sticks which were now wholly moss-covered. I used to wonder why they tried to grow there, but there they were—straight and pretty. We boys used to like to go through this swamp on our way back to the burnt-hill, walking on the moss-covered logs with bare feet, chiefly to see something new. I remember father sending me in June for four or five evergreens to plant for shade beside the dairy room partitioned off in one corner of the old "Classie," once the gray schoolhouse. On my way crossing this spruce pond the thought came into my mind, how much easier to dig these trees than those on the dry uplands. I doubted, however, their suitability; but "Nothing ventured, nothing won" was in my ears. Suiting the action to the thought I seized a handsome tree and almost pulled it up, but finished by cutting a root or two with the spade, and in the course of a few minutes I had a backload of them up. The few roots they had were covered with moss which kept them damp and cool. Returning to the dairy I laid them in the shade while digging a hole, which I did quickly as the spirit of adventure was on. I planted at once and covered moss and all with good garden earth, something the roots had not been used to. I had the feeling that the right thing had not been done, and in their changed conditions they would not grow. This lessened the pleasure of planting trees, which was usually delightful, but which I did not then enjoy to the fullest measure. Father had some words of praise, which I cannot recall. The trees were large enough but he did not ask me where I got them. The sequel is easily told, but some of my readers are already guessing it. Every tree grew and is a fine tree to-day. So much for a little

originality, and doing what I thought might answer, yet did not understand. What we feel is often worth more than what we are able to reason out.

In this inland river valley with hills were morning fogs and mists in summer time, followed by warm hay-making days, unless the fogs clung to the hills in the morning. In the rising of the morning sun, with milk pails on our arms, we were sometimes seen wending our way upwards to the milking yard, where nine to thirteen cows knew by habit of our coming. Father called us to rise out of a deep slumber, and his first or second cow was passed before we were able to grasp the situation in the yard.

The sun rising over the hills had a fresh charm every morning, for clouds or clear sky varied their forms and our delights. The fog followed the winding river in thickest layers as far as we could see. When milking was over and the cattle went to pasture, we saw the thick mists rise with the heat of the sun, and by eight or nine o'clock all had thinned and vanished in nearly all shades and tints and colors over the open hills and varied forests. A panorama loomed up around us on these morning walks, and they glow in our retrospect. The trees were so capable of color variation when in the midst of blue-gray, smoky mists. This sacrifice ascended, enfolding their budded twigs or shrouding the heavy-leaved branches in a garment of thinnest curtain beauty! When withdrawn from our view, they communed within the veil in harmonious introspection, promoting growth and strength to full stature. The maples of the rock, silver, red and mountain varieties; the red, black, canoe, white, sweet and golden birches; the striped moosewood; the blue or hornbeam and American beeches; the white, black and red ashes; the large-toothed aspens (popples), with trembling leaf; the slippery and American

elms; the white oaks; the firs, junipers, black and red and white spruce; the white and Norway pines; with many members of hemlock, were set together in families or in mixed communities, or all in one broad woodland, mirrored in our lovely home landscape. In a heavy storm one March a large branch from a maple was broken down, and with the coming spring our injured friend ran long sticks of icy sweetness without our help. They were our friends then as now. The little birds would gather about these sweet droppings and drink, but the boys broke the icicles and carried them away.



OUR BROOK AT HIGH WATER, COMING DOWN

“Through narrow gorges here you foam—
There down the valley rove;
Like youths who leave a quiet home
The world’s delights to prove.”—*Joe Howe.*

CHAPTER XIX

OTHER LIFE ON THE FARM

OUR big brook was a living feature of the homestead. It took its rise upon the top of the Stuart hill. First a trickling stream from a long way summit into the woods, and making its way among the rocks, down the rapid slope it gained in volume. Then it ran over rusty slates, standing on thin edge till the pastures were reached and side streams flowed in. From there to the river, nearly a mile, it received a heavy surface flow from both sides. It brought rolling stones and moving boulders which it delighted to roll.

In the woods were a running stream and deep pools all summer long, where the cattle liked to stand in the cooling shade and drink, but in the open the water sank into the gravel until the next rainfall. Then the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled amid the rainpour. At this time the family brook of the farm was grand, rapid, roaring and eloquent with lordly torrents, which ran over bridges, rolled the rocks till rounded, and hushed all voices by the thunderous roar of its billowy, rushing waters. To control its obstreperous rage required skillful management.

The children saw it in all its moods and frolics, even in bare feet under raised umbrellas, and saw its uncontrollable will, getting its waters quickly to the river. How a child's heart would beat in sheer ecstasy as the brook leaped and bounded.

Along its margin the overflow carried stone and gravel upon the grass. Father had one year's experience with thousands of tons of gravel. He dyked the brook and graded the highway with gravel taken from the overflow; but in time he conquered the invader and forever after

held it in control. The beauty of the farm had gained immensely by the hedge and the gravel, but at a fearful cost. Father was not the man to be beaten in a deserving and preserving work, and this trait was taught and emphasized in us.

Potato digging with forks, or ploughing them out, was back-breaking work to the pickers. But the children picked, and their backs were withy and never broke. They might stay bent while the baskets were filling, but, like the bow after speeding the arrow, they straightened up again. We were all glad this field was no larger, except father, who would have liked to fill the old family cellar with fourteen hundred bushels, as in the olden time.

In each of the two gardens was a bed of multiplying onions, the size of a large room. They were set at right angles, six inches apart in rows. The sets were the size of our damsons, though we never mistook them, and would multiply six to twelve times. They were the strong-odor kind, and would start the tears quicker than a birch in the hands of a schoolmaster. It chanced one dark, threatening day that father offered to peg soles on my shoes if I would weed the bed of onions. To weed alone was unusual and made me virtually superintendent of the onion bed, as well as workman, which gave me in a new sense much satisfaction. I went to the bed with my new office. I looked it over much as an engineer with a complex work on hand. The weeds were growing well and almost in bloom with the onion tops and in a few days would make a fragrant square of flowers, superior to any we had attempted. The wind wave swept the odors across to me. I suspected our visiting friends might not enjoy the odors, as I was schooling myself to do. I kept walking around the square. By this time a drizzling rain set in, from which I got a new thought.

It did seem as if there should be more advanced farm and garden methods than we practised in doing our work. More was expected of the rising generation. We had often heard that. I felt the stirring of something within me to do something in the world. Still there were risk and danger in departing from the old paths. My plan seemed like diving head first, with my two hands palms in, pointing to the deep water at the bridge. We boys did that successfully and at our own initiative, and why not with the onions?

The time for beginning the work was passing. The decision in a sense rested with me. The plan was simple, quick and thorough. I had the hoe but needed the garden rake and fork. I went for these and collecting all the tools together helped to the decision. I had lost much time in considering the matter. I'll run the risk of making a new record, thought I. We had been making records at school. I walked round to the right-hand lower corner and dug six inches deep, taking out all the weeds and the onions together and separating carefully by hand. After raking the beds smoothly as we had been taught and using a straight-edged board as a marker, I set the onions in a straight row and soon had all planted, because I went at it with spirit. As I surveyed my work, it gave me an exhilarating satisfaction as the tools were gathered and placed in the piggery after using, as was our rule. I had accomplished a good thing that day.

The rain was coming faster, the onions had not been in the sun and their tops were as erect as before. The bed was thoroughly cleaned. It was well done, the rain and the weeding were timed together. I went into the house, out of the rain. Father was still pegging. "Well, father," said I, "I got through first." "Have you finished weeding the onions," he asked. "Yes," I said, "and the

bed is as clean as a whistle, and it will not need weeding again this summer. I did it in a better way," and I told him how it was done. "And it is raining now, and they are starting to grow."

I can see his look of disappointment, and then I began to feel I had made a mistake when he told me they would not grow; and indeed they did not, no, not one.

The beauty of this incident lies in the fact that father never referred to it again, except once when he said in the presence of the family, "We will not have any onion sets for next year's planting." But grandfather had plenty. He weeded on his knees in the old-time way, and both houses had their household supply as usual. Mother made the pickles from onions and cucumbers, and the vinegar with the mother plant. Such things were never bought, but home-made.

Onions were usually a good crop, raised on the same ground year after year. A young fellow, not knowing their strength, undertook to peel half a bushel one afternoon. It was not long before the tears started, and he moved to the outer air with needles in his teeth. I believe he accomplished it.

Boys will be boys and girls will be girls in mischief making. We had an out-door tannery at the brookside, and the tanning was done in large hogsheads. Father peeled the hemlock bark about the period when mosquitoes and sandflies were out in full force, and piled it up to dry to be hauled later to the wagon-shed for storage and rossing. It was chipped over a wooden horse, and in this way leather was provided for all useful purposes and some to sell to the neighbors, who usually paid for it in work on the farm.

The little things were looked after to prevent waste. Mooseskins and bearskins were tanned with alum and

softened and lined at home for robes. One family of Indians killed seventy moose in one year. These methods nourished an independence and a confidence in farming. Sister Emily writes, "Father possessed the spirit of true independence and lived within his income. He lived a very strenuous life. There was not that division of labor nor farm machinery to lighten the toil, and farm products were sold in the Halifax market at low prices."

CHAPTER XX

THE FORGE AND THE FARM

ACROSS the brook, on a dry level in a turn of the stream and crossed by a long timber reaching the banks, was the pathway to the blacksmith's shop. In that day it was three miles to a forge, and father did the forge work of the farm himself. He had learned when a young man that when he struck the white iron it welded. I was the boy at the bellows and never saw him miss the weld. George and I tried it at different times, but it was either too cold or too hot and the iron was burned and ruined. George succeeded occasionally and his pardonable pride would rise. It was when a rainstorm was on that we resorted to the forge. The shoeing of three horses and oxen, repairs to chains and carts and wagons and sleds, and a hundred other little things were done on the odd days or evenings, while many others were at the fireside or corner grocery discussing parish politics.

The boys were not worked too hard, though indolent folks said so, but father was ever careful to see that the limit of reasonable application was not exceeded, while mother was ever keenly alert to ward off risk or danger from the children.

Father had suffered in boyhood in driving two or three pairs of fat oxen to Halifax market. Grandfather had a wagon load with two horses in tandem, when a rain came on and father with wet feet rode the leading horse and with the whip kept the oxen at the pace. It suddenly turned cold. The colds and chills eventually brought on a painful form of acute rheumatism, which made him a great sufferer at many recurring periods of his life. But his courage and ambition never failed him. He had assumed

the responsibilities and maintenance of a family. His ideal was high and he must carry it along at least on as high a plane as others, while preserving an inflexible integrity for his own conscience sake.

About ten years after his marriage he took his man and ox team to the intervale to sled off logs which the river freshet had left upon the grass. While loading the logs it appears that a hired man let go at a critical moment, and the heavy weight came upon father, causing a strain and injury to the small of the back, resulting in inflammatory rheumatism of the most painful description. For nine months at one time he was in his bed, with straps suspended, and with his arms he turned himself in bed. Yet he ever kept himself in close touch with the farm management.

After these protracted periods, as the result of pain his face took on a sadness; but when he smiled, a sweetness we never can forget. None of his children have ever suffered as he. These were trying times for mother, with a hired man to pay, who did indifferent work. The children were not able to help much. Expenses of living had to be met, doctor's bills and medicine to be provided, and these were a training for mother which made her afterwards a true heroine.

Our parents had an unconquerable resolution to equal the demands these severe conditions imposed. They had calmness of spirit, control of mind, faith and hope, always looking beyond the lowering clouds and seeing the shimmering light of a better day. It meant smiles through tears, joy through suffering, sweetness in embitterment, weariness without rest, hope without full fruition here. We did not see it then. We were too young. One of the saddest things in human life is that young people do not gratefully

realize what their parents are enduring for them until too late to repair.

At last father rose from that languishing bed and sat in a new arm-chair, cushioned by the hands of mother and the girls, and once again he went over the green fields and gathered in the harvests.

“To have no other desire than to live the gospel of good will, lean towards Jesus and He will lean towards you.” Diligence, intelligence and brotherly love will make the world into a garden of fruitful boughs, a place of homes and happy people in peace and prosperity. To acquire these we must be responsive to God’s tender thought for us. Without confidence in Him we cannot get the blessing we seek for. There is nothing accomplished by self alone that is of full payment for our pains. Father lived in daily communion with God, and He was with him to the end.

The salting boards for the cattle, sheep and horses were an institution of the farm in the beginning of the nineteenth century and the children liked to see the animals come at their call and lick and lick the salt all away. There was a black-faced ewe which was first at the boards morning, noon or night. She was a pet, and her annual twins liked the salt too. Grandma was a favorite with the sheep; and with a plate of salt and a call, “Nannie, Nannie,” they would flock around her in a twinkling.

They liked to come along the bank and by the willows on a hot day. They would crop the weeds and grasses among the young poplars as no other of our domestics would do.

It was the rule never to disappoint the animals. The horses had to be caught with salt or oats in the pan, and if once deceived they did not forget, and might turn around

suddenly and kick us. The spring coming of the calves, lambs, and colts, the little pigs, goslings and chickens, brought out the tender side of human nature and kindness for the innocents. We fed and housed them, and handled them as their pleasing, funny ways were shown. They relied on us for comfort with confidence, and from that we got a reflex strength along meek and merciful lines.

There was wondrous music in the tinkling of their bells, which kept us in constant touch with their places of feeding. It was their habit to assemble on the hottest day on the summit of the round hill, where the breezes played and kept the stinging flies away. The horses, cattle and sheep were all here in peaceful companionship, some grazing, others standing cuddling, while others were resting. Few scenes are more picturesque and truly beautiful, appealing more to man's highest ideal of actual comfortable rest, than this. We love it still and cannot help loving it always! As the day cooled they wandered off to the Annand commons, and in the evening we knew where to find them. The sheep, too, were rounded up and brought in, and counted and yarded for safety. The calves were in a small field near the house where they were fed with skimmed milk, while the buttermilk went to the piggery.

The buttermilk keg near the cellar entrance was no mean institution. Sometimes the milk was fresh, but often sour. The boys liked it best then. The chores of the morning and evening were allotted and kept us in incessant life. Sometimes we had pets who fell to our care, and the girls and boys were alike their friends. One year we had a pet lamb, and we taught it to suckle a low-set, quiet cow named Spot. As it grew it would slip away with her to the hills, and they developed a mutual friendship interesting to see. The lamb soon learned her "boo"

and kept with her, and I think the cow learned the language of the bleating lamb; and moreover if we called "Lambie, Lambie," it would run to our arms.

It chanced one evening the cows were coming home, and the lamb was not with them. I skipped over the hills and up and down the brooks, sashed with trees, where I had seen the cows that day, calling "Lambie, Lambie." The sun had gone down and the darkening night shadows were spreading, and not a sight or sound could I get of my lost lamb. In sheer desperation I felt it must be found. I ran across the head of the Annand pastures, where I thought the cows had been, calling and listening for a moment. It was now nearly dusk and wild animals might be prowling around, yet nerved by the lateness I ran into an open woodland on our lot on the hill-slope back of the round hill, calling for the lamb to keep up my courage, for bears had been seen here. I called and stopped to listen and thought I heard a bleat, but was not sure. Wild cats imitate voices—at least I had heard so. I called again more loudly than ever, and was answered by the cry of a lamb. I ran quickly through the dark bushes towards the bleat, and there in a hollow of a cradle-hill lay the lamb on its side, stiff and unable to stand. I took it in my arms and ran out of the woods and down the three-fourths of a mile at a boy's running pace when keyed to a run. By some guiding thought, I knew not what, I went to the cow and streamed the warm milk down the throat of the lamb, scarcely giving it time to swallow. In a few minutes the stiffness relaxed, and I stood it on the ground, and though it staggered like a drunken man it was better. I gave it more milk until it could hold no more, and took it to the house, where I told the story. Father said that it had probably eaten lambkill, a poisonous plant, and I

was fortunate in finding it that night. The new milk kills the poison. After this the lamb was kept at home, where there were no poisonous plants, and it grew until it could grow no longer.

The farm life had some happenings almost every day, where there were large families of children. Our winters were spent in cutting and sledding thirty cords of hardwood for the homes, a thousand spruce poles or so to make new fencing, and the milling of a few logs for boards, pickets or fencing around the house or garden. Father was very particular to keep the fences erect, the roadside clean and trim, and to encourage others to do the same.

A little later our brother George put up a neat broad panel fence from the new barn, the longest and best new fence the farm had ever seen.

CHAPTER XXI

VISITING RELATIVES

FATHER and mother had some very dear kin living beyond the farm circle, and between them letters full of esteem and love were ever passing, containing greater fullness with the years, as an overflowing river, and we shared in this rich bequeathment and will pass it on down the ages. I have before me a double letter, torn and in fragments, from Uncle George and Aunt Mercilla. She was the adopted niece of the late Thomas Wesley, marble worker, of Halifax. The letter is dated "The Plains, October 13, 1852." Aunt Mercilla had just returned from Musquodoboit, and uncle in this letter is chaffing mother that aunt had come home so thin he scarcely knew her, and wanting to know why she did not give her enough to eat. Mother had been chaffed before for wearing artificial flowers, and uncle wants to know the relative value between the flowers and a breadless dining-table, and if this artificial spirit is on the increase. Mother met this chaffing with an amused smile, and uncle was obliged to call the honors even.

It really began a few years before, when they took a sailing trip together from Halifax to Sydney to visit their parents, which proved to be a joyous trip, and to which reference was afterwards often made. Then uncle wants to know something about oak tubs for butter. All of which ends in sending their united esteem to grandfather and grandmother, Doctor Archibald, Wallace, Uncle Sammy and Aunt Alice, and each of the children by name.

Uncle Samuel and Aunt Charlotte Peters were relatives beloved. Their letters always breathed the soul of love and affection, which is worth more than silver. These

lives were bound together in mutual love, growing deeper with the years. We children lived in its radiance, and lives were made happier by the overflowing of mutual friendship and growing esteem.

It was between the years 1855-1860 that Uncle William was married, and Uncle Samuel and Aunt Charlotte planned a bridal trip and an autumn drive from Sydney to Musquodoboit with a good span of horses. I see them still, as they drove up in the evening of an autumn afternoon, and it was on a sharp trot they pulled up at the door. We were expecting them and counting the days' journey stage by stage, for mother and I had been over it before. They were not tired, nor were the horses.

We boys took charge of the horses and rubbed them up and down, and fed them, and they rested. By and by they were watered and rested again. Even the animals enjoy every attention in good feeding. For days and weeks the household had been keyed to their coming, and we children were full to bubbling over. We ran from this to that, and from that to this, to let off accumulating youth which would not stay pent. The welcomes—"How are you? How well you look! We are glad to see you here." A bride always looks well and beautiful, for she is at her best. Soon follow the refreshing cup of tea and running comment on the trip. The brightest scenes and incidents came first. The last day's drive was through a forest road, fourteen miles without a house, and still there is none to-day. How the moose stood in the road and gazed at the bridal pair until the horses stopped; and a bear stood up and presented arms and sullenly declined to move; the many flocks of partridges that kept the woods in continual interest, were all related in prose and poetry, and in imitation bird song, for they were full of song themselves

from morn till night with rich and stirring music. They had many new books from which they sang many songs we never heard before but soon we sang them, too. The old "Red House" ceiling was too low for the tide of musical volume, and the roll of swelling music almost raised it to make room for more. If the timbers of the house were filled as we were, they must be singing still in mellow whisperings as in days of yore.

Sandy Henry lived within a mile and was our handy man. He was always ready, even if he left his own work undone. If the sheep were to be washed in the brook or their fleeces clipped, or the lambs were to get their markings, or the larder to be replenished, or a new furrow struck as a straight line, or a wild animal trapped, and a hundred other little things which in years of boyhood needed doing, Sandy was the obliging man who came to do them when most wanted. These little deeds of kindnesses I take pleasure in recording here.

CHAPTER XXII

A PERILOUS WINTER ROAD

THE wood was sledded down the mountain side, where we had many hairbreadth escapes. Father was the engineer and had a heavy yoke of oxen for the tongue, that were well shod. The sled was loaded and the wood bound in place, so that it could not move. The way had cradle-hills which was an advantage, for when the sled dipped into the snowy hollows the oxen were able to bring it to a standstill and move gently over to the next. In icy times their holding-back powers were tested, but in deep snows they kept control. Sled locks were sure to break, running over immovable rocks, or the team was unable to proceed with the load. Great skill was needed in driving to bring the load to a stand at the right point. Even as I write I feel the muscles tighten at the brow of the mountain, for there was, so to speak, the psychological moment to force the oxen to a stop; for momentum once gained would be beyond control. None of us were hurt, which speaks much for accuracy of judgment.

While father was in command all went with confidence, we learned the art fully, and soon had the experience. We had the habit of venturing, but it was in a thoughtful way and with skill. There is a wild exhilaration in flying along the edge between safety and danger. The older boys were venturesome and often chose the risky edge.

The youngest boy was intended for the ministry, and was named for the Rev. Arthur Crawley, Baptist missionary to Burmah. Father designed this at his birth, and dedicated him in prayer, but father's early death withdrew the human agency towards carrying to fulfilment his deeply cherished hopes. Arthur had literary tastes and

taught school for years. He and his family are now ranching on a square mile of homesteads in the Province of Alberta. A little after father's death Arthur dropped the name of Crawley and substituted Wallace, for father's sake and to preserve the name. This brother named his eldest son Wallace, for father.

Father built a section to the end of the old barn to get more room for storage of hay, for the farm was steadily improving. We were fond of shingling, partly because of its airy position.

Once he asked me to climb and nail a brace out on the end and near the gable. I recollect saying, "I can't hold on there." But he said, "I think you can, for I will hold the rafters." My feelings were wrought in the attempt, but I felt father would not ask me to do what I could not do, and with hammer in hand I climbed to the place, while he said, "Don't look down, look up," and I drove the nails and stayed the brace. When I got back and out of the nervy tension, father said: "I thought it could be done." He was strong in calmness, courage, judgment and foresight. His attitude never implied weakness to us. He might not say much, but he was clear and forcible in his statements. It was on the roof of this barn at this time I walked the ridgepole from end to end, and grandmother appearing on their pathway and seeing me, called to mother: "That boy will be killed," and mother, fearing the risk, asked me to come down, and down I came.

George was eight years younger than I, but naturally he had more nerve. We were berrying, I think in the new land, when we came across a hornet's nest on a bunch of bush sprouts, which looked like some large and tempting fruit. He would not be defied and beaten by such tiny foes, and proceeded to seize the nest and the inmates.

The moment he touched their papery home the battle began, and out came the winged soldiers in haste to inquire who had the temerity to attack their castle. One after another pointed to George, and with their spears they pierced him often. There is a time in the affairs of boys which taken at the ebb leads to defeat. He had met their relatives, the ground bees, before, and was valorous and won.

Hornets' nests have little wasps,
The smaller wasps to sting us,
And smaller wasps have lesser wasps
And wasps to pierce needles in us.

We liked to bridle the big black mare, broad and round, and standing on our bare feet to ride around the yard, greatly to the wonderment of all. It appealed to the spectacular, but there are times when courage trembles on the brink.

On one of the frostiest winter mornings of my life, I went to the lake, three miles distant, with two yoke of oxen, and a horse as leader. The morning was calm, and soon the sun rose in brightness. The crackle of the team on the frosty snow could be heard afar, and all animals of the wood fled long before our approach. The road was broken, for it was only the day before, when nearing the shore of the lake with the loaded sleds, that the ice gave way, but the team drew the load on to the land. When I reached the lake that morning I went forward to the horse and guided him, as I thought, safely out and around the broken ice. But turning my back to him and going towards the oxen, the second pair pulled back and swung the horse into the lake before I saw what was happening. Here I was, a boy alone and a full mile from a house. I tried every method I could devise, even with the oxen trying to

haul him out by the harness and whiffletree behind, but with no one to drive the oxen it was a hopeless task. The feeling crept over me that it could not be done, and poor Tom would perish in the lake. In sheer desperation, with ropes I lashed Tom's head to a tree, and throwing both coats off I ran to George Parker's, and he jumped on his horse and together we reached the lake and were glad to find Tom's head still above water. Quickly as I write we had the oxen drawing brave Tom to land, where we rubbed him a moment and blanketed him and started him for the barn, where more blankets and warm drinks and rubbing were applied, and all our anxiety was over.

How thankful I was I never can tell. We saved poor Tom, who had the closest shave of his life. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." I went across the lake with the oxen and returned with a load of poles without a mishap; and arriving at Mr. Parker's barn Tom was given his place in the team and we were off for home. We would not give up while there was anything to hold to. Father left us a sound inheritance in nervy fiber to "hold on."

We were robust, had good health, and loved the frosty air. In the spring our blood was cleansed, they said, by a drink made from ground hemlock steeped in a boiler, and this drink was graded according to the age and capacity of the children. The boys were sent for the creeping hemlock. A whered few as possible and sometimes the supply of drink was out, but none of the children ever complained of a shoi

Some peo their children sulphur and molasses daily

To preven. cure them from getting aily

But O Spring, we were limited to bitter hemlock or herbal pills.

The sle^{gh} drives, with jingling bells, to divisions, lodges, soire^{es} or lectures, at the Old Debating Hall, return

musically as we dwell on them. These were a sort of family and community drive with young folk, by moonlight over snowy roads or often over icy slidings, accompanied by overturnings into the snow, but always with laughter at some one's ridiculous expense. The driver held the reins, even though standing on his head in a snowbank. 'Twas here we formed Hopeful Lodge in 1868, and most of the young people from the Dean's to Higgins Settlement, a distance of ten miles, attended and filled the hall to overflowing with debates, orations, dialogues and laughter to a merry going home at eleven o'clock at night.

Then in the district schoolhouse were the regular school meetings, lectures, sermons, Catechism and singing classes, to which we walked. Our parents early taught us to train our memories, and recitations and dialogues were in great demand in the temperance societies of which all were working members, and literally hundreds of these by the boys and girls can be recalled to-day with the least effort. The girls were excellent readers and had good memories. George in the "Rival Orators" or "Yankee Boast," orations of Edmund Burke, the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Edward Everett on "Common Schools"; Arthur in "Land Ahead," the "Landing of Columbus," "Miles Standish," "Tasso in Prison," or "Enoch Arden"; orations and poems of Joseph Howe, with many others, appealed to us as instructive and rational. These furnished entertainment and were a source of enjoyment, laughter and tears. Our parents paved the way, and it was pleasant to follow. Father loved debate, but not controversy.

The octavo volume of the life of Mary was one of the household treasures. Her noble life and high ideals had a permanent setting in our home as a pattern for the girls. Our parents set great store by her teaching, the

leading principle of which was that the middle classes contain the mainsprings and main wheels which are to run the world, or that pure ideals based upon realities should be given their rightful setting and the largest place in the standards of life. Our parents felt that farm beauty and its scenic setting were made more to feast the souls with the sense of innate goodness than even to feed the body; and their efforts to retain this balance were never relaxed. Mary Lyon had a passion for knowledge, she was a beautiful reciter, and it must have been her ambitious purposes put steadily before our sisters which made them all excellent readers and good reciters. Mt. Holyoke was opened to pupils the year Queen Victoria ascended the British Throne. This type of womanhood was steadily maintained in our home, and the name of Mary Lyon was familiar as long ago as I remember. Miss Lyon said, "Let us have living minds to work on. My soul is pained by the empty gentility around me, which often means genteel nothingness." While the building was going up she said, "The stones and bricks and mortar speak a language that vibrates through my very soul." It was thoughts like these breathed into the atmosphere of home that the boys and girls absorbed hour by hour, and fibered rosy lives.

Father had three brothers, Daniel, James and John, good farmers, who lived within ten miles; also three married sisters, Rachel, Margaret and Grizzel. Exchange of visits was expected twice a year, or as often as convenient. There was a sort of a week-end preparation for these friends and the children they brought with them. If it was in December they were taken to the cosy fireside and warmed, when the flow of good cheer was given in its largeness. The boys led the horses to the stables and they got the best feeding to be had.

Our families were all rather slow talkers, except Uncle James, who led the band in fluent speech. Of course, all the families did not come at once, else I would not have been able to write this narrative. If they came in June, the parlor and the garden, the fields and growing crops, were examined and expatiated upon in a discursive way. Uncle Danny was the children's favorite, because he was full and running over with good stories, and he could tell them all so well and laugh so heartily at them with us. We loved a joke and so did they all, and it was midnight or long after before they could prevail on themselves to stop until another day. We children would wonder how they knew so much, and would drop to sleep in our chairs while they talked. But it was that whole-hearted social family life and the sense of the goodness of God that was so deeply ingrained, that made us often feel we would like to be like them. This had no little to do with framing our ideas of Heaven—a place that was pleasant, cheerful and good. Our grandparents had their children and grandchildren at home again, and they grew young, if only for a day.

Great good grew out of these visits to us. The family ties were strengthened, the virtues were ennobled in the children's eyes, life was broadened, and hospitalities generously poured out to all.

Aunt Rachel was the Dorcas of this large family, who with an open hand dispensed her gifts. She seemed to us children to know all the men and women of the Old Testament, too, and would winnow out the bad from the good in a twinkling by their acts and apply these forceful lessons to some of us without mercy. These included Abimelech, Jephthah, Jotham, Mephibosheth, Abner, David, Jonathan, Solomon, Absalom. She usually stayed a week on these visits. Her coming was epochal to me. She was ever

the good friend of "God's poor—the devil's poor and even poor devils." Their gratitude was sweet incense and fragrant to this day in the memories of many. In 1861 she visited her brother George at Portland, Maine, and there presented him with a large family Bible in which she wrote the chronology of her father's family. This book I saw in 1910 at his son Henry's in Brockton, Mass. Their brother William, an M.D., was endowed with splendid abilities. He was not only brilliant but ambitious, and promised a life of wide usefulness. After obtaining his degree at Harvard he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs. His bed was placed in grandmother's parlor, which was more airy, and Anna Green assisted in waiting on him. He died the twenty-ninth of January, 1853, lamented by a very large circle of relatives and neighbors. My sister Harriet and I took lessons from him in the winter of 1852, a period when the public schools were vacant. He was a most exacting teacher. I was named William for Uncle William, "The Doctor."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE VILLAGE CHURCH IN STEWIACKE

THE Baptist Church stood in Stewiacke Village, seven miles distant and over a mountain's back. It took one and a half hours or more to drive there with horses farming all the week. They were careful drivers. Grandfather drove Black Bess in a two-wheeled chaise or "shay." The body hung on leathers, and very easy it was to ride in, though it had the horse motion. It was somewhat in appearance like the "calaches" of Quebec but the seat was not so high. Father's was a two-wheeled fly, and later he had a four-wheeled wagon, double seated. The duty of going over the mountain was to serve the purpose of the church where they were members, and this it was held should be done regularly to form a habit in their children.

A few clouds, or a hot day, the winter's cold, or the poor condition of wheeling or sleighing would not prevent their going and leaving home early to arrive in time. The arrangements were usually made on a Saturday evening, and though we were all tired at the end of the week this change brought the needed rest. They reasoned that we needed the church every Sabbath to help us through the week. The church needed and expected us, because our membership was with them, and it was not right to disappoint good people when it could be avoided.

We had our wraps and umbrellas with us in sunshine or rain, and if we did not get home until sunset and had to gather the cows and milk, there was a short cut from the top of the mountain on this side; and doffing our good shoes and socks into the fly, we went down the hill, cutting off half the distance, and were behind the cows in a few minutes. Putting on our milking "overs" we had the cows well nigh

milked before the old folks had their horses unharnessed and the wheels run in and the carriage house closed for the night.

The morning service began at eleven, and the afternoon service at four o'clock. This church was composed of a band of industrious and prosperous brethren and sisters. Although fifty years are gone, the memories of those uplifting influences are still vivid.

To these Christian people we would justly pay a loving tribute. In doing this we would remember uncle's and father's families, Mr. and Mrs. Studley Horton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCabe. There were Charles Cox, Jacob Layton, Noah Bentley, Ephraim Newcomb, Abram Newcomb, Richard Upham, James Cox, William Cox, Abram Cox, Charles Johnson, and our uncles. A nation composed of such men as these would usher in an ideal greatness the world has not yet seen, but I believe is destined to see. Later the Rev. Obed Chute, home missionary among the French people of Nova Scotia, with his esteemed lady, once the belle of the village, settled here in his later age as pastor. After the morning service, these people vied with each other in welcoming all from a distance, with invitations to dinner, until the last leaf in their extension tables or two tables end to end were preempted to this use, and the extent of their hospitality grew year by year without measure. But it was the Christian virtues, converse and knowledge that live the longest. If an unexpected minister came to preach in the church they would sometimes send a messenger over to let us know. We recall Uncle Daniel sending his son Dimmock ten miles one Saturday evening, and this illustrates the prevailing spirit; it was a kind of kindness that was felt, and a generosity never misplaced. The little church and cemetery are very dear to us still, and will al-

ways be, we trust, to our children's children for our sakes.

During the Rev. Obed Chute's pastorate of the Baptist Church in the rich and fertile Stewiacke Valley he came with Mrs. Chute to make us a pastoral visit, and all the children liked to have them come. His judicial manner was to look up at the overarching trees beautifully shading the walk as he stepped leisurely toward the house, and to stand in their cooling shade and look outward over the rich green fields. We boys felt his interest in the situation without the spoken words. Perhaps he would quote a couplet from Campbell's "Pleasures of Memory," and the author's beautiful trees and grounds at Newington-Green in old England. He was accustomed to speak of the beauties of nature slowly, and we drew nearer to him, such was his power. We could not talk about these things, but we could listen eagerly. As I recall the conversations, Rogers was a favorite and also Leigh Hunt, and so he touched his loves to suit the boys in those growing times, and the drop-pings of the names of poets we did not know, and a thought or two from each one to associate it with the name, are remembered still in an appreciative way. Goldsmith was another, for he knew we had "The Deserted Village" in our readers, and we showed a longing to know more from one who was so careful to give exactly the finer shades of meaning in his interpretations to our opening minds. From Spenser came the following couplet:

The poet who on earth has made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

We know he was much in company with Milton too:

I know each lane and every valley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood;
And every bosky bourne from side to side
My daily walk, and ancient neighborhood.

I remember his reference to Pope:

Know all the toil the heavy world can heap
Rolls o'er my grotto, nor disturbs my sleep.

From Gray rolled gently the notes:

While visions as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

Keats, too, was his:

Who sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.
* * * * *

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget,
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret.

And before this poet died "said he felt the daisies growing over him."

Shelley was his friend:

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds that wrapt this world from youth did pass.
From the near schoolroom voices that alas!

In our memories are these various poets and their thoughts and visits at different seasons were lodged with us in a manner that is fragrant still, and left a sense of God's nobleman behind. We also think of Dryden, Thompson, Mrs. Tighe, Cowper, Southey, Montgomery, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high.
They that see thy look in death,
No more will fear to die.



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

“Excuse me, but would you mind moving a little to one side?
We’ve got to put a railroad through here.” This
is the last of many surveys up the
beautiful Musquodoboit.

CHAPTER XXIV

INFLUENCE OF ROADS AND WEATHER

WHEN roads or weather prevented going to our own church we attended the Presbyterian Church, on a level road two and a half miles distant, where the Rev. Robert Sedgewick, D.D., was minister. He was leading educationist; a large-hearted man, and his sympathies embraced the whole population in the valley of his two large congregations. The children thought his sermons a trifle long and tedious, but no matter—grandma carried a bottle of smelling salts and if during the first or second sermon, with fifteen minutes' intermission, we nodded our heads or fell asleep (as some of the deacons did, for I saw them) she would slip the bottle under our noses, and we suddenly remembered the text and the preacher.

At the intermission there was always a cake or bun to be eaten on the church green, or if raining, in the church or at the horse sheds. All brought refreshments, and many indulged in a nap under the veil of closed eyelids. Uncle Johnny Dechman was precentor from our earliest memory, and the wave of his hands keeping time and his leading voice made good congregational music.

Children are hard to please when weary and tired, as they and their mothers must have been, but with prospects of supper the horses drove home in good time. The people grew in Bible knowledge and spiritual wisdom under Dr. Sedgewick's long pastorate. He was very influential as a catechist throughout the valley, and his work and spirit are living long after him. After his great and eloquent lecture on "Antagonisms of the Nineteenth Century," 1866, in Poplar Grove Church, Halifax, he received the sobriquet of "the old man eloquent." The next day as he was re-

turning home I was also on the train. I went forward to his seat and after a few words of his which I cherish, I said, "Dr. Sedgewick, I remember some of the things you have taught us in your Bible class and from the pulpit, and they have done me good." He leaned back his head on the seat, and said in his own manner, "Hm—hm—hm." I have always been glad I had it in my heart to go to him that day.

Dr. William Pearson was our resident physician. He was a gentleman of English birth, and highly esteemed by those who knew him best. His gentlemanly dignity and courteous bearing appealed strongly to our family. Any man who was able to rise above trifling prejudice and look forward generously rose in our esteem. It was a year or more after his coming to the place before he had a professional call to our house. He had a fine figure on horseback, and his horse had his personal training in step and gait. This fine exercise was passing away when he came to the place, but it remained for a few years longer.

In 1860 the Prince of Wales, now our good King Edward VII, visited Halifax, and father, wishing upon the advice of Dr. Pearson to consult with the Hon. D. A. McNeil Parker, M.D.M.L.C., chose this occasion to go to Halifax, taking with him his eldest daughter, Harriet. They saw the Prince and the throngs of people. On their return they had much to say of his pleasing appearance and the address the city presented, and his reply. These were rehearsed with minuteness to us and aroused patriotic interest. They brought a picture of the Prince, which was framed and hung in the room. Every child felt we had the greatest Royal Family in the world, and that our Queen was the peer of them all. We cannot fully express how deeply these events kindled the patriotic fires in the children's breasts. Our parents talked to us interestingly

of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria and their family. It was from grandfather we often heard of some foreign potentate visiting England for the first time, and his asking our Queen to tell him "the secret of England's greatness." She, turning to a large family Bible, "This, sir, is the secret." We children must have heard that story for the hundredth time, and we believed it, too, as we do now. As babies we were nourished by this kind of food, and our daily growth was breath-waves of fealty and fidelity to home, to our Royal Family, and native land, allegiance to rulers, obedience to persons in authority, with growing sentiments for good laws administered with justice, and personal freedom in daily life. Father grew slowly into the knowledge that whatever was weak or unjust in the British Constitution or laws used as precedents, was easily eliminated or changed to meet a growing people, or as the moral conscience of the nation demanded.

During the Crimean War in 1854 the tardy news of battle was longed for. When victory came to the allied powers, Britain's supremacy was acknowledged. Father brought from Halifax the history of this war and read it aloud to us. I know the older boys, especially, listened with almost breathless interest to the description of the battles of Inkerman, Balaklava, Alma, Sebastopol and the charge of the noble Six Hundred.

These recitals were vivid and filled us with glowing feelings and pride for the mother country. That pride is at this hour rooted deeper and broader in our natures and race than ever before in our Empire's history. I suppose we naturally loved war, but were taught peace and believe in peace with at least a fair amount of justice.

Parents weave the warp and woof of the character of their children by feeding their bodies, minds, hearts and

souls with wholesome foods. Much of this growing fiber lies deeper than bodily enjoyments. Father did not seek preference for himself but for his family and home. The weakest member of the family must have equal rights and equal opportunities with all. He chose farming because of natural inclination and training. There was no part of the farm but was improved in appearance, beauty, and productiveness. He felt the important place the farmer holds as the moral standard and supporter of the people, not only to supply them with bread, but with young men and women of character to replenish the cities.

Father did not draw away from his neighbors, but was one who thought and felt for them. He saw clearly through the toils and turmoils to satisfying rewards. He wore the white flower of a blameless life among his fellow men, calmly and quietly doing his work to the very end. He saw his place and felt God's guiding hand towards the brotherhood of humanity.

The family home determines for each of us what we are to be, without doubt or question. Father was a praying man and the aspirations of his life were expressed in prayer. We felt them, if we did not hear them. We judge this by his impress on our lives and the holding power it has to-day. He saw in us the deeply rooted sin leading us away from God, and by prayer and teaching strove to bring us back.

Doctor Parker's examination proved what he had been suspecting, that he could not reasonably expect to live a great while longer. His repeated injuries had developed an abscess, which was fast wasting his strength. He did not alarm us but began to adjust his business. Our Uncle Daniel and Uncle George each held the office of Justice of the Peace, and they both were asked and came early in November, and affairs were settled.

One day I was riding Doctor (a young horse) homeward on the public road, and having no bridle he was in for a frolic. With my right hand I slapped him to the left, but he was in for a run with flying heels and I was thrown on to the fence to the left. I'll never forget it; it was a good shaking up I got, but I was not much hurt.

CHAPTER XXV

WE ARE BENEFACTORS OF THE RACE

ANY one who comes in contact with the fertile soil ought to be held as a special benefactor of mankind. To cultivate soil well is to get our bodies engaged in the work where they will bear testimony to the power of the Creator. Nature sings her finest songs to those who love her most. The keenness of our vision depends on what we feel, rather than what we see. The homes of a people measure the strength of a nation. Father acted as a Christian. He must have had deep conceptions to keep his spiritual manhood and happiness so well preserved. Christ means us to be what we mean to others. The soul-search and pearling for convincing truth seems to be found only by the few, when in reality it exists in abundant volume for all mankind. These unseen treasures of the higher life flow into the will surrendered to Jesus, the only Son of God. We may experience this fact as surely as our existence. It was tested day by day and year by year in our parents' hearts and souls and minds to the hour of death. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The writer has for some time felt it to be his duty to write these thoughts and convictions. A year ago no thought of mine prompted this writing, but now it has become a duty and labor of love.

Our Aunt Sarah, mother's youngest sister, came to visit us and we all loved her. She was very gentle, conscientious and studious. Her kind, gentle ways won us, and we felt her influence very quickly upon our conduct. A winning look was enough to check or encourage.

We had a good public school and she desired to attend our school and qualify for teacher. She seemed to see the

true side of everything. Even the stones and thistles on the wayside had their uses, and she told us of them and invested them with a new and peculiar mission. She was not only entertaining, but in an interesting manner helped our minds to reason. She proved to us that in goodness itself there was just as much to interest young people as there was in wrong. She afterwards taught at St. Andrews, and I had the pleasure of driving her there several times. Her pupils almost worshiped her, as I witnessed on our arrival. After this she attended the first session of the Normal School, established in the autumn of 1855, under the principalship of the late Doctor Forrester. Close study developed lung affection, and about the last of March I was sent with the horse and sleigh to bring Aunt Sarah home.

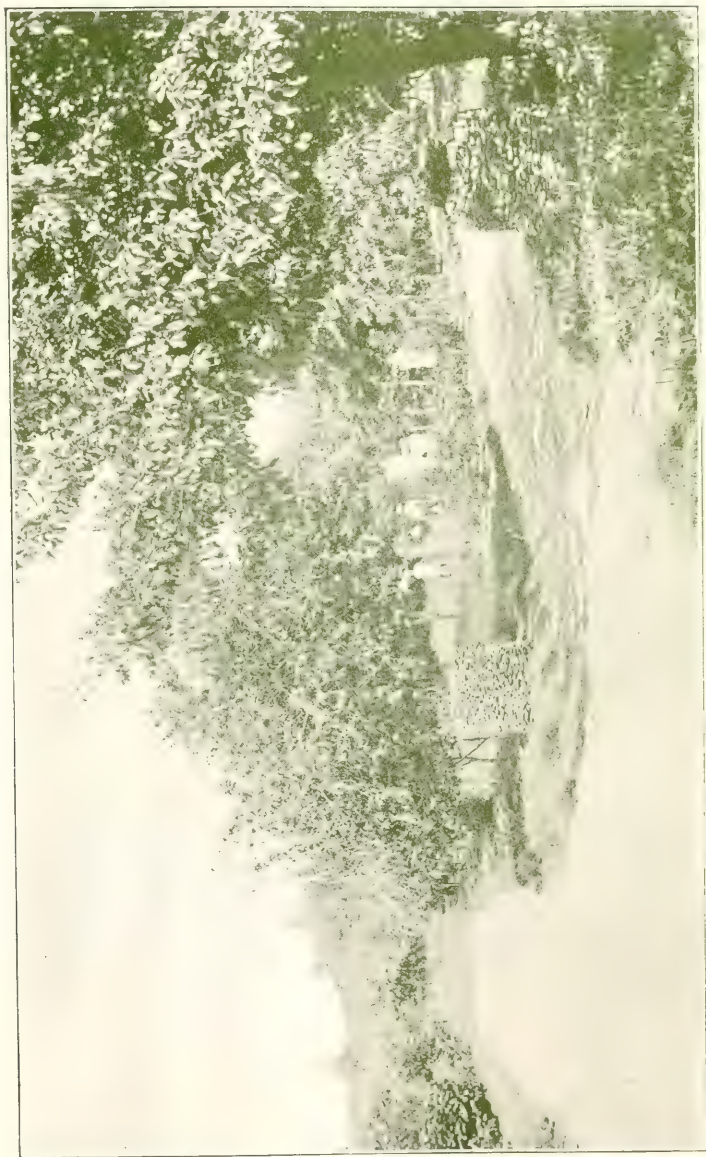
Truro, March 31, 1856: I hereby certify that Miss Sarah Richardson attended the Provincial Normal School during the session of 1855-1856, that she conducted herself with the utmost propriety, and prepared with diligence and approbation the various lessons and exercises prescribed.

Miss Richardson was laid aside by sickness and unable to attend the school for many weeks before its close, otherwise she stood a fair chance for obtaining a second-class diploma; and I have little hesitation in saying that had her health and other circumstances admitted of her attending another session she would in all probability have won the highest honors of the institution.—ALEXANDER FORRESTER, Principal.

She kept growing weaker, and near the middle of March I was sent sixty miles to bring her beloved brother George to our home. I bore a letter to him. He came with me and remained with us two or three days, and I drove him back to his school. The oldest of the children were young then. She died in April, 1856, leaving with us memories of a truly beautiful life. Our sister Sarah was named for her and, singular to say, resembles her in appearance and manner and thoughtful disposition. All of us that remember Aunt Sarah think the same.

Father was one of the small band of brothers remaining to give Acadia College one hundred pounds sterling (five hundred dollars) to purchase the "Archibald Scholarship." He paid interest on his part, one hundred dollars, for a time. Our people were true and loyal friends of Acadia. Grandfather Archibald was born a Presbyterian, and grandmother's antecedents were Presbyterians in Edinburgh, but some time after their marriage and settling on the farm they joined the Baptists. All the Archibalds who have graduated from Acadia are grandfather's descendants, as is also Dr. Raymond C. Archibald, a graduate of Mount Allison University and subsequently Professor of Mathematics at Acadia University. They prayed for Acadia that she might grow in usefulness as a Christian institution, and as such she is known at home and abroad.

Our parents had a very esteemed friend in the late Robert Henderson, Esq., of Middle Musquodoboit. He had in early life the misfortune of injuring his legs so that he could not walk. He was an ideal gentleman of the old school, self taught and well read, far beyond the average. The children remembered his coming and the distinguished attention our parents gave him. Father and mother laid their work aside and retired to the parlor. His scholarly mind and grasp of history and causes of important movements in the world made him an interesting conversationalist. His entertaining discussions were not only informing but an inspiration to us, to fill our minds with good and useful knowledge which would be of great use to us in future years. This was more than fifty years ago and it left a rich aftermath of mental pictures we esteem. There is no value in silver or gold or lands to equal this. The coming of such intelligent people into the home is sure to do the children lasting good.



ACADIA'S COLLEGE DOME

To-day it is games and frivolities that the children get from December to May. The young men have not power of will or strength of character, because these are neglected in the pursuit of amusements. Mr. Henderson was most industrious. He made us our first riding wagon, and it was well made. He always did things well. We were taught to study half an hour before breakfast, because we could then learn twice as fast as at other times. Sometimes the breakfast was kept waiting five minutes while we buzzed away. All sat down to table together. The children did not talk unless they had something to say. Father and mother talked just enough to keep some worthy thought in our minds. This was an exemplary plan. All rose from the table together, when family worship followed, consisting of singing and Bible reading in turn, and father's reverentially leading in prayer. There never was haste in rising.

Some one has beautifully pointed out this:

"Our Father who art in Heaven" is a child speaking to its father.

"Hallowed be Thy name" is a worshiper speaking to his God.

"Thy kingdom come" is a citizen speaking to his king.

"Thy will be done" is a servant praying to his master.

"Forgive us our debts" is a sinner speaking to his Saviour.

"Lead us not into temptation" is a pilgrim talking to his guide.

A family is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one,
And they who live as models for the mass,
Are singly of more value than they all.

When thirteen years of age I was sent to Halifax market with a load of produce for sale, at a time when father

was laid aside from work with rheumatism. Father had a friend in the clerk of the market, Mr. Wilson, now of Waverly, and I carried a letter to him from father, and was well looked after.

It was at such times we paid our yearly subscription at the office of the *Christian Messenger*. I distinctly recall my first payment to Mr. Stephen Selden. His kindly manner and noble face greatly impressed me, an impression which I carried home with the receipt to father. The roots of a child's wonder and esteem run back further than he recollects. Father's relationship continued in a business way even with those who had wronged him in little matters, for he would not allow resentment to follow, and he invariably won in the end. His faith in God strengthened his belief in man, and he reached beyond sense for a certainty. So he brought into his life a certainty out of the spiritual into the natural, which he proved by the senses. His trust in man was generous. He was greater in our eyes as we grew older. If a man is strong in the foundation principles of true character, he may safely be regarded great. Greatness does not depend upon popular approval, but on the approval of a man's own convictions and of God.

His was simplicity without vanity, meekness without pride, simple in language and clear in meaning. His manner was not in the least affected. His spirit of toleration was large, endearing him to those who held different opinions. He had a distaste for contention. He was unyielding where principles were involved and quietly held to what his heart and judgment approved.

It was in early youth our father made choice of Christ as his ideal and pattern, and he aimed at going through this world "doing good." Only the Father above and the recording angel know how much he did. From him

the people went with brighter prospects, more cheerful spirits and higher hopes. He had more of these to give than cash and I think the world needs them most. He found pleasure in helping others. His little world was happier and better because he lived in it. The deeds of kindness and blessing were like perennial springs and by their streams perhaps carried joy and gladness to hearts we know nothing about. I never heard a living person in my life once say my father was unkind. But we say in honored memory he was sympathetic, helpful and great-hearted. These are our treasures in memory's casket. He appreciated to the fullest extent the blessings of the fireside. Here he lived in the enjoyment of our dearest and nearest of mothers. Our father was seen at his best in the companionship of his own family. In the inner shrine we will continue to treasure his rich life.

When father went to the city or away from home, mother led family worship and breathed her own prayer for all. It was always this way. When father returned home from the city he always brought a package of candy, and as he never forgot it we learned to expect it. Whatever he promised us was sure. Sometimes he gave us a piece of work to do while he was gone and tacked a reward on at the finish. We might play for awhile, but we went to work with a will and finished the task in time.

If grandmother wanted an armful of wood or a pail of water there was a lump of sugar at the terminals. Her brown gilded sugar bowl was the sweetest table ware, and it was never altogether empty. She had the fondest heart for children, and grandfather for stories that never gave out because he told them over and over again. Grandfather was fond of sugar, and when invited to tea, upon being asked if he took sugar, "A double portion, my lady,"

was his sweet reply. So we had the freedom of two homes, and it was good for the children. Good homes in a nation are its most valuable and precious possession, and in the lack of them lies its greatest danger.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HILLS AND SPRINGS

THERE was a spring bubbling out under the steep fall of the Round Hill facing the south, which must have mined its way two to three hundred feet below the summit. It came out of the mountain and ran into a cavity of its own making, which was ever regarded as dangerous to our stock. A small pond, filled to the brim with black mud and washes, had greened over with rich grasses, and sometimes animals with less caution than most of their kind would walk in to graze. I remember an instance of this, where a young horse sank to his body and was dead when found, and the crows picked his bones. A large fir tree standing on the edge was afterwards felled along the dangerous part, and no more animals were lost.

There were many springs on the farm, but the best remembered of them all lay in the deep glen over the river. Its banks were steep and shelving as an immense bowl more than one hundred feet high. Its easy entrance was from the front side facing the house. Its waters were pure and clear as crystal, and never diminished. Nature had piped it through a limestone bed and it bubbled up from the bottom. Three sides were in tall timothy, while a grove of beeches, birches and firs, with a mass of undergrowth, reached down part way from the table-land above. In the warmest day the air of this cove was cool and filled with shade and woody odors. How deeply we drank of its refreshing waters, which never ceased to flow! No other water around the farm compared with this. How we lingered about its grassy seats or stretched full length on its green banks and drank again and again before we were willing to leave, and then we would take one sup

more. Here we were able to look into the zenith for stars in the sky in broad day and wonder where they were, and do so with eyes wide open and without winking. It lay on the curved way to the raspberry gardens that were always looking at the "Red House" and grew fruit for it. It was a peaceful spring, open summer and winter, with a smiling gurgle if we listened. It loved all depth, but no breadth. It ran so slowly and meandered so lovely through the very lowest lands that it never held more than a cubic foot of water, until it was well willed on its way.

It passed through the stumpy land to the smooth meadows on the right with a steep bank on the left, by that beautiful dry knoll near the birches, whose white silky wrapper ends fluttered in the breeze, and where stood the Indian wigwam at the beginning of the eighteenth century, of which father told us. When a small boy it was here I found a shovel with iron handle one foot long, with knob on the end. We used the shovel about the kitchen hearth for years. But the spring brook went very slowly on, as if it did not wish to leave this sequestered spot. It made little points and peninsulas for the purpose of delay, not more than two feet broad for us. Even when little children we could step over it, not much more than a foot wide but deep, and once one of us fell in to more than summer coolness and a breathless gasp. If it wanted more room it simply ran over the grass after filling above the brim, and then through the alders and under the spring bridge. Here the birds came to drink as well as we, and there was enough for all and more. Father had to weight the bridge with granite boulders to keep it in place. In the freshets the river and the spring would unite and run together towards the sea. When the horn blew for dinner at eleven (good old hour) a kettle of this water was taken from the fountain.

No wonder the Indians camped there, and the haymakers and the berry children would come that way, and would take a kettle of this cool, pure, crystal water to mother. She always smiled after a cup of it, and we smiled whether we drank it then or not. Do you recollect the big crimson strawberries of the new land fields in July, sweeter than to-day because our tongues could press their juices easier? They were brought in pailfuls, or if raspberries, in big buckets or baskets, and kept the berry pies and puddings large and frequent, round and thick with overflowing juice!

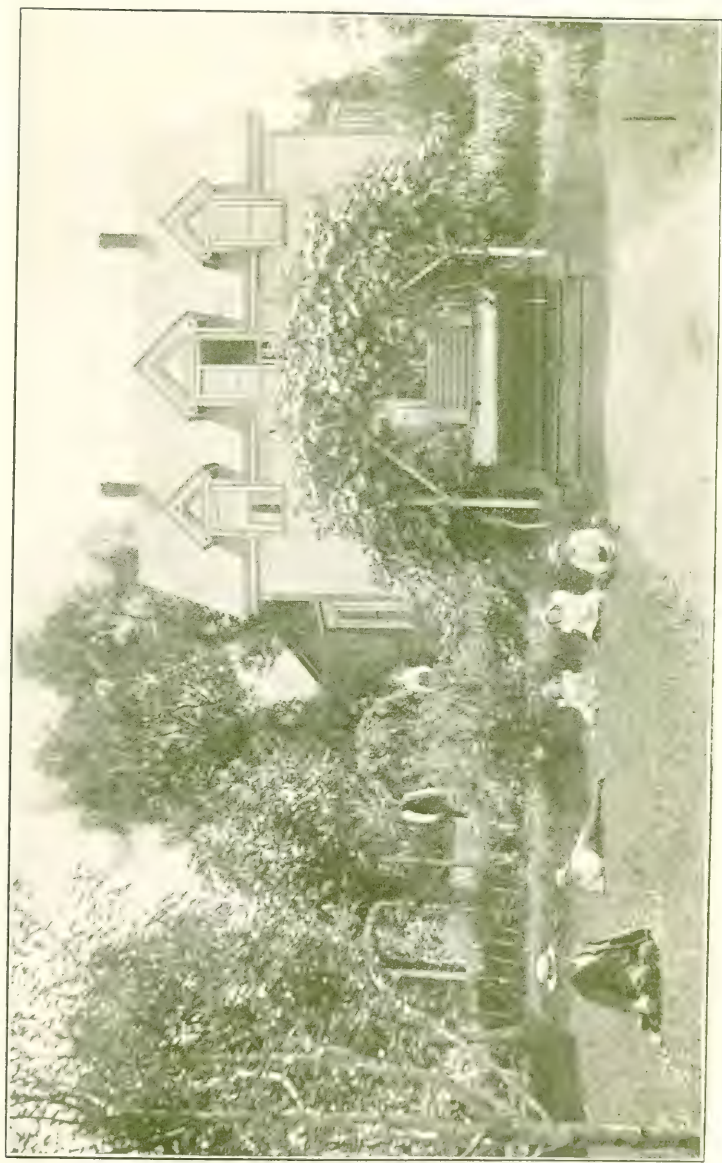
When fog lay along the hills and clouds were sweeping through the sky, the boys and girls made up a merry group of berry pickers, with Cousin Anna, and away we went over the river, or in earlier days on the Annand farm where berries were plentiful. We were called good pickers because we had the habit of picking steadily, and the pails would soon fill, which enabled us to keep the reputation which father and mother gave us.

We almost lived on fruit those delightful, happy years. Bushels of fruit kept mother busily preserving, and still we daily poured them in, and the puddings bigger grew until neither we nor the jars could hold any more, except for luncheon. Occasionally we got a scare among the rocks. A large snake darted near and tried to hiss in an undertone, or a skunk showed up among the canes, as busy as we and near our side, to whom we gave wide berth, except one little girl who picked up one of their kittens and took it home to learn its name; or a harmless raccoon appeared within our preserves.

The bears were visitors in berry time in the gardens and in the woods above the mountain dome. But they were harmless because they lived on fruit. If men lived always on fruit would they too be peaceful?

At the close of harvesting, the five or ten or fifteen-mile drive for blueberries was planned, and this carried us to other scenes and fields of fruit. We were up in the gray dawning, busily harnessing two horses to a large, roomy wagon, with pails and baskets and a good supply of luncheon, each youngster flitting here and there so as not to be left behind. At last "All aboard" is sounded. The seats are made of boards and boxes. Some are looking towards the horses, and the boys towards the rear, and off we go at a sharp trot, waving adieu to mother, whom we left behind.

Perhaps we chatter all the way, as only boys and girls will do who see so much in nature to talk about. We cross the low-lying meadows where the cranberries are beginning to redden, and the big mill brook with its dark gurgling water it is carrying from the lake. When the blueberry fields are reached we unharness and tie the horses in the shade of some finely branched juniper, and feed and blanket them as is best. Then the pickers stretch out for fresh, unpicked bushes hitherto unseen by others, and the whistle calls mean "have found them." We pick away with little talking till luncheon time, and a tired feeling creeps slowly on. The fire is kindled, the kettle hung, the tea put on, and down upon a cradle-hill within the shade we sit to stoop no more. This proves to be just what we want, for children revive in half an hour, fresh as the larks and bluejays screaming in these thin woods. In the blueberry plains our dining place was large and green—green as green could be—but dotted with soft-wood trees which yielded no autumnal tints. The high-bush blue and huckleberry and sprays of laurel were slightly tinting the wild plantation, while over all fell the draperies of orange-colored light through which our camp fire mingled,



THE AUTHOR'S DREAM

"To me, more congenial to my heart
Are nature charms, than all the gloss of art,
Spontaneous joys, with room to flow and play,
The soul accepts and owns their glowing sway."

and its smoke went to fellowship with clouds. Near this fruit garden was a blue lake nestled below a fringe of trees that courted reflections without vanity in its deep, dark waters. A few water birds rested here secluded, and only sounded a note if sent upon the wing as duck or loon. Occasionally a caribou or deer or moose ran to the lake to drink, and made interesting footprints and paths. Our ears and eyes were tuned to every call, while we grew more observing. The children's troubles never sought us here, and the meanest flower that blooms had a new story to tell, while nature's kindness healed our bruises. With our horses fed again and watered, with empty pails we strike toward thicker pickings.

By four o'clock we have gathered a goodly lot, and we call the homeward promenade and gather in toward the wagon to take account of the stock we have, and how it suits; if short of our calculations out we go and pick for half an hour more, so as not to disappoint those who are thinking of us at home.

We crack the horses up because it is descending ground for more than half the rocky way, and before the sun has closed his day's work we are at home and all is well, with blueberries for pickles and blueberries for pies, with blueberries for puddings and blueberries to dry.

The recollections of these happenings enrich our lives with more than leaves and fruit. I think it would be well to live it all over again where all had a common interest as in the old home days.

The flowers of language grow easily within the pictures imprinted in the long ago, and our boys and girls may find natural happiness in welling fullness of farm life in modern times; but they must live it without the stamp of artificial life, so thin and vapory.

Dost thou feel the silt of thy soul stir thy tender thoughts and memories of years ago? In the early spring when the water roared under the icy floor of the river and lake, and the forests and fields were yet white with snow, and the turn of the season was close at hand, when the mountain sides were dark and damp with smoking mists, and the rain began to fall, it did not take the undermining snow and the great cakes of ice that crash and grind with sullen roar, piling themselves across the lowlands and intervalles, long to unbar the river gates and usher in the spring. When the rain was over and the woodlands were steaming, the spring which had been waiting for winter to go came along with a gush to finish honeycombing the field of ice and mellow to a finish the ragged edges winter liked to hold so long. The balmy breaths which bore our south birds along were breathing now, and the sun warmth in its blending and mildness works on the stranded cakes and with warm showers they disappear in good time to meet the generous spirit of spring. The birds begin to sing across the running rills and rivulets, or a flock of wild geese calls to us from the sky as an early and sure harbinger of warmer days. These flocks, shaped like our plowshares, are of all numbers, from fifty to two hundred or more, and their uniform quacks and coloring make them extremely interesting in their passage north.

At this time the farmers are well on with their work, though seeding has scarcely begun. Skill in farming is shown by the high standard of ploughing on the farm and mostly in autumn. The furrow must be straight as a line, of regular width and depth, and laid to lap its entire length. In our springs our seed-sowing comes with a rush. The good seeds are sown and well harrowed into land of fair dryness. Our crops are wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat,

peas, beans and flax. The vegetables are potatoes, turnips, beets, mangels, carrots, garden stuff and fruit. Fat pigs in lots of five to a pen, nine to twelve cows to milk, butter and cheese to churn and press, kept all employed. Prices prevailing were somewhat comforting, and gave pleasure in handling these products.

It was in the fifties, in the sunny month of June, when the potatoes, beans, cucumbers and buckwheat in their thick, pulpy leaves were well advanced and healthy looking, that a white hoar frost silvered the grass in the spring of the morning and made a picture of desolation hard to portray. The evening before, as the heavy pails of milk were strained into the pans, father said, "I would not be surprised if we had frost to-night." This remark was quickly passed to all until we nearly shrugged our shoulders with the frost feeling—the shadow of the blistered crops. The sun rose in the morning without a cloud in sight to hide the coming heat. Grandma came in at the breakfast hour and brought a message, "The Lord will provide." Father thought the potatoes ought to be planted again, while the boys bristled at the thought of dropping them the second time. Father said if we had thought in time we could have rowed and covered them with the plow and saved them, but it was likely "all for the best," though it was hard to see it then. The breakfast talk left a shadow on sober spirits we children held awhile. The cellar had plenty of potato seed to cut again, and we were impressed into a second service by a kindly leader. Slowly the task took on speed. We patted the horses in friendly sympathy in their second furrowing, which they returned with subdued and patient looks. We liked the dropping of the beans the best and that work went fastest. Resowing the seed on the buckwheat plots was faster still. Rains of summer warmth came quickly after,

and we harvested the largest crops for many years. Grandmother had correctly quoted the Scripture, but it took a deal of perspiration out of us and sweat from the horses to fulfill the promise.



MY BOYHOOD'S IDEAL REALIZED

“Those desires of youth that asked for spacious room,
Those kindling hopes that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in my thoughts, and brightened all the green.”

CHAPTER XXVII

A PLEA FOR LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

NO MEN deserve more of their kind than those who keep us mindful of our childhood and send refreshing streams of sentiment and feeling coursing down the years, through work and worry. Life in man, in the lower animals, and in the plants is governed by the same laws and comes from the same Creator, perfect, to live and grow and develop on the same earth, air and sky as we. The trees and plants are as necessary to man as he is to them; and yet they are made for his use. Because of sin, man is liable to sink beneath both their levels, but with his endowment of will and freedom of choice he is exalted almost to the thoughts and level of a deity. To develop so complex an animal requires all the attractive and beautiful influences of earth as well as the higher and sweeter influences of Heaven.

The constructive work of men in cities is ugly in comparison with the works of nature. The lives of children should begin and dwell in nature, and be bent towards the beautiful until character is saturated by the beautiful. In the cities moral life declines for two reasons: first, the lack of the environment of nature; secondly, the want of a regular industry, which Nature supplies in ample room to draw out the capabilities of the young in her happy, interesting and genuine manner. A child naturally loves to develop its own ideal and will, which is in exact agreement with its freedom in the use of nature. The favorable conditions for detecting the native possibilities of children are wanting in the city.

The people should be induced to move outside the towns, and a code of municipal rules and laws be established

that no house be built without having one or two acres of land for garden use. The motives now set forth for going to the country are unsound and are artificial. A system of institute lectures for cities would be useful, informing the citizens as to the most important reasons why cities should extend into the country. The cost of acres in the country would not be as great to individuals as mere house lots without back yards in cities are now. To children winters in the country may be nearly as interesting as summers. The present railways could be used and trolley lines laid down in advance. The changes city people crave are perennial in the country. The wife and children need the companionship of nature, as well as the husband, and he could go home to dinner for one or two hours. The family need trees and shrubs and birds, with landscapes, great and small, to aid the group towards individuality.

People are like flocks following leaders. Our people would grow into a fuller completeness in country air and country surroundings of life. Our lives are moulded by our surroundings. It is in the spirit and motives of our lives that change is most imperative. The spirit of nature must breathe in us its higher mission, until it becomes paramount and overthrows the artificialities and frivolities which are sapping the womanhood and manhood of the people. The rude shock and tremble of our present-day civilization are pivotal and reversal, attaching as they do to men values according to property, scholarship, society and its habiliments. Some of these are well enough when subordinated to the true inward worth of a man.

A man should be judged not by the crimes he does not commit, but by his true worth as a citizen. With these artificial and class distinctions dominant, are not our social systems moulding and ministering to increasingly per-

petuate these errors, and making difficult a speedy recovery to sounder principles? And should not our educational system do more to correct these errors and lead in reform?

Every note that was sounded last year in honor of Lincoln, the greatest American, seems to have failed to trace his greatness to its true fountain. The original source of his wondrous growth and power, which men felt long, long before his nomination to the presidency, is surely no accident. The nation in its artificial conceptions is perplexed, and attaches a meaning to Lincoln's early life which it clearly seems to me does not belong to him. Out of his ancestry arose the nation's finest type of manhood.

God is the only model and maker of men with truth unalloyed. Train the child and let him live in the purer influences of nature's feeling, and put love in the soul reached by its active exercise, and truth will have its noblest representative. The earthy soil under the plow sends forth health-giving odors. The trees in budding, leafing, blooming, fruiting, and in naked forms again touch the feeling and enwrap the human nature in folds of teaching as no artificial agency can do. Their odors seem to be alive and to draw our finer human nature into active exercise. There is no rudeness in its appeal to us, but it breathes its voiceless message to our senses, as God breathes in voiceless melody the soul's harmonious needs. We have the proof through our senses, which dispels illusion. Feeling produces thought, balancing the judgment. Who can trace these fine channels by which intelligence is carried into individuals, each true and faithful to its kind? Trees and other plants may multiply their varieties almost without end, but they do so in obedience to law, and each is inherently loyal to its Creator. Yet even here man has a

power to work hand in hand with nature we know little of to-day. It needs a Burbank to lead the way to a new realm of wisdom, truth and wealth we know too little of, but which is full of riches for us. The opinions of mankind two thousand years ago were the same as to-day. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth," said they. And this is the human error sifted through the masses. The formative influences of feeling found in a volume of twenty years of life were pure and rich and were indelibly fixed in character, proceeding from the inward truth in nature in which Lincoln lived and grew. His character was fixed into a supreme kindness of feeling and permanently in these twenty years because of the whole soul and life of the young man being permeated and immersed in realities which lent an inherent strength before he entered the vortex of political strife; so that the inherent weakness of artificial life and all it stands for in active life was not able to defeat his nobler purposes and plans. When Lincoln lay upon his back close to mother earth at night, and by the light of the blazing knot read his Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," or his "Blackstone," he was inhaling the breath once breathed over Eden on His work and where it remains pure as when it came from His hand. Our God has bowed us down to what we are, our sins and sorrows have broken us, but know that we were once as pure, and now are seeking to recover the spirit of what was lost. The man who intakes the most of nature in the spirit of its Maker must live much in nature, and the thickness of the fiber embedded in early life makes for our restoration by its teaching. The weakness of our education, universal, is man's forcing a human system rebellious to the nature of the soul and inventive in its human character and at variance with our soul's development, that in the

end crushes our fine-grained aspirations or buries them beyond their light of life. "To think is to live naturally, for he who thinks not has no sense of life. Wouldst thou make the most of life, wouldst thou have the joy of the present, let thought's invisible shuttle weave full in the loom of time the moment's passing threads." The spirit of the homes of to-day needs re-creating in the sweetness and beauty of nature for the service of humanity.

Another present instance typical of this thought is furnished by Mr. Roosevelt, a soul rich in inheritance, which he cultivated in youth persistently in nature's way far, far beyond the most of men. The world of nature supplies a venting land for youthful souls to roam to find the purpose of their existence. Besides it is the only spot we know charged with actual realities. The souls that center their native energies in a plummet line for the goal of inward greatness have no place left for flimsy imitations. It seeks the source of real power from its Deity through itself. From characters growing out of these beginnings no man may permanently wrest true greatness. All the baubles of earth including wealth may go, but the man of greatness remains serene, unmoved. His courage rests on a hidden base of solid worth. It makes his frankness in speech the boldest. His conceptions of life are inborn and enforce an action in line of duty. Their real strength lies not in their arguments but in the bodies of the men, and men applaud and follow because a natural manhood is seen and known in the only way true manhood is ever made. Men must be brave in arm as well as spirit. Hear him speak.

Colonel Roosevelt said in part: "No man may reach the front rank who is not intelligent and not trained with intelligence. Mere intelligence itself is worse than useless unless it is guided by an upright heart with strength and courage

behind it. Morality, decency, clean living, courage, manliness and self-respect are more important than mental subtlety."

Such men are earnest because they live in its precincts always. Going back to its last analysis this power in men is germed within the soul, discovered in the natural sunlight of the world, growing and unfolding in the cable line of a dual divinity among the forces of the world.

By contrast we seek truth from man and works of man and the result is a mixture of truth, deceit and duplicity.

Does not man in early life need more feeling generated by truth within, freshly drawn out of nature, sound at its source, and mastering in its power, amid our natural and free loving surroundings?

When a boy I recall one of our company breaking a laden branch of wild cherries to carry on the homeward march. My feelings were hurt then, and the hurt is vivid now. I spoke of it then, but was laughed at.

Was that not a fundamental outcome of our training? And that was the point in time and place where our parents were strong—namely, never to hurt the finer feelings of the children. Even punishments were apologized for. We need to learn the use of a deeper, broader sympathy, proceeding from the heart, which is endorsed by reason and clarified in the deeper recesses of conscious life. Impressions conveyed to us from the fashioning in nature are free from taint of evil. The world has not sinned but man has sinned. Our lives are being quickened by intense desire for true knowledge.

"I love the sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, running brooks, the ocean, when its waves softly ripple along its sandy beach or when pounding its rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the

A PLEA FOR LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

fields, waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, the evening sunset, but the children above them all. Trees, plants, flowers, they are all educators in the right direction. They always make us happier and better, and if well grown they speak of loving care, respond to it as far as it is in their power, and in all this world there is nothing we so appreciate as children, the sensitive, quivering things of sunshine, smiles, showers and tears.”—*Luther Burbank*.

I do not know which more joy imparts—

Which hath the sweeter taste. The page

That tells of Hope in youthful hearts,

Or tender memories of age.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BOYISH PRANKS

I REMEMBER well a frolic of mine which perhaps I should forget. Mr. Charles Dean, a tall man of seventy years and straight as an arrow, called one afternoon on grandfather and grandmother. He stood his fine, shiny, black mare in the stable and by accident, I think, I went in to look at her. She was a nervy animal with a vicious temper which boys do not like. I had a rod in my hand to enforce respect from her. I touched her with it and asked her to "Stand over." Immediately both heels went to the roof, the stable being a leanto. Before the feet touched the shingles the force was gone. I was greatly tickled, she did it so well. I touched her again, and away the heels flew. It was great sport. It was not long before the sweat started on her, because she was a high flier. But she began it and it was not time to stop. I kept up the game with the touch, and she never failed to do her part. At last it dawned upon me that she might be tempted to do this thing in the wagon, so I closed the door and slipped away.

When Mr. Dean came out I did not go to his assistance as was our custom, but watched him from afar. After bridling she threw her feet at the unoffending roof in a sort of unkindly farewell, while Mr. Dean was soothingly talking to her, which seemed to fall unheeded upon her excited ears. However he persisted, leading her around to where the cooling brook flows for refreshment for all thirsty animals, which was probably better for her at this stage of her temper than a feed of oats.

The dashboard was movable, and I noticed he took the precaution to lift it carefully from its sockets and lay

it in the back part of the wagon, and then he led her into the shafts. She knew her master and was disposed to obey.

He led her out to the road and then took the hand reins back to walk along with her. She went along but suddenly recollecting the roof she impulsively threw up her heels, against better training, time after time in quick succession, like flashes of lightning; but with saving effect the heels came down out of the air in the same spot within the shafts whence they started. About this time my sides were aching from suppressed laughter, but there was yet about one-quarter of a mile around both turns in the road before they would pass out of sight, and I must hold in the merriment. After a timely fling she would go for a few steps fairly well, but the remembrance of the rod sent her again on the fly.

Had Mr. Dean been able to fix her ideas on going home instead of flying, I think he would have subdued her and would have made her worth more money. His treatment however was calm and persuasive without the whip.

The enjoyment was prolonged to my fullest capacity. I greatly regretted some of the boys could not have been there to share the fun. Of course I was not a little anxious for Mr. Dean all the afternoon and in my visions that night. A few days later I learned he arrived safely home, but rather late in the evening, little dreaming of the good spirit he exemplified, nor of being the innocent cause of the large amount of fun given a boy.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE OLD-FASHIONED ORCHARD

EVER'S motive in giving an apple to Adam is still unsolved. The over-river orchard must have been planted at the beginning of the nineteenth century with seedling trees, or with seeds carried by the squirrels along the rocky veins running down the slope towards the spring. Or the trees may have grown in the forest years before, and were there laden with fruit awaiting the children's hands. The apple flavor blended strongly with bitterness, or fancied sweetness and bitterness combined. Happily the apples were small as eggs, or smaller, and formed an alliance which produced an imbitterment both in the mouth and deeper down. No two fruits were alike. We knew not how to get rid of their taste. We were inclined to class them with the herbs of our childhood ailments, but botanical teaching was opposed to such a theory, though we could prove their working qualities as we did those of the herbal pills, but we could take our choice. It is marvellous how multiple are the kinds and flavors nature is free to make.

These knurly apples gave us in some measure the idea of what apples were like in the remote past, when no signs of improvement were known or practised, even in Adam's time. The beautiful and the useful should always harmonize. Father strove to keep them both abreast. How Eve after tasting could have given it to Adam, whom she loved, is a mystery to man in this scientific age. Doubtless the bitter taste remained in her mouth, and it must be rid of before she met him again. Be that as it may, her desire for the good of Adam and the race, and for sweet-flavored fruits, was present. Adam was made the instrument in

the study of the science and the art to produce one suitable to her taste. She passed the apple and from it he learned the bitterness.

Poor innocent children as we were would not commit such a sin for a pocketful of them. In fact, the more of them that might be offered would only strengthen the resistance to the tempter. It was, however, only a work of time to mellow the apples, and they were better than they looked. Stowed in the haymow, or peeled, dried, strung and hung, they made a passable sauce.

After these apples had lain in the haymow a few weeks until we had almost forgotten their existence, the breezy air wafted to our nostrils better odors, and we instantly felt a fresh interest in their hiding-places. If the air was heavy-laden we went to them with speed, but not to sample by the taste, as the reader may suppose, because that meant waste. Our method was to smell them, which was usually unerring. Where they found this odoriferous goodness remained a mystery. We had waited patiently its arrival, and we had our strong suspicions they got it in the dark and quiet nesting places, as in favoring circumstances parents look for a deeply hidden goodness in their children, which often comes as slowly as in the apples.

The sauce was made with sugar boiled into them in the making, and was very appetizing in the cold days of winter. They were understood to be the children's apples and were reserved for them. Our visiting friends were not entertained at the children's expense, nor did we pass a plate of these rosy reds to any but to those of our age. Of course we treated the neighbors' children when they wanted apples. But they were great spenders, more so than the grafted apples of the Annapolis Valley.

There was much fun in shaking the trees, as was our

habit. One of the larger boys who had weight would climb the tree, and down they would fall in myriads on the helpless pickers, filling many barrels and becoming the innocent cause of much fun and frolic. Some were white, some red, others red and white, and some were spotted in many variegated colors. The barrels were set on the hayrack and the oxen driven through the lower ford of the spring and river with all on board, and their faces changed into puckered countenances most amusing to see. The love in us for apples was so pronounced that we did our best to picture them as good, but in the end the bitterness and sourness overwhelmed us and we were willing then to wait their mellowing. The orchard in the arbor glen had larger and better apples and they were gathered in similar fashion and were sorted in a more careful way.

In November the apple paring began. We circled around the dining-table, peeling, coring and stringing, with one appointed reader. These were the evenings of candles and snuffers, and about every thirty minutes or less it was one's duty to snuff the candle properly. I think I can see some of the younger ones ambitiously slip their thumb and finger into the large place for lifting the snuffers, and with the other hand serving as a prop sail across the candle and leave us in darkness. Many a disappointed expectation in each one of us failed in the candlelight, but splints were drawn from a hanging bunch near the hearth and light came back. In those evenings Harriet, Emily and George were all good readers, and they chose what they pleased or some one suggested, or a book was taken and continued until finished. The reader had the special honor of the evening, but father and mother gave us all a chance. Sarah, Annie and Arthur were averaged high as readers later. Sometimes father was on the shoemaker's

seat or mother in the rocker with her sewing. All were in easy hearing of the reader, who must be clear and forcible and enunciate the author's meaning. This made it good for listeners who were expected to follow the line of thought and answer any simple or reasonable question father asked. If the reader paused to get a glass of water or something was called for we turned our attention to lighter matters. There were scores of these happy evenings through the autumn and winter. It gave unity to our aims and incentives to all, and bound us together by unbreakable ties. Our parents made us feel it was their deepest pleasure to note our progress. Biography of good men and women who had risen from lowly life to eminence with honor was often read and commented on. Havelock's life was a great favorite. Father loved to tell of his habits of life—if the march was at six o'clock he rose at four, for two hours set apart for religious devotions. He would not rob God or himself of sufficient time for Bible readings and prayer. He told us Havelock was one of the world's wisest and greatest Christian men, ranking with Moses and Joshua. The nations are seeking men for their armies modeled on such types. The American people like to compare with Havelock their Howard of the Civil War, widely known for his exalted Christian character. "The Prince of the House of David" and "Pilgrim's Progress" were read over and over by the children, as also were "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Robinson Crusoe," Spurgeon's Sermons, "Baxter's," "Dodridge," "Rowland Hill," and "Capt. Hedley Vickers," "Lady Huntington," *Chambers's Journal* and a few others. They were read over and over, while the *Christian Messenger and Witness* and *Child's Papers* were weekly or monthly comers.

The social winter life of neighboring boys and girls

was cultivated by mother asking them in to tea, when evening games were played and a good time was spent. Preparation was made to give them a good tea, and mother knew just how to do it. If it happened there were many older people who brought the children, two sets of teas were served and the grown ups went to the parlor after the first tables. The children never lost anything by this arrangement, as they were always sure the big eaters were satisfied. Their plates were piled with cakes and goodies. I have almost forgotten the names of those old-time edibles.

Theirs was the hospitality of making people happy, and never freezing out the house by half-concealed regrets. The products of the farm formed most of what was used at home. Barley bread interlayered the wholesome fare, with doughnuts and small cakes and pies, which tasted good and which we would like to taste again.

Rocking-chairs and sofas made our homes as comfortable then as to-day and did not cost one-twentieth as much. Music would form a part, but Aunt Sarah's flutina was our only instrument. Father did not sing but he always listened and enjoyed it all. Mother led in singing and Cousin Anna would be in as one of us.

The older people enjoyed old-fashioned talks that had some meaning back of them and they themselves stood well behind their subjects in interesting personalities. The large dining-room, with the big fireplace and bushel of red-hot coals dancing with sparkling eyes, was a delightful place for us children. In this room we played "blind-man's buff," and much rolling laughter did it furnish when the unlucky one was caught; "puss in the corner," "button," "roast beef behind your back," and other joyous games.

Many and many a good story was told, or conundrums asked, or riddles proposed, that kept up a freshness of

interest or a sense of mystery about a rebus. But at dancing and card playing the line was drawn, and did we lose much? At ten or eleven o'clock the horses and sleighs were brought to the doors by the boys, "good nights" were said, and "We've had a good time, good night." We went to bed to dream of a fairyland the evening had suggested to our visions.

Some of the honored and worthy families with whom father and mother exchanged through life the friendship of home associations were the families of James and Matthew Archibald at "The Mills," Squire and Mrs. Burris, Welwood Reynolds and Uncle John Dechman (church precentor), and their families; Colonel Kent; our grand-uncles and aunts in closer relation; Mr. and Mrs. Studley Horton, kind and true; Thomas Hutchingson and his maiden sisters. These and others were our lifelong friends and neighbors, and our parents felt it was a goodly thing to dwell among them.

Father's relation to us was one of companionship, with mutual understanding, but in no sense would we wish to take liberties. Being the eldest and more naturally wayward than my brothers, I knew the deeper meaning implied in the foregoing, but he sometimes withheld punishment where it was deserved and in so doing acted with wisdom. Not one of his children, and the seven are still living, but places his name high in the temple and roll of honor; and no length of time or change of circumstances can ever diminish, but will only increase our reverence. His judicious instruction in wisdom's ways saturated the home through and through for his wife and children. His highest act was to surround the home with a shield emblazoned in the purest family love, for the noblest citizenship, for his Queen and land, and for the honor and glory of his God.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

It was about this period that the fatal accident occurred to William Farnell, who lived four miles up the river and who was killed by a tree falling on him. His two sons were with him and Daniel was able to lift the tree so his brother could draw his father from under it. Daniel said he afterwards tried but was never able to lift the tree again. Father took me with him to the funeral. It cast a gloom over the community and he impressed its lesson upon us all.



CHAPTER XXX

HORTICULTURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THE owner of an apple orchard, with plum and cherry trees filled in between, has attained to the finest calling in nature. The apple flowers are white and pink single roses. These trees, with the intelligent assistance of man, have improved from thorny seedlings to smooth bark and big blossom buds. In the distance their heads display bowers of beauty to attract choicer spirited men to purer efforts in life. Wherever homemakers embower their surroundings with these trees of loveliness, will there grow a manlier race of men. The higher civilization partly waits on this science, for they move abreast hand in hand, as do lovers.

Why at this time do "Bluenoses" born in Fundy's briny air, in good health, in reputation abroad rank so high in innate tastes, social worth, literary attainments, and establishment in the higher walks of life?

Once men ate berries from thorny bushes, and sloes and pears and choking cherries. A thousand years ago the market sold apples the size of crabs, with their bitter acid flavors.

From the British Isles and Europe our ancestors brought seeds and plants for home companionship, to stretch across America. Some trees from those planted in Maritime Canada have overgrown three feet in diameter, and are nearing two hundred years of age. They were planted by the French, and many are still bearing apples. These Maritime lands possess an equable climate. These first trees were set in groves and not in rows. Human improvements mean better fruits and cereals. Flesh foods

will give place to fruits and grains. There is a fascination the gardener finds in turning soil chemicals into aromatic, spicy nourishments and golden coin. The boy whose soul inclines to learn the process and the art of marketing is learning things valued more in keeping with real life and solid worth to him than other avenues can give. In our sweet childhood we sat down in the old-fashioned apple orchards which had no care, and ate their bitterness with relish. To-day the Annapolis Valley ornaments the world in the quality of its fruit achievements. Less than a century measures this progress.

The main coast lines of the Bay of Fundy are walled by mountain ranges six hundred feet in height, which hold the fogs against their sides until contra winds from those which brought them in drive them back to sea or send them upwards by sunnier ways. Cape Blomidon, on the east of the Bay, is a large mountain hook extending into Minas Channel. In its majesty it stands in magnificent view from the Longfellow monument at Grand Pre, now to be erected in a park of its own. Behind this hook the fog is driven by the southwest winds and pressed to density for nearly one hundred miles in length. Through this bank of fog passes the briny air as through a strainer, moving on and up over the crest of the mountain into the Annapolis Valley, lying in the sunlight below.

The redolence of buttercups and sweet ferns, daisies and blooming fields of grains and grasses, with sweet-smelling meadows of new-mown hay in well-watered vales, wedded with woodland perfume, floats upward and scents afresh this cleanly atmosphere with renewing odors. The crisp aroma silted in the growing and maturing fruit is inevitably giving it that spicy, fragrant, aromatic taste now commercially sought after. The salty airs of the

bay and ocean blown through the stranded fogs are strained of ocean chill and impurities, cleansing and softening these asperities into pure, balmy currents, picking up the dust fragrances on their way. These impart their choicest aromas to growing apples, such as the Gravensteins, Ribstones, Kings, crisp and spicy that England always calls for and loves so well.

On the opposite side of the Bay of Fundy, from near St. John to Moncton, these natural fruit conditions are the same. It is well to apprehend these natural changes in a climate study, for upon the character of the climate rests vastly greater importance than on any set of soil conditions, good as they may be, for growing fruits possessing aroma richness.

It is only in such sifted air as Fundy's fog supplies that these apples reach their superb quality and grade. This process of nature cleansing and refining airs for fruit growers is of intrinsic value, and never can be overestimated or overknown. The coldness and asperities of the air in motion are changed into balmy warmth, made redolent with dusty odors by straining them through heavy fogs it always leaves behind on a lower altitude on the mountain's outer side. There is natural beauty in this unrivaled Garden-of-the-Empire to accentuate and strengthen, and there is a glory of the spirit in men to enhance and preserve it. The home of the Mayflower is a fragrant land, fog-girt in the distance as a blanket to refinement. Our people have the easy contentment of men of action. They are planting roadside orchards, and laying hold of the export opportunities of the greater Maritime Canada. The cold Arctic stream that passes Cape Breton courses across the uniting line of the Atlantic waters and this Bay, so that the waters of the Bay of Fundy are several degrees colder in summer

than those of Northumberland Straits. Prince Edward Island is further north than any points considered in this chapter but is completely encircled by two tidal currents from the Atlantic, which meet at Cape Tormentine. These two ocean currents, one of which is comparatively warm, ensure the island eventually becoming a great fruit-growing country. For fogs and tidal waves are paramount to all other influences combined in this matter of raising fruit. Hence these Provinces will forever stand unequalled in natural opportunities for producing what is best and choicest in their flavors.

Maritime Canada will continue to grow apples for the English palate as a delightful food, for our apples have the character and the quality so well defined by the motherland through a thousand years of culturing taste and the use of fruits grown in every quarter of the world.

CHAPTER XXXI

THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS

THESE home builders communed with one another to learn how best to strengthen the ties that bind the home, and put into it the inflow of good feeling, so that it would grow richer as the inmates grew older. Thanksgiving Day in November, usually a Thursday, was legally appointed, a church service was held in the morning at eleven, and a sermon was preached, reviewing the year and its blessings. The horses were harnessed and in a sense the Sabbath feeling came into Thanksgiving for only necessary work was done. The children were not allowed to walk to meeting, not only because they had been working, but also because the walkers in the country were often loose-minded and their influence adverse to the spirit of Thanksgiving. I think we always came home feeling we had more blessings, and could name them better after the sermon.

Grandfather had two fireplaces, and there was always a fire in one of them summer and winter, for they would not have a cook stove. His sons were not quite so wedded to ancient custom, and allowed a travelling salesman to put a stove in our kitchen, while we children were glad of an innovation that promised novelty; yet we got poor exchange for the cheerfulness of the open hearth. A black stove sitting in the way is not so healthful as the open hearth.

The Thanksgiving dinner was a special one, and the day was a valuable contribution to the home.

The brick oven to the right of the fireplace, on weekly baking days, was heated with large, dry hardwood, curly maple being the best for it left a sappy sweetness in the

heated bricks. It was strong, healthful exercise for the boys to get the sticks inside. These left a broad bed of hot coals to maintain the oven heat and make the bread well baked. Then with a long-handled shovel, handsomely polished and prettily turned at the top, once grandmother's, the pans of dough, six inches deep, were pushed well back. The family capacity had often been measured, and pans went in even if they overfilled the oven. To close in the heat with safety an iron door was shut, but a second door of well-strapped wood gave double closing that made the good bread that mother always seemed so sure of making. Sometimes our growing capacity was underrated, and a sandwich of Scotch oatcake, made of oatmeal and butter rolled into thin, flat cakes, cut into squares and set into a toast-rack close to the big andirons with large knobs on top, made up the deficiency. In a few minutes these were baked and browned, and were eaten hot or cold with butter or sweet milk, and mother often found it difficult to bake them fast enough.

But it was down our chimney that Santa Claus came each Christmas with wonderful things, and one of the wonderful things is that at fifty, sixty or seventy years of age his happy thoughts of life hold us as strongly as ever, and have done us all an immense amount of good. I have not been able to get an inventory and yearly list of gifts from my brothers and sisters. Perhaps some of them thought it would make this interesting book too large. My first gift, I recollect, was a little wagon made by a Mr. Robinson, our schoolteacher, who boarded with us when I was about five years old. The wheels were sawed off the end of an oak log of the right size, and were very neatly painted in plum brown, with red and light blue lines. The stock must have been most wisely chosen for the wagon

lasted ten years and stood all sorts of uses. At that early period I was not a pupil in Mr. Robinson's school, but I have even to-day very kind and appreciative feelings towards him. I recall Willie Cooper, my boyhood playmate, and our going to the pastures and pulling the wire grass, with which our pastures abounded, and loading it in the wagon and pulling it to the barn as father did the hay. One day I traded the little wagon with Willie, who lived on the Annand farm, for a two-wheeled cart, because he wanted me to, and I remember still the regret of parting with it, but we were hauling hay together. But mother told me that I should not part with a gift so I got the wagon back.

Just before Christmas the chickens, swine and beeves were killed and dressed, and their lard, fresh, pure and sweet, was made ready for future use. Young and fatted beeves had come to the corning casks for preservation; but, alas! it proved to be of short duration on a long, well-seated table.

The rallying point for Thanksgiving and Christmas was the wholesome manufacture of cookies and twist-cakes or doughnuts. Mother was chief in the culinary department, but of course the girls did the rolling, larding, mixing, twisting, cutting, sweetening, spicing and carrying to the pans; but for crisping and frying well-browned while hot and dispensing none but mother could hold the pans. The younger boys helped with the fires, for a smart heat was needed. For every armful of sticks they took in, out went their blistered hands filled with as many boiling larded twisters. Arthur and George did more of this than I. I think I hinted to them that they would hear of this again. They were larger for their age and had more room, and the vacant space had been waiting almost a year and was

hard to fill. In fact their very activities at these special times helped much to work them down. Mother's supplies grew less as the days went by. Her Christmas cakes were gone. At last our sympathies for her returned and for the cakes grew less, and we even avoided the house until the winsome odors were removed. One day sufficed to fill the lidded chest and mother's smile came back as the danger passed. The cakes were always eaten hot, and never like the cold, leaden ones of to-day.

Families were invited in or out for Christmas, and merrily beat our hearts with the music of the sleigh bells. The large Yule log was not forgotten in the good old times of the brick hearths. The preparation for Christmas keeping was delightfully kept in view weeks ahead, as now. These days ran by all too quickly, like a rippling stream, and left but little drift behind.

We were good entertainers "in the old-time way," and there never was a breath of scandal repeated in the home. We would rather talk about some historical event in which all the parties were dead and could not inopportunely appear. We had a pride in the old "Red House" on its eminence, because it was a house for being happy in, with the long latchstring out. We do not know whether our grandparents had a house warming when they were married, but we believe it was "broken in happily" to happy home-making at the start, and would not stand for anything else thereafter. We stubbed our toes, and busied ourselves with blistered hands, and had our aching heads and throbbing brows, or fell upon the rocks, or from trees, or into the river or the brooks, or waded in the swamps and spoiled our clothes, that brought its double punishment, as our neighbors' children did, but these smarts have all healed, the pain is gone, and we recollect them no

longer. Somehow we remember the good done, and surely that is enough.

We wanted things other people had, but somehow we carried within us a check against extravagance. One year we thought the farmhouse would look better clothed in white paint, but father said it would cost too much to hide the redness of the house, and all agreed. Then whitewash it, and we did, with an adhesive substance put in to make it stick, and we stuck the house on all its sides and roof, and the piggyery too, as well as the garden fences and board fences along the highway in our sight. We had the whitest farm in all the countryside for miles. It was delightfully white while it lasted, and it lasted well. Some things outgrew it, such as the grass, the leaves of shrubberies, which we had dotted with our whiteness. White and green and green and white were matched and grew together, and we got our money's worth in fuller feeling with the family. Our labor was paid for in delight, and this was better pay than the coin Tom Sawyer received. We were like moving pictures on the whited screen. The "Red House" went visiting and came back by and by improved we thought again.

As I think of days and years so full I cannot write it fast enough to tell you of the valuable inheritance our parents gave us, and this should quicken us to transmit the same in fuller measure to those who follow us. The good men do lives after them. The soul will not age in a hundred years. There are activities in us—currents that keep us young. "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children."

In the old-time home the festive evenings were rung out by father's Yankee clock, from Connecticut, that cost us seven pounds sterling. There were times we did not hear

it tick, and then again it ticked too loud, but now its tick is still. We have its frame but not its sound. Its life is gone—worn out, but then at its command we went upstairs to bed.

Two pictures hung upon our bedroom wall, which mother had papered for us. She liked this room that overlooked the garden orchard in the west. The eastern end looked towards the barns, right past the poplars and the willows. Here were rows of bins for grain under the eaves and squeaking mice our cat could not catch. She caught too many birds outdoors when she should have been in, and the mice were left to grow for winter and for grain.

In a snapping windy night we had mental pictures, aided by the swaying, talking trees contracting with the frost, or brushing the shingles in their wind swings, or crooning the oldest woodland songs the world knows of. We heard low, mysterious notes, attuned to the robust breeze, which at last lulled us to sleep in our garret beds, a sort of nature's lullaby melody calming our nerve-bound bodies and soothing us away to a happy dreamland, where twist-cakes hung from low-hanging boughs in millions.

CHAPTER XXXII

OUR FATHER'S DEATH

HOW beautiful the Christ spirit breathed around Christmas, the week day of all the year the best; yet it was on Christmas morning, 1860, that father died. He lingered for many months, weakening with pain, but strengthening with his Saviour. We recall the times and the calls to his bedside to ask him some questions about the work of the farm. After the settlement of his business I thought I noticed a changing tone of interest. But he was ever the same father, kind, thoughtfully kind, for he knew he would soon leave us in the air of the sentient things, and we alone could but grope among the thorns and prickly briers of the world. His thoughtful tenderness is remembered as we noticed his strength growing less. We surrounded mother with our help, however little it might be, but a willing hand begets a silent hope.

Father had taught us ownership of stock and its care and management. We never heard a boasting word from him, or "smartness," nor did he allow it in us. If we have learned it, it is since his death. "Don't disparage others, or compare abilities aloud." When we heard the praise of others outside, it was taken at its face. In a deeper sense there was a feeling that our parents were on a more certain plane and level to bring successful living than many others. This wisdom counts.

Father lived instinctively on the high ranges of thought and conduct. His interests were in the finer aspects of personal home character, and the note of hope which sounded in his life and work was an expression of his deep faith in the spiritual nature of humanity and the moral order of the universe. He touched with a delicate and sensitive

hand the higher and sweeter fellowship of life. His steady purpose was to live outwardly what he experienced in the inner life. In this he was an idealist. Infidelity of every kind was abhorrent to him, and the purpose for citizenship was deep and vital in his nature. A life of beautiful sincerity and humble service has gone out in the brightness of a stainless reputation in the glow of friendliness as widely as he was known.

We were summoned to his room at the very dawn of the morning, to receive father's last farewell. I carried baby Anna and Sarah into the back room, and I think he had a word for each. His hopes and confidence were stronger than any left in us. Mother could not speak to us, and we stood about with a child's feeling of tearful separation. Relatives, neighbors, friends from far and near, came to pay their last tribute to an honest man, esteemed a faithful counsellor and friend, and so we buried father in the cloudiest day of our lives.

Sister Emily says: "I was twelve years old when father died. In the careless, happy days of childhood the better things sink deep into the memory—too deep for utterance these impressions stand of father's nobleness and goodness. I do not recall his ever omitting family worship, at the beginning and close of each day. We children took turns in passing around the Bibles and gathering them. He used to say praying caused one to leave off sinning or sinning continued to leave off praying.

"Each Sabbath we were required, like Ruskin and his mother, to memorize verses of Scripture, also a hymn, and answer questions from the catechism, seated in a semi-circle around him, and every syllable was to be repeated accurately. He was a regular attendant at church services, and when the children were old enough to remember the

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text, they were required to repeat it at the dinner-table. We were taught to read a short story after dinner and relate it in our own language. Father wrote a pretty hand. He had a large leather-covered book in which the 'sums' he worked in school were written and tastefully set down. I often turned the pages, admiring them. We had many books for those days. He bought the book, 'How to Be a Lady,' and wrote his name and mine on the fly-leaf and gave it to me. On the last night that father lived he asked for me and I went to him, where in a whisper he told me of his provisions for my education, and urged me to be sure to meet him in Heaven, and then came the last farewell."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice, even with joy and singing."

Faithful in life and faithful in death,
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with lustre splendid,
That glimpsed glad land within, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

Fifty years have rolled away since the two heads of this double homestead left this life, almost together. In their children exists a unity of belief in the Immortal Life, and it rests on two elements: the issues of their teachings and the influences of their lives. These have steadied in us the truths embodied in Christianity, and the incontrovertible argument which holds us fast was their breathing into us the motives and spirit of their lives. Their tone of life lends us still a powerful uplift. Moreover we cannot think of them as not existing in another world, conscious of our every moment, and this bequeathment has never left us. It is a valuable factor in sustaining our everyday

life. It has carried a strong conviction on which we have based our faith in the wisdom and goodness of God ever since their death. Their standards of living always seemed to us to belong to a higher existence and do so still. With mother and grandmother, who breathed their half of home life in motives and performances, their spirits seemed to open the gateways to Heaven, and to give us a glimpse of the beautiful life beyond. It is what they really did for us that has lasted so well. Because we fully believe in the evidences they are proof of their reality with them. We were taught to thirst for the infinite, and we are athirst now. We sip at a rivulet or a fountain but have never been filled. The humming birds get from the flower fountain the least honey drop at a time that livens the relish for more. This way of God's gives sweet spells along the way and kindles the passion for more of the higher life. It enables us to make our own music to cheer the way with courage and gladness. As we grow older this feeling is stronger, with a desire for more days to add grace to strength.

Grandmother died the following year, in 1861, in her own home. She felt father's death very much and she would say, "Dear Wallace, how I miss him," and weep. It seemed to change her very much, and no doubt she felt she might be the next. She was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, May 26, 1777. Her father's name was James Dechman, born in Edinburgh, 1742, and married there December 17, 1769. There were ten children in this family; two of these children were born in Edinburgh, of whom grandmother was one, and the eight younger ones were born after the family removed to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her father, James, died at Halifax at the age of eighty-seven years, a man respected in life and honored in death. Two of her family lived in the Settlement, Uncle John Dechman, pre-

centor in the church, and Mrs. Welwood Reynolds, and they often saw each other in their homes.

It was in 1825 that the Presbyterian Church at Lunenburg was remodeled, and it was grandmother's brother who was the architect, then residing in Halifax. Grandmother was full of good-will and good works all the days of her life, and lived in the supreme affections of her family. We children were unusually fortunate in the sunshine of two homes such as these. At this hour I am not sensible of any difference in our affections for them. There was little difference between the two generations in love for the same children or grandchildren. We missed grandmother's early calls as we were finishing breakfast or dinner. There she met us all together, and we expected her—if she did not appear, some one was sent to see the cause of her absence. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Shadows, no need of shadows,
When at last we lay life's burden down.
Shadows, no need of shadows,
When at last we gain the victor's crown.

Their granddaughter Anna having gone to the Normal School some time before, and the house now being closed, grandfather came to live with mother. I sometimes wonder what all his thoughts and feelings must have been, an old man on the tender mercies of others, leaving the old fireside and table they had enjoyed so quietly and happily together. Some of his children had gone across, with others far away.

Mother was very thoughtful of his feelings and attentive to his wants. All the years of our childhood he came into the hayfields at nine, and went to dinner at eleven, and then two hours with the hand rake in the afternoon. Usually

in the morning he pitched off the load of hay that had stood over night. He watered the stock, and fitted the stable for them, and fed them methodically as he did so interestingly all his life.

After father's death we boys were almost stranded in the planning of the work. At first it seemed we could not do it, and we told mother so. We knew she never interfered with farming plans, but she knew more than she said, and she asked us what work needed doing most. We went over many things and with her assistance sifted out the ones in greatest need, and thus we learned. We made mistakes for want of balancing the work and time in its relations, and saw it later. She put a thrill of hope in us, "that we would be masters." This talk with mother was good for her and good for us.

The tone of our home was one of fullness in belief in the loving help of God for her and for all who asked His help. We wish to lay emphasis on this fact, because sixty years later this loving character of God and Christ we were taught then, as transcending the sterner qualities of the Deity so generally held by the Christians of that day, is at the present day the teaching of the universal church. This is conclusive proof that our parents were in advance or fully abreast of the times in which they lived. Here we well may ask the reasons. They lived from hour to hour in listening, trusting attitude for guidance and for judgment. What is born within the life and kept alive by supernal substance, supplies the truths and knowledge in experimental life and strengthens it for greater surety. Father's well-known saying was, "Well, we did it for the best," and so he lived. The very shake of their hands was eloquent to the touch. "His hand shall uphold me." A few months later grandfather had a paralytic stroke and Uncle Samuel

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came to move him on his bed. A few weeks later a second stroke followed, but his mind was clear and he knew the end was near. He gave his thanks to mother for all her thoughtfulness, for mother was his favorite, as for many years her life was lived with them. His trust and belief failed not, and thus he died, held in highest respect. "Whom have I in Heaven but thee?" "I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together. That they may see and know, and consider and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this."

The struggles and trials really fell too heavily upon mother, because the children did not have the age or experience to relieve her of the burden. They were all willing to do, but needed leading, and seemingly could not do without the inspiring presence of one who could go ahead.

As I look backward I wonder at myself how I could have been so immature in judgment. I carried my boyhood qualities far beyond the average age, and relinquished them very slowly. Therefore mother found it necessary to look after every little thing, and yet we were happy in our careless, happy-going ways.

She was resolved to keep all the family together and educate them for some calling whereby they could earn a respectable living and keep out of debt. I know mother used to feel and say to us that there was little in the Bible about Jesus' parental home, for she would like our home to be patterned after it. But we know she did her best to have us fill in the harmonies.

As a teacher mother had the innate faculty of looking into the depths of child nature, and she sought to unfold the child's life in the way his nature suggested. Her faculty in thus transforming her children reached the nature of each one, and all to-day feel her power in this. Mother

got below the limit of the senses in quest for a nature to assimilate truth, and she had a sweet way of pouring in interesting thoughts to awaken more.

I was at an age to be wilful and wayward more than the rest, but would melt to contrition under mother's kind, loving words. She was firm, but truly kind, and had the faculty of disclosing opening life and its meaning, and had the courage to say those things which should be said. We were held magnetically.

When Jesus referred to the subject of the affections to the rich young man, He put the search for truth in a thinking way freed from irritation, which caused him to stop and think. Doubt now arose as to the principles of his former life. This gave the purer ideals rein and room for expression. Mother strove to aid us in gaining thinking power and its habits. Our nature needs stimulating to go forward into the soul's natural air. The thoughtless soul cannot advance or grow.

The year following father's death we steadily grew anxious to manage the farm to advantage and save as much as we could. A student from the States was out on his college vacation selling books. In the afternoon, near four o'clock, he called at our house soliciting sales. When we came in to tea he was sitting in the parlor, for mother had invited him to stay to tea, as was the custom with strangers calling near the hour. He was gentlemanly and agreeable.

After tea mother showed me the two books he was selling and asked how I liked them. The prices were about four dollars each. I rather demurred at the expense, but mother seemed to be canvassing me, though I did not know anything about such things then. One was "The Life of Washington," with his large steel portrait, standing,



A CHARACTER STUDY

Jesus, the Christ, Taking Leave of His Mother.

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given as a premium. I said we could not afford it now. But she said she had a large frame with glass the size of the picture, and the book was for me if I would like it. The last point touched me. She gave the young gentleman the order, and as he shook hands with her in leaving, he seemed to be pleased with his stay. We read the book several times and have it still, and the framed picture of Washington hanging on the wall in the same frame mother put it in forty-eight years ago. My sister Emily has the picture now. The whole incident was good, the pleasant young man spreading information leading to knowledge, and mother's wisdom in bringing her children in touch with young gentlemen from abroad. Mother did more, for she was cultivating a love in us for things above sordid and soul-shrivelling commercialism, and it was being done at the right time of life. How much we need the influence of others to help us live up to our opportunities! The atmosphere the soul breathes should balance the life. Our effort should not end where others stop. Our love for the divine will grow fastest while in the quest of truth. The effort of seeking is a pleasure and we found it so. We see her greater wisdom now and realize she was thinking of her living family and the double task imposed upon her.

Mother had much of both love and sorrow, disappointment and grief. She found relief and healing in fine and delicate ways with her children, which perhaps were not thought of before. Children in play easily follow the happier ideals, but in grief or pain go to mother for relief. We had three baby brothers in the Spirit-land. She often thought of them after father's death, and we listened as she would bind the two worlds together and bridge the crossing. There were not many words in all this influence. Christ met her growing ideals with His omnipotent strength.

Her bodily strength might fail, as it did so many times, but we never felt that her full dependence on God failed her. I am strongly of the opinion she realized she had angel friends, ministering spirits, under divine appointments, more than most of us dream of. These angel spirits cannot be forgotten. They were not forgotten in the home of their birth. Ties of blood unite the two worlds. This seems to be the Christmas message father left with us fifty years ago.

The acre of young orchard and garden was hedged on the north by a row of spruces. It was a very rich spot, planted every two years alternately in roots and clover. The mangels were the largest size and our pride expanded in them. But the red and white clover and tall timothy, with a sprinkling of delicious alsike, was hard to equal. In full bloom we often lost our breaths in their sweetness, for it was a big posy garden for a few weeks and a pure atmosphere of heavy fragrance. It was father's practice to turn under in the big hayfield two to three acres of sod each year to renew it. It was a rich repast to us to see the cows wade into it in September for life and a double flow of milk and yellow cream, which it was our privilege and pleasure to dash into mother's sweet, gilt-edged butter for her.

It was father's practice to plan his work the evening before, and I often asked him what would he do to-morrow. This habit of thinking about the work beforehand has been of great benefit to us, for second thought in the morning is likely to rightly decide it. We made some mistakes as the result of mental pictures of change and benefits overrated, but we gained by experience clearness in judgment, even if we lost in cash. Every one of us was full of energy and overflowing with industry, which we believed

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then to be a sacred duty, as to-day it is an absolute necessity and a virtue.

I remember exchanging a pair of unbroken steers for a pair of working oxen with a neighbor, and I did not wish to pay too much as a difference in value. I thought it over long, and we exchanged. I brought the oxen home in the evening. Mother had gone to bed in her room off the sitting-room. I told her all about the matter as I saw it, and I was very attentive to every remark she made to catch her every thought, and I seemed to gather confidence in myself that I had done fairly well and held my own. I felt her helping power then as guide in this, and this confidence in her judgment and wisdom never weakened but strengthened with the years. I hardly know how she succeeded in gaining such a grip on affairs. She never interfered with our freedom in farm affairs, and yet she seemed to know and enjoy the knowledge without much talk. It helped us greatly to have so capable a mother when most we needed it.

The meals were always ready in time, and with little things to tempt the youthful appetites, which helped to keep us in obedience to her many thoughtful wishes. Many drives we had towards evening on a summer's day. I love now to recall them. It seemed to rest and refresh her as nothing else would do. She naturally was cheerful, and of the kind that was infectious and left us in better spirits than before. Our friends and neighbors were always kind to her and called so often that they called again, and this made people feel that life is still worth living. I know she did much of this for our sakes, but that is just what mothers do.

Mother believed in enjoying life as we went along, and each day was planned to get our quota of enjoyment. Her

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

bereavements bore her life and soul closer to God. She seemed to us to live midway between her friends in Heaven and those of earth. The friendship of kindred and people did not reach the seat of her sorrows. She believed in God as her helper, and He planted peace in her soul. I have heard her say it was not like human joy which had its changes. She felt this to be different in essence. The friendship of the unchristian world does not mean eternity with God. The friendship of Christians opens the way to closer communion with God.

There was a brilliance and warmth like summer showers in all she did and said to us. No doubt her many struggles had sobered her life, but cast no gloom on others. She seemed to us to live in the strength of two worlds. In her later years she had a cough and weakness of the lungs, but her spirit and vitality wondrously sustained her. The pathway of our lives was not smooth but there was a profound belief that we had something to do and that we should get to work and do it with determination. But the secret lay in doing cheerfully the hardest as well as the easiest task. The gales of life are trying, but the sunshine never failed to come again.

The serenity of the heads of the home makes life's harshness break musically within its confines. Mother's rocking-chair, which had been grandmother's and is now in Emily's use, was the seat of life's philosophy in which to rest and recover poise. Suffering had silvered somewhat her hair, but did not disturb her serenity.

If a task was given us and we thought we could not do it she would say: "I think you can do it," or "Yes, you can do it," and we did it. We were not allowed to ask one another to do that which we ourselves were told to do. She was honored by her husband, beloved by her friends,

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admired by her acquaintances. In her first and last days of motherhood she was the same genuine woman, the same noble mother. The rich meadows of her heart kept life's affections still green. Other persons may disappoint us and shake our faith in woman, but her life was laden with rich and orderly ideas, based upon Bible truths. She did not live in what she did not like, or in her antipathies, but in the abounding strength and life of what is pure and wise.

Have we lived the same ideals? Parents must answer for themselves. Fictitious life in the home leads men astray and ruins homes; but zeal for God, with ordinary gifts, will adorn the place we are appointed to fill. We cannot grow the beautiful Gravensteins on a crab apple tree. The best spiritual gifts come to those who climb ascents which God approves.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

BOOK TWO

THE CIVIL WAR



A CAVALRY SOLDIER BOY
William Charles Archibald at Twenty-one



1865



CHAPTER I

THE CIVIL WAR

IT was in September, 1863, I was twenty-one years of age. We boys rushed the work along, for we had plans we long had talked of. Back at the little woods we were to plow about four acres of rough land for oats next year. George was not quite stout enough at thirteen to hold the plough, but he could drive the team, while I could hold the plough. When this was finished I was to leave for Portland, Maine, upon the steamer "Empress," embarking at Windsor. Dear mother went with me to the station but was to drive home alone.

She was filled with hopes and fears for her boy, and so was I in a lighter way, going for the first time from home to be among strangers. It seems strange to me now that I remember so little of this drive with her. In her first letter to me she said she was very lonely on her way home and afterwards. I reached the "Empress" by train, and was soon on board with my valise and the steamer sailed. A storm was brewing and before we were in the outer Bay of Fundy I lay down, as I thought, to die. But fate would have it otherwise, and landed me at Portland much the worse for wear. The city itself seemed to rock like the ocean billows, and I thought it strange that the buildings did not tumble down, but stood so firm, as I passed the streets to my Uncle George's. It was not till after one night's sleep that the city gained a steady poise. I had a welcome here and many questions were asked. I reminded them of the night they came to us and stayed while on their way to Portland in June, 1849. In a letter of that date to his father my uncle wrote:

"We are in a city of twenty thousand people, and are in

a comfortable home and like the situation. Dear father and mother, I often think about you since I left. Life is uncertain, and if we should never meet again in this world I hope and pray we may meet in the world above. Father, be sure and write soon. Give my love to all my brothers and sisters.

Your affectionate son,

GEORGE WASHINGTON ARCHIBALD."

I went to work upon a farm at Cape Elizabeth, where there were kind and pleasant people but no children. The days were shortening in Nova Scotia before I left, but here they seemed suddenly to lengthen. The sun refused to circle around. The evenings were long enough in all conscience, and I could not tell the cause. I could not write in such a mist, or work in such a spirit, and I think the farmer thought so too. So after nine long days and endless nights I asked the farmer if he would let me go, and he readily consented; and so I came again to Portland where the children were, and soon was well again. I had five dollars left after landing and this I sent to mother.

After Christmas I went to Oxford to drive a team for Mr. King. The war was raging, men were scarce, and wages were good. In the last week of January a recruiting officer came to us for volunteers, offering bounty. Two of our men promised to go but I declined. When their date of going came they backed down and would not go. I then said, "I've been thinking I would go, for I have thought the matter over," so I went to Portland and enlisted as a volunteer private in the First District of Columbia Cavalry, February 2, 1864. This was a single battalion known as "Baker's Mounted Rangers." At this time eight companies were enrolled. Our companies were mustered into service at Augusta, Maine, on February 8, where we camped in civilian clothes but did no special duty. We

were ordered to entrain for Washington, D. C. This order promised novelty, and any change was preferable to doing nothing and not knowing when we would see service.

I wrote to mother once a week or oftener. All the men had been paid their share of bounty and had left some money with their friends. I sent my mother one hundred dollars and also bought for shipment to her direct to Maitland, Hants, Nova Scotia: nine barrels flour at cost of \$108; one barrel sugar, \$25; one Singer sewing machine, \$60; one wringer, \$15.

At this time we in Nova Scotia were using American flour altogether. The prices are given to show their cost in war times.

The boys had lots of money on the train, and at every stopping place cakes, pies, turnovers, etc., came aboard galore; and still the heavy train rolled on. The scenes and cities all were new. After passing Jersey City the temperature grew warmer, and there were signs of coming spring. I do not think there was a man on board but welcomed the going. After days and sleepless nights on crowded cars Baltimore was reached, and then the Relay House, where a skirmish between the advancing troops and armed Rebel sympathizers had taken place, which warmed the blood a little of some on board. Then we arrived at Washington and marched to Camp Baker, where we went into quarters, glad of the change and rest.

We were placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Congers. I was a member of Company H., Captain Benson. Here we drilled on foot. We visited the city and many places of general interest. Within a week of our arrival we awoke one morning to see a foot of beautiful snow covering the parade grounds. It had fallen in a calm

and lay as even as a blanket, but before noon we cleared it from the campus. We spent some time in the Capitol building looking at the various figures in bas-relief, the story of Pocahontas depicted on the doors, and other interesting features, and also went to the Smithsonian Institute. The various scenes were more or less indelibly fixed in our youthful minds. We found the porters most obliging, something not to be forgotten by country lads.

On the twelfth of May our six companies were ordered to embark on board the transports on the Potomac. We had our civilian clothes with us, and our washerwoman, who had been faithful with our weekly wash, consented to receive and keep them for our return. How little we knew what the future had in store for us. Her spare rooms and closets were piled up with labeled bundles. I suppose she has them still,—but no, that was forty-five years ago. In the afternoon we went on board bound for Fortress Monroe, and proceeded at once to Norfolk. Our boys were in good spirits. Here our companies reported to General Shepley and were ordered to Portsmouth, where we disembarked and went into camp in rear of the town. We were armed with Henry's sixteen-shot rifles, which could be discharged in one minute under ordinary conditions and were most effective.

We remained here until May 22 when we embarked on the "Manahansit" and proceeded up the James River ninety miles to Bermuda Hundred, where we went into camp about one mile from the landing by the side of the other six companies which were in General Kautz's division of cavalry. On this march we went through beautiful clover fields. Our march was in double file, on through fields and woods to the point where the waters of the two rivers met forming a V-shaped land between them.

General Butler, on the fifth of May, had built a line of works several miles in length, and was holding them with artillery and infantry. It was at this time the infantry was ordered elsewhere and we took its place at the earthworks. Our regiment was assigned a position about midway on the line between the two rivers. We pitched our tents a few rods in the rear of the breastworks with no protection from the shot and shell of the enemy. The enemy held a strong line of works in front, from half a mile to two miles distant. Directly in front of the camp, at a distance of about forty rods from the main line of works, a thick wood prevented our men from seeing the enemy's position. A little to the right the country was open and there on an eminence, some eighty rods in advance of our breastworks, was Fort Pride, defended by a Captain Pride, an artillery officer, from whom it took its name. Here we were constantly on picket, our regiment being detailed to hold this line. It was here we first loaded our rifles for action, with our faces flushed in red, white and blue, but we were men of natural pluck from the regions of the north and we had the most rapid shooting arm in the service, and had been drilled in its use.

The enemy kept up a continuous shelling for hours at a time. Most of their shots went high, but now and again one would drop in sight or near by, which accustomed us to their sounds and use. The enemy trained their guns on this redoubt, and when they failed to make an impression there they often dropped their shells into our camp. They made a sound very much like pigeons' wings swiftly cutting the air, some screaming overhead, others tearing up the ground. In one instance the fuse of a shell was blown out and struck a colored boy in the face, but inflicted no serious injury. Some of the boys proposed to wash

his face to see if the fright had not bleached him. The humor of the "danky" is wonderful; when the fuse whisked across his face, he opened his eyes wide and seeing a friend said, "By golly, Bill, did you see that ar' snipe?" "Yah, yah!" shouted the other. "You nigger, I reckon you wouldn't like to have that ar' snipe pick you."

It was on the morning of May 28 that the Rebels opened with artillery all along the line, and we were ordered with our whole force to fall in, drawn up for the first time in close line of battle a few paces from the breastworks, in anticipation of we knew not what.

Chaplain Merrill, whom we all soon learned to know, passed along in front of the line to give some words of cheer to the men. He "trusted we would give a good account of ourselves" and some answered, "We will, Chaplain, that's what we came for and we will do it." Colonel Congers, mounted on "Old Barney," proved a gallant commander; three hours later we returned to quarters as the expected assault was not made by the enemy.

On our picket line we had enlivening incidents. An officer one night discerned a suspicious-looking object moving stealthily towards the fortifications. Making a detour he got into the rear unperceived, and soon discovered that it was a man reconnoitering our works. By cautious movements, now stepping behind this tree and now crouching behind that stump, still when the game was still, and moving quickly when it moved, he succeeded in getting sufficiently near. Then taking deliberate aim he roared out, "Lie down, disarmed," and brought him in. The captive proved to be a lieutenant in the Rebel service.

The actual experience of war now began. A little to the right of where we were encamped were two Union batteries. Our regiment lay exposed. The breastworks

were about four feet high, with a shallow ditch outside, beyond which the forest had been cleared off, leaving stumps and bushes and trees with limbs sharpened, making an almost impassable space of twenty rods in front. Once or twice a night, when we were certain to be worn out for want of sleep, the batteries would open, the Rebels' shells would come flying through the air, and we would be ordered to man the works. This was not so bad in good weather, but on rainy nights to be hurried out and compelled to stand in the mud for a couple of hours, became extremely tedious after the novelty of it had worn off. We could not remove our clothing, because we never knew the hour when we would be called, and when we were called the urgency of the occasion was too great to admit of the least delay. Every other night we took our turn on picket duty out in front of the works, two hours' watch and four hours' sleep. On clear, warm nights it was not particularly disagreeable, but on cold and rainy nights it was far from pleasant, because when we had once removed our blankets from the places which we had selected by daylight, we were certain not to be again comfortable or dry during the night. We could have no fires nor were we permitted to strike a light, and if we lay down we would most certainly find a pool of water ready to receive us. Our regiment did picket duty for a distance of about one mile in length. Beyond Fort Pride, on the morning of June 4, the enemy commenced a furious shelling, which was kept up until sunrise. They had thrown out a long line of skirmishers to attack the pickets on the left, for the purpose of diverting attention from the point at which they intended to strike. The attack was sudden and vigorous, but our rapid-firing rifles made our numbers appear quadrupled. About nine o'clock a South Carolina regiment quickly advanced on Fort Pride

with a shrill yell we were beginning to know, and which was peculiarly their own. A small party of twenty-one of our men, taking advantage of the ground, got a position from which as the enemy advanced on the Fort they could give them an enfilading fire. We gave them a volley, followed by another and another, until it seemed to them a whole brigade was on their flank. In the meantime the artillery opened on them with grape and canister and in another moment the survivors were seeking their works, leaving the dead and wounded on the field. Among the dead was the colonel of their regiment. We also captured thirteen prisoners, of whom one was a commissioned officer. It is a singular fact that we had not one man harmed. Two hours later the body of the Rebel colonel was sent under a flag of truce across the enemy's lines, together with his gold watch, a diamond ring and various other articles of value found on his person.

The Sabbath was at times remembered in the army and generally so when in camp, but on a march it was different. We wrote our weekly letters home usually on this day. At this time six of the companies, including my own, were still unmounted, while six companies that had enlisted earlier had their horses and mounts.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER

The following letter I wrote in reply to one that I received from my cousin Rev. Eliakim N. Archibald.

“Capitol Hill, Camp Baker,

“Washington, D. C., April 7, 1864.

“*Dear Cousin:* It was with pleasure I read your letter last evening, and will hasten to answer. It is a lovely morning, the sun is rising clear and bright. I suppose you are aware the season here is a month in advance of

that in Nova Scotia, the grass is quite green and the trees are in budding. No doubt you think I was very foolish to enlist; it may be so, but all do not see alike. I have not regretted enlisting yet, nor would I if I had to fight tomorrow. The Yankees are a go-ahead people. Living on a farm is too quiet for me. I want my blood warmed. My childish fancy often pictured daring exploits, I like the word *hero*. Well, you will say, I enlisted for fame. No, not altogether, I am doing something for others and for the preservation of this Union, as I think the North is doing right and will finally subdue. Yes, I hope it will. Then I can see a great deal of the world and men I could not otherwise see, I could not afford to travel. I can save a good sum of money.

"These are my motives. I considered and reconsidered these things well before I enlisted, although an influence was used against my volunteering. Where I worked in Oxford, Mr. King offered to raise my wages—and all were against my going. I thought of it for some time, but somehow I thought I must go. When I was in Nova Scotia nothing would have tempted me to enlist, but His way was not our ways. I hope it will be all for the best. There are as many as two thousand Nova Scotians and Canadians in the war. You ask me if I am not sorry I left my home? The tenor of your letter is that I did wrong. I know that is the opinion down there. I will explain it. I felt as if I could not be contented unless I had a ramble, it did not matter much where. I thought of it for two or three years before I left. I once thought of going to California. One wants others to feel that they can do something for themselves, and not be dependent on others. Well, the next thing as to going at the right time. Of course there will be various opinions about it.

I thought, and so did my folks at home, that now was the best time. Did I leave my mother in want? No, you know I did not, nor would I now. She never shall want while I can prevent it. If anything should happen to me, I will have my business so arranged that she will get my money. She can be as comfortable as if I were at home. Of course she would like, and so would I, for me to be home where we could see each other often. But will it not be sweeter when I get back? I must make a little sacrifice of present enjoyment. As soon as my time is out I am going home, God willing. You speak of Abram's death in the war. I was at his funeral. He was a fine young man. I hope he is in a better land where there is no war. I am getting along very well and have exciting times. We have not yet got our horses, but expect to soon. Our arms are: Henry repeating rifle (by once loading we can fire sixteen shots), a six-shot revolver, and a sabre or sword. I will send you my likeness next month, as I have not an opportunity now. I will write some news about the war in my next. Please answer. Good bye.

“From your affectionate cousin and well-wisher.”

CHAPTER II

WILSON'S FAMOUS RAID

ON June 10, 1864, the mounted companies under General Kautz moved with their division, as we learned later, to capture Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond. This cavalry was to attack on the south, and the tenth corps of infantry, under General Gilmore, was to attack from the north. The cavalry moved promptly, as the column marching by the Jerusalem turnpike approached the enemy's defences. Lieutenant-Colonel Conger ordered Major Curtis to dismount his battalion and to charge the enemy's works. Every fourth man was left in charge of the horses and moved them to the rear. The balance of the battalion moved steadily forward, firing rapidly as they advanced, nor did they pause until they were inside of the Rebel works, securing prisoners and destroying such camp equipage as they could not remove. It was afterwards discovered they had done this against three times their number, with common arms. A twelve-pound brass howitzer was captured. The enemy could not stand the ready-loaded rifles fired low. On June 14 our six companies got their horses and moved with the cavalry division for a second demonstration on Petersburg, but with no success. On the nineteenth we broke camp and moved north about nine miles to a point on the James River, about two miles below Jones' Landing. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the twentieth an order was received to be ready to march at an hour's notice. There were many raw recruits who had never sat in the saddle before, and of course had no time for training; in fact, they could not put their saddles together without assistance, but they were plucky fellows and had to learn

quickly. Three hours later we started on the celebrated Wilson's Raid.

It was at one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of June that the regiment moved with the third division of cavalry under General Kautz, and a division of the army of the Potomac. The whole force numbered eight thousand men and sixteen pieces of artillery, commanded by General Wilson. The object of this movement was not to fight, but to weaken the enemy by cutting his communications, destroying army stores and other public property. On the night of the twenty-first the command bivouacked at Blanford on the Suffolk railroad, four miles south of Petersburg. On the twenty-second we passed Prince George courthouse and then the Weldon railway, twelve miles south of Petersburg. Ream's Station was guarded by a small body of militia. Most of these were captured, and the locomotive, five cars and building were burned. We marched to the south side of the railway and burned the station. Fifteen miles south of Stony Creek we burned Nottaway railroad bridge and tore up almost a mile of rails—piling up the sleepers with the rails across, and burning quickly. The infantry were tearing and piling the rails away into the night and the flames made the sky blood-red with light. The next day, June 23, the work of rail destruction kept on, moving towards Bellfield, and by the zealous efforts of our six companies of the First Maine, five hundred men, this work of bending and twisting rails went steadily on until seven o'clock. The railroad was enclosed by a thick wood, and the enemy were held at bay. They threw their cannon balls, but had poor range. It was a cold, rainy day, and at night it turned to sleet. We lost three horses in fording Three-Mile-Creek, on account of the steep bank and miry bottom, and were thoroughly

wet in crossing. The next morning we recrossed the creek on pontoons. The enemy was held till the brigade was on the march back, and the Twenty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Cavalry and the First Maine guarded the rear.

On account of the infantry attack General Smith was again ordered back and he placed his forces in position to check the enemy's advance. The First Maine and a gun from the battery were stationed at the crossing. The enemy were in hot pursuit with their artillery, and the frequent discharges of their guns told the boys they were in great danger. Colonel Cilley handled his men well, for which he was complimented by General Gregg.

Lieutenant George F. Jewett of Company K. tells the story of the death of our Sergeant Herbert on this expedition while on his return from Bellfield. Our regiment having to guard the rear we formed in line on a ridge in an open field to check the enemy until the column could get out of the way.

Lieutenant Jewett's account is as follows: "Our company had the left of the line, and when the regiment moved out into the road to pass to the rear, the colonel told me to hold my position till the column was well out of the way and then move back at a trot. I followed the same tactics with the company, reserving two sets of fours with me and sending the rest of the company after the column. After the company had sufficient time to get out of the way, I moved out with the eight men through a gap in the fence and started back at a trot. The Rebels were shelling us at the time and their skirmish was quite near us, and annoyed us considerably. The first intimation of the successful use of their artillery was in seeing the butt of a carbine fly past me, and I looked around to see who had so narrow an escape, and saw Herbert just picking himself out of the

dust of the road, his horse keeping his place in the set of fours. I turned to the two men nearest and ordered them to come and help; they did not understand or hear. I took the sergeant's left hand (the right hand was shot off), up over the pommel of my saddle and led him back till we were practically covered from the enemy, when we stopped and Herbert fainted. By this time some of the officers of the regiment came to assist him. The line having formed on the next ridge they lifted the man up across my lap and I brought him in. I saw him that night at Sussex courthouse, after the surgeon had made him comfortable. The next day he was sent to Washington. I have his letter from there, thanking me for saving his life. Gangrene, however, set in, and he died in the hospital at Washington. He was a brave, good soldier, and was always anxious to be at the front till we started on this raid. He asked me to excuse him, saying he had a presentiment he would be shot; we were short of men and he went to his doom."

At Lord's Station we destroyed the public buildings. Three locomotives, fifteen cars, buildings on the same road, and three station buildings were burned, and the road torn up. On the twenty-fourth we marched eight miles to Nottaway courthouse, burning all station buildings, and a large storehouse filled with cotton, then advanced to Keyesville on the Richmond and Danville railroad, leaving a batch of smouldering ruins. Horseback riding gave us a great appetite that nothing but food would appease. Sometimes haversacks were emptied, at which times raw corn was not too bad to be eaten. But there were times when we came across a smoke house or supply of bread, meat, butter, milk, eggs, cream, and a contribution was levied for our benefit. At Drake's Depot, eight miles further south, smoke-house compliments were necessary.

WILSON'S FAMOUS RAID

On the way we approached Roanoke Bridge across the Staunton River. This was a fortified point of great importance and guarded. On this side of the river, at a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, running parallel with it, was a range of hills. Between the hills and the river the ground was open and level. At the left of the railroad was a broad field of corn, while on the right was a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds rising to the height of a man. The bluff on the opposite side of the river was lined with earthworks and bristled with cannon both above and below the ridge, while a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers had been thrown across the bridge and deployed along the shore. The First District of Columbia Cavalry was detailed to burn the bridge. The undertaking was a very perilous one, the wisdom of doing so was questioned, and yet the order was given to charge across the level ground in the face of the Rebel batteries. The First District of Columbia Cavalry moved forward splendidly, dismounted. My company, H., Captain Benson, had not advanced far when from the line of the enemy was hurled a murderous fire of grape and canister with terrible effect. Officers and men went down in large numbers, without the least protection, in the face of that withering fire. The men pressed on till near the bridge. We tried to burn it but did not succeed. The cannonading and screaming of shell, with the terrific concussions, made the earth tremble. We were ordered to retire, and after a return march of thirty-two miles to Oak Grove the column halted for the night. The next day we marched thirty-eight miles to the iron bridge across Stony Creek, arriving about ten o'clock on the twenty-eighth. Here we found a heavy force of cavalry and artillery in position to dispute the crossing. A severe engagement took place, and the result was indecisive. The enemy

were pressed back while the raiding column turned to the left and crossed above. When we reached Ream's Station, where we supposed were Union troops, General Kautz found the enemy in force, both infantry and artillery, and we were outnumbered two to one. The enemy had one flank on the Nottaway River and the other pushed far out to the left. The First District of Columbia Cavalry and an infantry regiment charged right through. General Wilson abandoned all his artillery wagons and ambulances, and by making a wide detour avoided the enemy and left our two regiments to their fate. Our guard with the two regiments had gone a short distance when Kautz found himself in a triangle, two sides of which, including the rear, were held by the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Extending along his right front was the railroad, running through a cut from ten to twelve feet in depth; beyond it and running nearly parallel with it was a stream of considerable depth, and beyond that an extensive swamp supposed to be impassable. The enemy now thought himself sure of his prey. It was a wild, exciting scene to see those mounted men slide down the steep embankment to the railroad track, scramble up the opposite bank, dash down the next declivity into the stream and wallow through mire and water—the horses in some instances rolling over and the men going under—amid the thunder of artillery, shells exploding, grape and canister raining and musket balls whistling around them, till they reached the opposite shore and disappeared in the swamp which had been made passable for us by a fortunate drought. General Kautz led this brilliant retreat into the swamp and through to Jones's landing the next day. Colonel Conger, Major Curtis and Captain Sanford were severely wounded. Captain Benson and Captain Chase were wounded at Roanoke

WILSON'S FAMOUS RAID

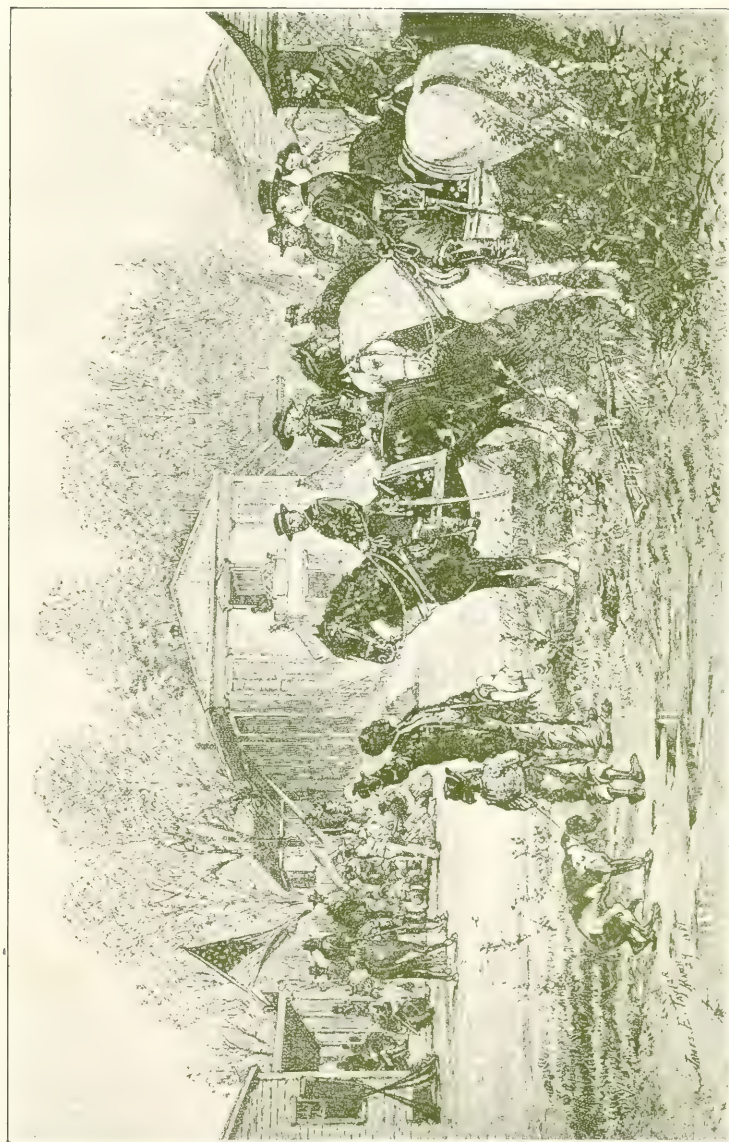
Bridge, and fell into the enemy's hands when the ambulances were abandoned at Stony Creek. The damage to the enemy by this raid was immense. But never was there a more tired lot of men. For the next two weeks we had rest and drill. Once or twice we were ordered out on a reconnoissance, and once (on foot) to repel an expected assault which, however, was not made.

CHAPTER III

CROSSING THE JAMES ON PONTOONS

ON July 27 orders were received to be ready to move at four o'clock in the evening with three days' rations. The whole cavalry force had been ordered across the James River to the north. The object was to draw off the enemy from Petersburg, where the main assault was to be made in connection with a mine explosion. The head of General Sheridan's column arrived from the west side of the Appomattox at nine in the evening. At three the next morning the First District of Columbia Cavalry joined its rear and halted for the command to cross the pontoon bridge. This was our first experience crossing a river a mile wide on a pontoon bridge, and a trembling one it was. We led our horses in single file with much feeling of insecurity along the plank resting on the boats pointing up the stream, half expecting all the time that we would be thrown over by the swaying of the boats, or the rise and fall under the tread of the horses, for both men and horses reeled as if drunken, and the horse is the steadier and braver of the two. We really learn to love these noble animals. All got over safely and our faith in pontoons was increased.

It was after midday when our crossing was effected. The day was very hot and we suffered greatly for want of water after we left the river. Perhaps at no period of my life in the service was the suffering so intense. The lips, mouth and throat become so dry and parched that even the natural desire for life is deadened and indifference to all else is lost in the awful thirst, which steadily grows in intensity until stupor and delirium creep over the senses. This, once experienced, is never to be forgotten. That



SHERIDAN AND HIS STAFF RECONNOITERING

CROSSING THE JAMES ON PONTOONS

night was very dark on picket, the darkest I ever knew. The next day we recrossed the pontoons on the James without having felt the enemy. The main line of the Union outworks in front of Petersburg conformed very nearly to that of the enemy, on the left, bending southward so as to fall on or near the Weldon railway.

On August 3 our headquarters were established at Sycamore church, Major Baker commanding. This place was about ten miles southeast of City Point on the James River. We were here from the eighth to the twenty-first of August, doing picket duty on the Weldon railway, four miles from Petersburg. Our forces had taken possession of the railway and the enemy made a desperate effort to retake it on the twenty-first, when we participated in the capture of a brigade of Rebel troops, with three stands of colors. On the twenty-second we were on picket and the next morning the regiment became engaged with a body of Rebel troops and drove them four miles, destroying army stores. In the afternoon of the same day, we encountered Hampton's Legion; experienced as they were they could not stand our sixteen-shooters, and they were driven back. We lost a few men here. On the twenty-fourth fighting was renewed, and on the twenty-fifth we had three sharp, distinct engagements, and repulsed the enemy each time. About four o'clock there were indications of an intended flank movement, and we dismounted and prepared to entrench. Quickly we pulled logs, stumps, brush, roots, and anything at hand to make a breastwork. We had no sooner thrown it into place than the Rebel artillery opened on us. These works were no protection, but we stood there. We could not see the enemy, but we knew what the shelling meant. We were silent, but every man was at his post. Every eye was

open and every ear strained, but we heard nothing but the roar of artillery and the crash of shells, and it was only a short time until we saw the enemy advancing through the woods in a strong line. As soon as they saw us they raised a yell and rushed to the charge. We were commanded to reserve our fire, coolly awaiting the order when the enemy was sufficiently near. The first volley told, and volley after volley fired low in quick succession swept our front clear. We held our position until dark and then retired. The next day we returned to Sycamore church and went on picket duty.

As the Union lines advanced we formed the acquaintance of some of the planters. This was usually agreeable. One of the officers, out on a scouting expedition with a small squad of men, halted near a fine mansion a considerable distance outside of our lines. He advanced and politely accosted the lordly proprietor, who sat on his piazza puffing a cigar. He commenced a furious tirade against Lincoln and his dirty minions. The lieutenant listened patiently. One of the colored women happened to be carrying a churning of butter from a building near by. "Well, sir," said the lieutenant, "war is a costly thing. Now as this sort of talk seems a luxury to you, we must tax it. Please send a few pounds of your butter," and it came. But the proprietor kept on abusing the government, and then a pause. "We want a half dozen of your best hams and a sack of flour and the sooner it is sent the better," said the officer. The negro who executed the order evidently enjoyed the thing, for he had a twinkle in his eye a good deal merrier than his master. The master was now foaming and venting his rage. "Sir, your indulgence has gone far enough; square the account by turning out the two beeves I see there, and if you continue your abuse I'll take you along."

And so it came to pass that the boys of the company had a pleasant change of diet.

Our portion of the picket line comprised about five miles, running along a road nearly east and west, mostly through a wooded country. Major Baker was in command of two battalions, and Captain Howe of one battalion on the left, with the reserve at Cox's Mills, two miles east. Such was the position of these four hundred men on the outer picket line, five miles from any support, when at daybreak on September 16 they were suddenly attacked by the whole force of Wade Hampton's guerilla cavalry, supported by three brigades of infantry. In some way or other, which has not been explained, one detachment of the enemy passed through the picket line on the right that was held by another regiment. Another had gone around the left flank where there were no pickets. The point of attack was unimportant, but there were in the rear twenty-three hundred fat cattle, and the Rebels threw out a strong force to capture them. Before daybreak the videttes in front of the picket post near the church gave the alarm and fell quickly back to the post, pursued by a strong body of cavalry. The reserve opened fire, which checked the advance, but reinforcements appeared charging up the road, killing and wounding many of our men and making prisoners of most of the others. In consequence of the suddenness of the attack and the near approach of the enemy before alarm could be given, the killed and wounded were inconsiderable, but the number taken prisoners was about three hundred. They were among the bravest men which Maine had sent to the war.

Private Whitney, who was one of the prisoners, relates the story: "With a large number of others I was taken prisoner at Sycamore church on the morning of September

16, 1864. We were marched that day and night fifty miles, the next day twenty miles to Petersburg and then by rail to Libby Prison at Richmond. After remaining there about a week on short rations, we were taken to Danville and put into a building in which were about six hundred prisoners. One night there was an attempt to break out, for the purpose of allowing us all to escape; but the attempt failed after one of the guards and a prisoner had been killed and another prisoner wounded, and the next night they sent us to Salisbury. We had heard that we would be better there, and were happy at the idea of a change, but on arriving we found ourselves in a stockade, with no shelter but the heavens. Up to this time no prisoners from our regiment had died, but we were visited by a long cold rainstorm soon after arriving there, and the men began to die. It rained about three days and nights, and I did not lie down during that time, but would walk about until I became very tired, and then sit down on my feet and rest my back against a tree. When we first arrived the prisoners were dying at the rate of one or two a day, and the dead were carried out singly, each one in a box; but we had not been there long before they were dying at the rate of thirty or forty a day, and then they came after the dead with a four-mule team, into which they threw the dead bodies and carted them away. We received one ration a day, consisting of cob-meal bread, though sometimes we were given the meal raw; then we had to cook it ourselves with very poor facilities for fire. Green pine, not split, was the fuel and a long distance to carry it, so we ate our food raw many times and called it good. Then they put us on half rations, when God knows full rations were not half enough. The men died very easily, most of them at night. When one died that

CROSSING THE JAMES ON PONTOONS

had better clothes than the living, we would change with him."

Samuel Elliott of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, was a member of Company H. He was taken at Sycamore church, sent to Andersonville Prison, and died there. I knew him well.

CHAPTER IV

TRANSFER TO FIRST MAINE CAVALRY

AN order was issued for the transfer of the eight companies from Maine enrolled in the First District of Columbia Cavalry to the First Maine Cavalry under Gen. C. H. Smith, whom we learned to highly esteem. General Smith says: "In August, 1864, so much of the First District of Columbia Cavalry as had been raised in Maine, eight or nine companies in all—a regiment in itself—was transferred to the First Maine. They were our friends and neighbors at home. They had served with us in the same great army, in the same companies, and side by side with us in battle. Their coming was to the regiment a magnificent recruitment of veterans. The consolidation was effected with singular harmony and success, while the only important change made in the regiment by the transfer was that it became thereby immensely more First Maine Cavalry than it was before, and greater in the record of its subsequent achievements. From Boyden Plank Road to historical Appomattox, we see only one regiment and one history."

Hereafter we were under new officers and in a new company. W. C. Archibald, Company H., First Maine Cavalry, under Capt. John D. Myrick of Augusta, Maine, was my address. On September 26 Major Cilley was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain Tucker to Major of the regiment. On the twenty-eighth orders were received to serve out three days' rations and two days' forage, and be ready to move at four o'clock next morning. The march was along General Grant's railroad to the junction with the Weldon railway; and a couple of days were spent in marching, skirmishing and changing positions, while

TRANSFER TO FIRST MAINE CAVALRY

others were fighting. On October 1 we had one man of Company H. wounded. We spent a week scouting, picketing and reconnoitering and on October 9 we went into camp, which proved to be our winter quarters. It was near Jerusalem Plank Road and one mile from Hancock Station. Our bandsmen were mounted on white horses, with new instruments, and they made a splendid appearance. A new brigade was formed at this time, with General Smith in command.

On October 26 our division marched to the Halifax Road, where we bivouacked till two the next morning. At Rowanty Creek next day we dismounted and used our sixteen-shooters to good effect, driving the enemy back. We then advanced to Gravelly Run, where we crossed a bridge under a galling fire of artillery, and down into a ravine. General Smith gave the order to charge up the high banks, nearly two hundred yards. It was done with a bound and a yell, in full view of the enemy and in full range of their rifles. Captain Chadbourne gave the command, "Forward to the left," and sweeping across the open field we soon routed the enemy, capturing a few prisoners and the camp equipage. Captain Chadbourne and Lieutenant Jackson were wounded. The brigade pushed on to Boyden Plank Road, when our regiment was ordered to "Prepare to fight on foot, and report to General Mott," who was then under a heavy fire. Before reaching position it was discovered that the whole force was flanked, and we retired on the double quick to our brigade. It was found that General Hampton's force was deployed across the Boyden Plank Road and the Third New York was put in position to meet him. The First Maine was deployed on the right of this road and the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry on the left, and there we engaged the enemy for

the third time that day. We were under a heavy fire and knew ourselves to be in a tight place, and were afterwards awarded much praise. Had this brigade given away, the second corps must have gone also; but the position was held until dark, and we retired in the night. It was a hard day, one to be remembered. Chaplain Merrill relates that one of the old District of Columbia men, Frank Green, during the hot engagement of the afternoon felt a peculiar sensation in his breast and back, followed by the trickling of blood, showing that he was wounded. Going to the rear he found an ambulance and was taken to the corps hospital. The first surgeon who saw him called another in consultation. Having examined the patient the two shook their heads and directed the nurse to make him as comfortable as possible. A bullet had passed through the upper portion of the left lung and out at the back.

"Doctor!" said the wounded man, "what does this mean?" "It means," said the doctor, "we think you cannot live." "Die! Nonsense, I shall not die this time."

After learning that he had one chance in a thousand to survive, under God, his pluck and good nursing saved him.

We lost of the First Maine at Boyden Plank Road (the boys called it "Bull Pen") eleven killed, sixty-two wounded and eight missing.

General Grant, in his official report, says, "From this time forward the operations in front of Petersburg, until the spring campaign of 1865, were confined to defensive and offensive movements for crippling communications in the enemy's lines."

Monday, October 31, was pay-day for the regiment, and this put much money into circulation, especially for the sutlers' benefit as well as for those who made remittances

home. Men got tired of hardtack, pork and beans, and longed for a change. November 1, dress parade, drill and picket duty were almost the only duties.

On Sabbath, November 6, our Chaplain Merrill held his first services with the new regiment. He was a gentlemanly, quiet, yet cordial man, who met all in reasonable and helpful converse. His sermons were plain and earnest, but well sweetened by a refined sense of the risks and dangers we ran, and solicitude for the highest welfare of the men. It was his custom on a Sabbath morning to walk down to the tents with a bundle of papers provided by the Christian Commission, and in his gentle voice and winning manner to say, "Good morning, Comrade," to which the men always heartily responded, "Good morning, Chaplain," when perhaps he would add a word or two more. He was always welcome, as were the religious papers too. Men in winter quarters learn to feel at home, for their quarters become a familiar spot, and they learn to value the companionship of their associates. There is time, too, for review of past dangers, failures and successes. They are able to draw from the retrospect those finer thoughts that reflection brings, and fresh resolves come as reinforcements to meet the perils of their dangerous life. Their experiences count for much, perhaps more than in civilian life, because the incidents which daily occur touch their lives more closely in ways that are often vital to their future. The very fact that life is daily in extraordinary peril quickens the nobler faculties of the soul. The general observation has been that men show less of the spirit of profanity in war than is shown in civilian life. Of course the recklessly profane are there, but they disgust far more than attract. In the Civil War there was a strong grade of men who lived daily at their best, amid scenes of carnage which they regarded

as a necessity. It is a fair statement that almost every man had his Bible or Testament with him, perhaps given by a mother, wife or sister whom he loved and who was writing letters, often weekly, and which were very strong factors for good in the soldier's life. Letters were not only frequent, but they breathed that solicitude born of anxiety which is held sacred and dear by every soul. If men cannot be touched by such an influence as this they are indeed well beyond the pale of hope.

It was just a few days before the cattle capture at Sycamore church, while engaged on picket duty and with the reserve, that I was dangerously wounded. Our relief had been four hours off, and we were preparing to mount. Seizing my repeating rifle, with a cartridge in, I drew the barrel quickly towards me when the hammer unfortunately caught a twig, and the bullet ploughed its way up the forehead, depressing the frontal bone and tunneling its way through the hair four inches. I fell as though dead, unconscious, of course, of any accident to myself; but on the eve of returning consciousness it seemed that I could clearly see a hole through my head from forehead to back, and I seemed to simply gaze at it in wonder what it meant. Then I heard voices about me. I had been carried into the tent, and I think the tones of men's voices I knew helped to bring me more quickly back to consciousness. I was at once sent to the field hospital, where I had the usual care and treatment while the wound was healing. This accident may have providentially saved me on the night of the cattle raid from being taken prisoner, and from a lingering death a thousand times worse than a bullet wound.

There were four acquaintances and comrades who enlisted at the same time and in the same company with me. One of these, young Merrell, was shot; his brother Dennis



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL GRANT AT THE PETERSBURG FRONT

and Samuel Elliott were taken prisoners at this time, and both died in prison at Andersonville; Charles Alexander, my tent mate, was shot in Chamberlin Creek (to him I will refer again), so that of these five I am the only one to return home alive.

Such is war. I was young, with a healthy body and mind. Soon I was convalescing, and before three weeks had passed the wound had healed. The field hospital was the usual canvas tent, holding fifty to one hundred patients, with cots on each side of the aisle or passageway. It stood on a knoll and the greensward served as a floor. There were besides our men a dozen of the Rebel wounded, who were brought here and cared for as if they were friends, or even better, and that simply because they were enemies. They kept very much by themselves and talked in low tones together, for they were almost well, and were likely to be sent North as prisoners almost any day. The spirit of their combined personalities was altogether foreign to ours, as would be expected from our diverse sympathies and hopes. There were two women nurses in this ward and very motherly they were to us. We had been getting along without the company of women, and it was all very well except when we were sick. Then there is no hand like a mother's, or sweet sister's, or true wife's. About three weeks after entering here I grew tired of the quiet life and of hospital scenes, and, as I felt well, asked to be sent to my regiment, which request was granted.

While in the hospital President Lincoln passed through the wards, accompanied by an officer of the army. I vividly recall his slightly bent head and figure, but I was touched more by his large face and fullness of look, the memory of which has remained with me all these years. It was that of one breathing sympathy, while he himself

was under a great weight of anxious care. I have a picture of our Saviour in prayer, in the home of Mary and Martha, so strongly expressive of the greatest sorrow and deepest burden of wrongs, and as I often look at it in my study it holds me fast. Lincoln's look that day reminds me of His.

CHAPTER V

THANKSGIVING DINNER

THE twenty-fourth of November was Thanksgiving Day, and the people of Maine were, in the fullness of their hearts, sending dinners specially for the occasion for their husbands and sons who knew little of the luxuries on the field of battle. The morning of the twenty-fourth came and no Thanksgiving dinner had arrived for us. Did you ever see the thermometer drop five degrees a minute? Well, we had a parallel that morning. It is true we had hardtack and pork and beans, but our thoughts and tastes had risen far above such commonplace things as these. The next day, however, the turkeys came, with sweetmeats too, and it was indeed an agreeable surprise. The good things and home letters seemed to bring the men on the field and the people at home together.

I wrote to my dear mother and brothers and sisters in the dear old home in the far-off land, as I thought, very regularly when I was in tent or quarters. While we were on the march or skirmishing and fighting it was often impossible to write or post a letter.

The Wilson raid lasted thirteen days, the men fighting their way on every side, eating their hardtack, or sleeping on their pommels as they marched. Many a time when the column halted we would rest our wearied horses and lie down between them and sleep. When the column would start, without the men awaking, I never knew a man trampled upon by his horse; and why? There is a higher instinct, a sense of danger and of sympathy for friends, in the lower animals than we understand. The nobility and fine instinct of the horse, his sensing of danger by sound, smell and even touch, is marvellous; and while in the main he

depends on his master for guidance, yet in extreme peril he often guides him. I have sat on a horse on picket in the darkest night,—still and quiet myself, I learned from my horse the meaning somewhat of stillness. I have felt his ears move by the hand touch on the crest. The rider was on the alert for spies, or sounds in the darkness, and this feeling was communicated by touch or look in the turn of the head, etc. Horse and rider grew to know each other's needs and to strengthen each other's work. The pricking of his ears was a sure sign of sound or alarm, and he never failed to hear the clink of the sabre of the coming relief before his rider. He knew even better than I when the time for relief from picket duty was up. May we not say of these animals, "They are deserving of the greatest care, for who knows but there is a heaven in store for those who do their best."

On the thirteenth of November three hundred men went out on picket on the Halifax Road, but Colonel Cilley in the evening called into camp all the pickets east of the road, men from Companies C., D., G., H. and I., numbering two hundred men. We crowded mildly over the six companies who were left on picket, but at two o'clock next morning reveille sounded. Our dream of rest in camp vanished and, cross and sleepy, two hundred men under Colonel Cilley marched with the division, via McCann's, Lee's Mills, Jerusalem Plank Road, for the station, where the Rebels were wagoning their supplies around the left of the army. The Rebel pickets were at Rowanty Creek. The First Maine and Third Brigade stopped at the bridge. The First and Second Brigades pressed rapidly forward about two miles to the station. The enemy had two small forts, with several pieces of artillery in position on both sides of the railroad and Stony Creek. Colonel Greig ordered

THANKSGIVING DINNER

the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry to cross the creek. They did it in gallant style and under heavy fire. Halting a moment to re-form they charged down the railroad between the forts, where they dismounted and with revolver and saber in hand dashed over the works, forcing the enemy to surrender at once. The regiment captured more than it numbered, burned all the Rebel stores, the station and high bridge, and in twenty minutes returned with the prisoners. Our men were rested and in good trim. It had to be done with a dash. Hampton's headquarters was only four miles away. On the passing of the four brigades with prisoners, the First Maine stripped the bridge they held and burned it. In the distance came the Rebels in force, but the Third Brigade poured canister into their columns. The Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry were rear guard but they were pressed and ran by us because their ammunition was exhausted. We were ordered to take their place as rear guard, and with our sixteen repeaters we made the Southern cavalry behave more respectfully. The enemy used to taunt us with the cry of "Beef," referring to the twenty-three hundred cattle they drove from Sycamore church. After this our cry was "Stony Creek," or "A Roland for an Oliver."

We got into camp at half-past eleven that night on the seventh of December. The other six companies of our regiment, whom we left on picket, were ordered into the saddle, with four days' rations and thirty pounds of forage, and they went down the Weldon railway, where a battle was brought on. The First Maine was ordered to the support. Leaving the cooking utensils, overcoats, everything but rifles, we advanced on foot over the brow of a hill, and Captain Myrick's battalion charged and checked the advance of the enemy. The boys will remember the enemy's

sharpshooters showing themselves about buildings and at the edge of the woods, and our routing them out. We were not relieved until dark, had had nothing to eat since the night before, and little prospect now of getting our rations and overcoats, though we were cold and hungry. We marched a short distance and were ordered to remain for the night in the woods. There was strong language used on this occasion. But there we were and there we must stay. Fires were started. The men walked about, and sometimes would lie down in cob fashion in tiers two or three deep, but the cold and general discomfort prevented sleep. In the night it began to snow. Some of the men crawled under a big tarpaulin and in the morning found it and themselves frozen to the ground. There had not even been a picket shot through the night. At sunrise we were ordered into picket line without breakfast, where we remained an hour, and were then withdrawn and marched to our horses and I do not think the men, who were now like tigers, could have been kept from breakfast by all the moral strength of the army. After breakfast we felt better, although it was still raining, and we stood around shivering until afternoon, when the regiment started on the march. We hoped to camp, but instead went on to Halifax Road near Wyatt Farm, where we stopped all night as a picket reserve, with horses saddled, but got some sleep. The Union lines had now been extended ten miles, and Grant's railroad had been built up close to them. We went back to winter quarters, where we had a long rest.

On March 25 we were awakened by heavy cannonading off to our right. In a few minutes we were ordered to "saddle up" and go to the front; and when we arrived opposite Fort Steadman we met a squad with two thousand Rebel prisoners, just captured. The Rebels actually took

THANKSGIVING DINNER

the Fort and occupied it, but the Union troops re-took it and made them prisoners. We were out of camp two days this time, roughing it as before, without blankets.

The spring campaign was now imminent. Many changes in command were made. Our company was led by Captain Myrick and First Lieutenant George F. Jewett. In the winter of 1908, I, with my son Chipman, had the pleasure of taking dinner with Mr. Jewett and his interesting family, when we recalled the scenes and incidents on the fields of battle of forty-four years ago. We refreshed our memories, and the occasion was of exceeding interest to me who for the first time since the war had met any of my comrades. There came back to us, as we talked, the old strength of the tie of comradeship, and although I live in Canada and love my country best, we are comrades and friends for life. Ties and friendships such as these are worth much between the nations, and have their peace value.

CHAPTER VI

THE FINAL CAMPAIGN

ON Tuesday, March 29, 1865, we were ordered to be ready to move with the division at six o'clock the next morning. The strength of our regiment now was four hundred and ninety-two men with nineteen officers. We were leaving our winter quarters and were entering upon a spring campaign that promised exciting and steady fighting. We were placed under a new and untried commander, Gen. George Crooke. It is worth much to have a tried commander, and one that the men are anxious to follow. The cavalry service is a hard one. That night it rained and the next day was wet and cold. We did not go out of our winter quarters in a very enthusiastic mood. While we were waiting in line we saw a force advancing, and the flag of Sheridan's headquarters, and then "Little Phil" himself and staff. Cheers rent the air and distrust disappeared. We did not know what was in store for us, nor did we really care, providing Sheridan was at the head. We knew nothing of General Grant's plans.

The march that day was cold and cheerless. We bivouacked at Dinwiddie Court House. The next morning was wet and drizzly, and the roads were fearfully bad. The next day, Friday, March 31, it was still raining at nine o'clock. We were ordered into the saddle. "Go to the aid of the pickets," was the order to Colonel Cilley. The regiment rode a mile or more and drew up in line in a large open field behind rising ground. On the right was the road and beyond it pine woods, with no undergrowth. At the foot of the hill the road ran into woods for three-fourths of a mile on a level way. In front could be seen only the level woods. To the left, in the distance, we saw the long

CAVALRY CHARGE AT DINWIDDIE



serpentine form of the creek, full to overflowing and like a running river. The sedgy lowlands could scarcely be crossed at this season. In this opening we were ordered to dismount for inspection of arms, then to remount and march down hill in force, crossing the stream by wading the horses. We received the order, "Prepare to fight on foot; deploy as skirmishers; advance." The Rebel pickets were in the woods and fired a few shots at our advance. Our cartridge boxes were filled. We advanced to the edge of the woods on the farther side, and there we saw the enemy's infantry advancing on the double quick. A troop of Rebel cavalry dashed down the road and through the woods behind us and up the hill where we had our inspection. Company M. was lying low behind the brow of the hill, and the cavalry received a sudden check from their quick repeating-rifles. Thirty men, with their colonel, dropped from their horses, while the rest quickly fled. (See engraving.) But the skirmishers fell back to the creek and plunged into it under a peppering hail of fire. The water carried us off our feet in many places. It was here my tentmate, Charles Alexander, called to me, "I am shot," and sank in the stream. Poor fellow, I would have helped him had it been possible. He was a couple of rods or so farther up the stream. As soon as possible we were over the turbulent stream and lying low behind a rail fence as breastworks. We used our repeaters to good effect to hold the enemy at bay with the creek between us. After we had dismounted, every fourth man took Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the horses with his own to the rear out of fire. Our sabers and our haversacks with rations were strapped to our saddles, but we carried our water canteens on our shoulders. The firing was continued all day on both sides. Our ammunition was running low, and the ammunition

wagons were stuck in the mud and were slow in coming. About four o'clock the Rebel infantry charged across the stream, and we fell slowly back. I had used my last cartridge. The bullets fell about us and struck in the forest leaves at our feet. The sounds "Ziz, ziz, zip," were all about us, and still we did not seem to mind.

Some feel they will not be shot and carry themselves in poise—a sort of charmed life, if you will—at least they feel so. I never once felt during one and a half years' service any danger of being shot. I never wrote this to my mother, lest I should be regarded as presumptuous, and I do not know that I ever spoke of it to any one. It was simply a matter of feeling. In some vague way I felt I had a work to do in life. I feel so still. It did not seem that the purpose of my life was to make money, although I have made thousands, many thousands, since then, and lost many thousands through the cupidity of men. I have not the least doubt I am happier to-day than they. God preserved me in battle. I felt it then most sensibly, and though I did not surrender to Him then my whole heart, as it was my duty and privilege to do, yet I acknowledge His keeping me as "in the hollow of His hand." I am serving Him now and my single purpose is to honor His name. This is worth to me a million times more than wealth; and all who love our God and Saviour Jesus Christ may realize the truth of this.

Returning from this digression to my story: At six o'clock we had fallen back to the brow of the hill with scattering shots still falling around us. At that moment the clouds about the sun broke away as an earnest of its clear rise on the morrow. The trees were now dripping with raindrops. Up the slope rode General Custer and his staff, their arms glistening in the sunlight. Fresh

cheers rent the air as they galloped to the summit of the hill. A few light pieces were put into action. Away to our right, in plain view, were the enemy manœuvering their forces, their arms sparkling with the raindrops. A few shots were thrown into their ranks and they sought the cover of the woods. In all the war I never had so extensive and fine a view of the armies and forces engaged as in this evening's sunlight. Firing ceased for the night and from where we were we did not hear a shot till morning, yet we had ominous visions of the morrow. Before the darkness set in we could hear "Dixie" in the distance, floating to us from the Southern bands, while ours answered with "Yankee Doodle." Then the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Star Spangled Banner," or "John Brown," all floated into the night in musical waves, but not a shot.

This thirty-first of March was crowded with incidents, and perhaps I had better give some space to to-day's narration before to-morrow's work begins, for it must not be forgotten that this day's work was simply feeling the enemy's position preparatory to a general advance all along the left. General Smith says of the First Maine in this day's work: "The gallant conduct of the First Maine is deserving of especial mention." General Sheridan's dispatch to General Grant reads: "The enemy's cavalry attacked me to-day at ten o'clock on the road coming in from the west and a little north of Dinwiddie Court House. The attack was handsomely repulsed by General Smith's brigade of Crooke's division, and the enemy driven across Chamberlin's Creek. Shortly after, the enemy's infantry attacked the same creek in heavy force and drove our forces slowly in. The men behaved splendidly. Our loss in killed and wounded will probably number four hundred and fifty men—very few were lost as prisoners." Colonel Cilley says: "Down

into that field went the thin single-rank line of the First Maine Cavalry (with others) with their repeaters pointed at the enemy and delivering a constant, unrelenting fire. Time and again have I felt the thrill of shouting to that line of gallant men as they went steadily forward, dropping here and there along the line, but making no gaps. We could see the heavy line of men in the front tremble and wave back and forth. The head of a column of water forced up in a fountain, when it has reached its extreme height, breaks into mist and drops on all sides, so in this column of cavalry the stream of horsemen kept pressing forward but its head came no nearer to us. A heap of men and horses lay piled at its head, while its broken fragments fell back like spray." The cavalry which charged was the Fifth North Carolina, and Colonel McNeil was killed there that day.

Chaplain Merrill says: "Rebel prisoners, officers and men, declared that for bull-dog obstinacy, tenacity and reckless daring, the fighting of the First Maine Cavalry excelled anything they had ever witnessed. And it was almost impossible to convince them that the force actually against them was so small. They were fully persuaded that they had a sufficient force to annihilate or capture double the number of men we had."

Some of the officers and men were busy the day before sewing up what money they had in their clothing, in case they should be taken prisoners and should need it. The adjutant asked a soldier what time it was. "Twenty minutes to one," was the answer. "In four hours the 'Rebs' will be making one of their thundering sunset charges," and so it proved that day. At the creek there was a good deal of conversation between the men stationed behind the trees in the woods. There was a lot of chaffing,

sneering and joking. At a shot fired into the woods a Rebel sent back a defiance with words, "You uns better keep your ammunition, you may want it before night." A piece of good advice indeed. All the day the enemy had artillery shelling our position, while ours did not get up through the mud until late in the afternoon. Colonel Cilley halted a man going to the rear, "What are you going there for?" and for answer he held up his shattered hand. "Give your cartridges to some of the men, and God bless you." Corporal Somes of my Company K. had a shell stuck in his carbine. Meeting the sergeant-major he asked him for his knife, and sat down among flying bullets to clear the empty shell. In this he failed and was handed the repeater of a fallen comrade, and held his place with his face to the foe. Colonel Cilley's hat was knocked off, but there was no time to pick it up until evening, when an orderly was sent to find it and bring it to the colonel. A bullet hole was through it. In officers we lost: Lieutenant Stayner, killed; Lieutenant Coming, who died; Captain Howe, Major Chadbourne and Lieutenant Fuller, wounded.

Colonel Cilley tells of asking a skirmisher, "How many rounds of ammunition have you?" "Forty." "Hold this spot till you have used it all on them," and he did, though the Rebels passed him on both sides, and he was obliged to remain there until night and the enemy was driven back. We got a good sleep that night, and we needed it after a real hard day's work.

We awoke the next morning quite refreshed. The strength of our regiment was dwindling. This day it numbered fifteen officers and three hundred and ninety-three men. We took no active part in to-day's fighting, except that we were lying flat on the ground in the third line of battle, with bullets whizzing over us. Although

it was a fine day while the Battle of Five Forks was in progress, most of the time the smoke was so thick we could not see a rod in advance, and the roar of musketry was deafening in the extreme. Lying as we were, and not knowing the instant we would be ordered into battle, I had a good opportunity to study the different temperaments of men in this most trying state of expectancy. I will refer to myself here. I was perfectly aware of the danger, and at no moment would I have been surprised had I been hit, and this was the general thought and feeling. I did not feel, however, that I would be. I have no reason to give for this unless it be the very vague one that there were so many reasons why I should live. My family and relatives were earnestly interceding on my behalf. There were thoughts in my own mind which seemed to indicate that I would be preserved to live on. I was there to obey and do my duty and I would not flinch from it. And then there were my mother's prayers for her boy. I cannot say I ever rushed impetuously into danger, but aimed to keep abreast of my comrades. As we lay there I felt no especial alarm, certainly not a tithe of what I have since felt in the hands of designing men, whom I felt to be committed to the service of the devil. On my right was a Frenchman, who was naturally excitable and known as such. He was very much agitated and in constant motion. I said, "Keep still." He said, "I can't control my feelings; I have tried to, but I can't. I wish we were out of this."

Another man, an Irishman and a good soldier, was joking some. I cannot recall the joke, but upon the whole the line was sober and thoughtful, and I well believe many a silent prayer went up to God that day from men in our regiment to preserve and keep them, as we know He did, not only that day but through the war.

The battle of Five Forks was an assault on the fortifications and earthworks which the Union army eventually carried, and that day four thousand prisoners were taken, who were marched by us in fours. As they passed many jokes were exchanged, but I could easily observe in them a discouraged spirit, with clothes much worn and hungry looks showing what was being endured in a waning cause. Rations were served at once to these prisoners.

CHAPTER VII

THE FALL OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG

ON April 2 our regiment was on picket. On the Sabbath, April 3, as the result of the battle of Five Forks and of our retention of the enemy's works and main railway running into the South, Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated, and the entire Confederate forces started on the march southward. Our armies were now on the march night and day, with Sheridan's cavalry in the lead, to cut across the country and head off General Lee's army. The roads were in a frightful state. Great sloughs were soon found everywhere, and horses, mules and wagons sank in these never to be seen again. I saw many poor animals with only the head above the mud. But the spirit of victory was in the air, and he was dull indeed who did not rejoice. The marching on that Sabbath was something simply beyond description, over rough roads, sloughs, swamps and fields. About dark, after we had marched an hour or two, we drew up into line and were ordered to go into camp for the night. Tents were pitched, coffee set to boil, part of the men had turned in and the remainder were getting ready, when orders came to saddle and pack and be ready to move out at once. Then there was growling of the mastiff kind, but all of no use, for there was the order, and every man knew there was no other way but to obey; but after the growl was over it was easier to obey. We were as mad and cross a lot that night as was ever seen. After a weary march of about three hours we drew up in a field, about one o'clock, with the order "Halt." We dismounted and stood by our horses. Afterwards we lay down in front of the horses, with their bridle reins in our hands, and soon all were fast asleep.

At three we were in the saddle again. The roads were better—not so many troops had been over them. We were able to gather some food and forage in the forenoon. We learned that General Lee's army was retreating in haste, on a road running parallel to the one we were on, in the direction of Danville. Sheridan's scouts were rushing about everywhere, coming and going. At noon we reached the Danville railroad, where we halted two hours, which we spent in cooking and eating. The regiment started again on the road leading to Richmond, as it was understood Lee's army was coming that way. We reached Jetersville at six o'clock and were ordered into the skirmish line in a hurry. We could not get along fast enough to suit the officers. What did it all mean? We heard no firing. We saw Sheridan's flag floating in the distance. We were ordered to throw up a breastwork of fence rails, and we then settled down to wait. We remained here until after dark without firing a shot, and then went on picket for the night. We did not move until Wednesday, April 5, at noon. Meanwhile a heavy infantry attack was made on Lee's retreating army and the Union forces captured five pieces of artillery, with prisoners and wagons in large numbers. After receiving our orders we advanced at a trot, and reached the advance brigades at Paineville. These brigades were in the midst of heavy fighting—at one time they were almost surrounded. The different regiments were posted in the best positions possible, and two of them charged the enemy and captured a battle flag.

We now marched back to where we had been in the morning and were sent out on picket. Soon the enemy came upon us. We were on foot and kept changing position rapidly all the afternoon. The bullets were flying, but there was no heavy firing in the latter part of the day.

At night we hastily threw up rail breastworks near where we were the night before, and at nine o'clock went into camp excepting companies that were on picket.

In the early morning "Boots and saddles" sounded, and we moved out as quickly as possible. The situation now began to grow exciting. From the various rumors afloat the men gathered enough to know that Lee's army was in full retreat, but would fight to the last ditch. Sheridan got possession of the Danville road before Lee could get by, and he was compelled to change his course to Lynchburg.

On the morning of April 6 the men awoke in fine spirits. There was now an early prospect of the end. The backbone of the Rebellion was broken, had been broken by our army, and was beyond healing. It only remained to capture Lee and his army, or whip them until they knew that further resistance was useless.

Our regiment remained quietly on the hill behind Jetersville. We were watching the various infantry commands as they moved in different directions, and General Smith remarked, as we moved out, "To-day will see something big in the crushing of the Rebellion."

It was eight o'clock and we were in the saddle, marching down the railroad. We went a short distance and turned at right angles in the direction of Lynchburg. The air was fresh and invigorating, and the trees were springing into leaf and the beauty and fragrance of spring. We were now on a good road that ran over high ground, and through the gaps in the woods we could see far to the right in the direction of Lee's army. Sometimes portions of Lee's trains were visible and the distance between us grew gradually less by reason of the converging roads. After proceeding a few miles the second and third brigades turned

THE FALL OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG

short to the right, marching direct towards the enemy's trains near Deatonville. Our regiment kept passing pack trains, worn-out horses, colored servants, all off on the roadside to wait until the fighting lines had passed this point, for these only were needed now. Soon we reached the brigade headquarters, behind a piece of woods.

General Smith sent a staff officer to our colonel with the order, "Turn to the right, charge through the woods and get to the Rebel train if possible." This was at half-past eleven. We galloped through the open wood in fours. We were soon into a swamp, the horses up to the knees. Some got through, many did not. Many of the horses fell over in the swamp, and it proved the most dangerous place it had been our lot to fall into. A sergeant was sent to hurry us through and re-form on the farther side. We were doing our best with the men who got through. The colonel ordered to make the charge, for there was no time to be lost. The men ran against a fence, but they could not get over. They fired several volleys and the enemy gave them more than an equivalent. By this time most of the men delayed in the swamps had got through and rushed to our assistance, but the enemy from across a ravine in the woods poured in showers of bullets and we had to retire. We lost here quite a number of men and officers, Captains Heald, Little, Freese and Bailey. It was a sheer waste of life, and we went back over the hill from which we advanced.

At every crossroad heavy dashes of infantry and cavalry were made upon the enemy.

In the afternoon we charged the enemy and made large captures, both of prisoners and munitions of war. At this place we found a barn of corn, and every man got two feeds apiece for the horses before we went into camp for

the night. The horses had a fine feed, but most of the men went without supper. The repulse of the morning was more than balanced by the success of the afternoon.

We had a few hours of sound sleep and at half-past six were again in the saddle. The infantry was on the move and there was, as usual when they were in good spirits, singing, laughing and joking.

However the infantry were a little put out at giving the cavalry the road and being compelled themselves to take the sides, which were rough and hard to march over. On the road were all sorts of castaway munitions of war, also a few dead men and horses, and some others abandoned and quite worn out. About eight o'clock we reached Briery Creek, across which the enemy made a stand, and at the right had fired High bridge across the Appomattox. We were dismounted and sent into the woods to dislodge them with our sixteen-shooters. We forded the creek and then with the whole battalion made a charge, completely routing them. Our brigade pursued them over the rough ground. In one place we had to dismount and lead the horses down an almost perpendicular hill. After three or four miles the enemy made another stand. We held the road, and our brigade and artillery were engaged. We expected every moment to be ordered to advance. Soon General Smith rode over to Colonel Cilley and said: "We have driven them out of the town; charge in, capture all the prisoners you can." Our first order was "Forward," and as we came on the edge of Farmville, Colonel Cilley's voice rang out, "Charge," and horses and men sprang forward, wild with excitement. Just then a Rebel battery opened and shells went screaming over our heads. Through the town was only the work of a few minutes—one battalion going one street, another battalion a second street. On

the other side of the town were posted their infantry, who opened on us with a smart volley that whizzed over our heads. It was a wonder we were not all mowed down. We cleared our front and advanced up the hill behind the town, skirmishing and capturing prisoners.

Here the regiment halted and a detail was sent out for forage and rations. The town contributed plentifully to give us the best supper we had had in Virginia. Our band paraded the streets, playing patriotic airs few of them had heard for five years. The citizens looked on with all sorts of eyes and all sorts of mouths. General Smith had applied to General Crooke for permission to stop and forage, saying, "My men have been galloping over the hills all day and we want forage." General Smith's orderly was sent with an order to Colonel Clarke and was captured. A few days later and after Lee had surrendered the orderly was liberated. He rode up and saluted General Smith and politely said, "I could not find Colonel Clarke, sir," just as though he had been gone an hour.

This day we lost one killed and had four wounded. We turned in for a sleep, which we greatly needed, and were ready to move at daybreak, but we did not start until nine, when we went to Pomplin's Station where there was a halt, and then the real march began. We were tired with so much severe work, but in good spirits. The regiment halted at dusk a short distance from Appomattox Station to allow a column of troops to pass on a crossroad. Here a detail was sent out to get something for both men and horses. While we were waiting we heard the whistle of an engine. General Custer had charged into Appomattox Station and captured three trainloads of supplies. One of the boys took charge of the engine and ran the train. Rations now were in abundance for all. We went a mile

further and were ordered to unsaddle and go into the camp. The order was welcomed and obeyed with alacrity by all. We were asleep before nine o'clock.

Suddenly we were ordered to saddle and pack and be ready to move at once. We were soon in the saddle and advanced a short distance to hold a road. We felt that we were being shoved a little too hard. We soon found the enemy's pickets. About midnight the order was given in low tones, "Prepare to fight on foot." This order was obeyed as quietly as possible. We were taken across the road to the brow of a hill and placed in line. The enemy's firing ceased when we stopped advancing, save an occasional crack of a rifle and hum of a bullet that seemed fiercer in the stillness. We carried rails and built ourselves breast-works. At one o'clock we rested on our arms. General Sheridan's evening report was: "I think General Lee's in a tight place, and may try to get out to-night by the Lynchburg Pike." We were then on Clover Hill, relieving Custer's men on picket.

CHAPTER VIII

LEE'S SURRENDER

APRIL 9, 1865—memorable day! In the gray dawn of a Sabbath morning the enemy sent us a “good morning” that suddenly aroused the blue-coated sleepers to action. A lively skirmish fire began, which lasted an hour or more. The daylight revealed the position to the men. We of the First Maine Regiment were the holders of the road of advance against the enemy. From my position I was able to see the Rebel army in the valley. Our skirmish, or picket, line was very thin. We could see a body of the enemy’s troops moving on the left and advancing. We saw General Sheridan riding in full view of the situation and looking apparently unconcerned. The Rebel line in front of us grew stronger and they began to press. All felt it. I felt it. We must not give way an inch. Our officer said, “Hold them back.” Our infantry were coming right along in two columns, black and white, side by side. Our thin line was slowly retiring, when a black regiment arrived and passed through our deployed pickets. We were glad to see them. I shouted, “Give it to them, boys,” loud enough to be heard by a hundred comrades, and then dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground to rest. As they went forward to the front I looked around and saw General Smith sitting on his horse and smiling at my loud remark. It required a moment in the excitement to take the situation in, but I gave my salute while the smile was lingering. It was a very innocent and simple thing on my part, but my earnestness of speech seems to have brought me my first promotion—at least it soon followed.

The pickets had ceased firing and all was still—the stillness of a Sabbath morning—in both armies as they

stood face to face in open view. An hour passed and yet all was still. And then it was rumored General Grant and General Lee had met under a flag of truce and talked capitulation. Yet the men did not know whether to believe it or not. We were holding the only road to Lynchburg over which General Lee could hope to pass. This was talked of in an undertone. We held the post of honor; this was the feeling of all our men.

Another hour goes by. Will Lee surrender? Is the fighting over? Can it be that the end is in sight and all hardship and marches past? And our thoughts began to turn towards home and loved ones. We were ordered to our horses and into camp.

The next thing we were startled by the roar of cannon and our hopes began to sink. Then came a report that it was a salute in honor of Lee's surrender, but still there was a doubt. Then came the order to saddle and mount, followed by orders to ride through the camp of our late enemy quietly and without a word. General Lee had surrendered his whole army to General Grant without conditions. Little Phil Sheridan stood by the roadside and the men gave three cheers, as they passed, to this victorious soldier and cavalry leader. A second thought on the part of a commanding officer changed our route, and the First Maine Cavalry saw no more of the surrender. The close of the struggle was marked by magnanimity and the least possible humiliation to the vanquished.

We received letters from home that Sabbath morning, for the mails had arrived, and we were happy in writing to say the war was over and we would soon be home. My dear mother was more than faithful in writing, and I wrote to her every week or two, or as often as I could. Of course they had heard the news before our letters reached them.



GENERAL LEE'S SURRENDER AND BOTH BATTLEFIELDS AT APPOMATTOX

Yes, they knew it as quickly as we, but mother wanted it from me—to hear from me that the war was over and that I was living. I was one in nine of the total enrollment from the commencement to close, to return alive and well and be mustered out.

The First Maine Cavalry, from Five Forks to Lee's surrender, was steadily in the van in pursuit of the enemy. Our arms were rapid repeaters and effective, and gave us an additional sense of power. We had overtaken and faced the Rebel army in its last retreat. Who fired the last shot? That question has never been answered, but we were in the firing line till hostilities ended. General Sheridan said, "If it had not been for the almost super-human strength and endurance of the First Maine Cavalry on its flanking march, General Lee would somehow or other have reached Lynchburg." Be that as it may,—the pluck and push and leadership of the regiment in hard places had long before this given it a name that was cherished and maintained to the close of the war.

Some verses by one of the First Maine Cavalry boys are quoted in this connection.

Upon that morn forty-four years ago, at the break of day,
A force of gallant boys in blue near Appomattox lay;
Along the hill the blue line ran across the Lynchburg road,
And back and forth, with watchful eye, the faithful sentry strode.

The orders were to hold the road, and that at any cost;
We did not know if that were done the Southern cause was lost;
Nor did we know that single road was Lee's sole chance to 'scape
From Sheridan, who pushed him well and caught him in bad shape.

With dawn's first light the fight commenced—an hour or two 'twas waged
With little gain on either side, and with the cavalry brigade
The Union troops engaged; we heard no firing on our right,
Nor yet upon our left—we stood alone in that fierce fight.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

At length we saw down on the left, a mile or more away,
A line of battle forming fast—a line of men in gray.
Forward they march, straight for the road, with steady tread but slow—
We swing our line round with the road, to meet the flanking foe.

The force was full ten times our own, and infantry beside,
It ought to drive us easily, and would, but that the tide
Had turned; the banners of defeat hung round it then—
A week's retreat had left but little courage in those men.

“Keep courage, boys, relief's at hand!” the dusty stranger roared,
“They're coming on two roads—black and white—regular checker board!”
A moment proved his words were true—was e'er a sight so good?
A corps of negro infantry came pouring from the wood.

The line is formed without delay, the order is “Advance!”
They charge across that field as though 'twere but a merry dance.
The gray line breaks, away it goes, in spite of leaders brave—
The haughty master's fleeing now before his former slave.

I must give a few more facts and figures before my story is closed. In ten days our regiment lost in killed and wounded one-third of its men and one-half its officers, and during this period we were almost too tired and too sleepy to measure all we were doing or count the showers of bullets we were daily receiving. The colored regiment who made the last charge on our side had marched all night long, and were yet without breakfast. They were indeed heroic. General Smith makes special mention of officers Dagget, Hermony, George F. Jewett and Terry of our regiment. This cavalry contingent was the backbone of this brigade.

Brigadier-General Smith was now promoted to Major-General. He was a favorite with the men. Colonel Cilley was promoted Brigadier-General; Major Taylor, Lieutenant-Colonel; Captains Myrick, Hall and Freese were made Brevet-Majors.

April 10, Monday, was an easy day. At four o'clock in the afternoon we went into camp near Prospect Station on our way back. At seven next morning we were in the saddle, as an escort to General Grant, and marched twenty-five miles before four o'clock in the afternoon. We passed a large number of freed Confederate prisoners on their way to Richmond. They seemed to be in good spirits. One of our men said, "Keep up your courage, boys; we have got your old leader General Lee with us," to which came the reply, "Well, we have followed him a good many miles and we are not ashamed to follow him now," and we admired their spirit.

On the memorable fourteenth of April Abraham Lincoln, the President, was assassinated. It is impossible to describe our feelings at the tidings. It was to us a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. It seemed for a while as if the victory just achieved was of little account and its political effect could not at all be gauged. The tragic event did indeed cast a deep gloom over the men. Lincoln's hold upon the hearts of men of the army was marvellous.

On Monday, the seventeenth, we went to Petersburg and into camp. A week later we started on another campaign to go to North Carolina to help overpower General Johnston in command of the Southern army there. Our way was over the Boyden Plank Road, via Dinwiddie, Nottaway, Meherrin, Staunton, Bannister and Dan Rivers to South Boston, which was reached on Friday, April 28. Here orders were received to return to Petersburg, which we reached May 3. General Johnston had surrendered. This was a glorious march—a sort of pleasure trip. The weather was fine, and all nature smiled in richest green, for the war had not devastated this territory. Foraging was easy and pleasant, and paid for through the proper channel.

There was no picket or guard duty to do, something altogether new to us. Camp duties now grew irksome; lonesome, homesick feelings grew day by day. We rode over the old battlefields in front of Petersburg, but we had had enough of that, and the days and weeks moved all too slowly. Soldiering in time of peace did not suit us at all. When were we going home? "The war is over," we said, "why can't we go home?" The weather was intensely hot, which added to our discomfort. But it seemed transportation could not be had.

Our two battalions were now separated as shown by the following letters.

"To Captain Hall, First Maine Cavalry: The General commanding directs that you move with your command to Chesterfield Court House for permanent duty. You are hereby appointed permanent Marshal of the county and will administer the oath of allegiance to all entitled to it who may desire it. You will acquaint yourself as soon as possible with the conditions and necessities of the county. You will keep negroes as far as possible with their old masters, when arrangements can be made satisfactory to both parties. You will make arrangements for keeping and employing all those for whom employment cannot be found elsewhere. You will establish an employment agency, so that laborers can be obtained by those desiring them. You will repress all disorders and disturbances and prevent pillage. You will look properly to the interests of the people and contribute in every possible way to the security, comfort and prosperity of the county.—By command of Brevet Brig. Gen. C. H. Smith."

Perry Chandler started a free school in Etterick, a factory village. The people were poor in money and spirit. The first day he had forty scholars. They in-

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creased rapidly and another man who had offered his services was detailed to help him. There was need of books and Chaplain Merrill sent for them. Miss Annie E. Trueman, a native of the place, offered her assistance. All this was done without fee or reward. The school lasted eight weeks, or until the regiment was mustered out, August 1.

CHAPTER IX

ORDERED TO MAINE

ON July 18 orders were received to prepare to muster out the regiment August 1. On August 2 we embarked at City Point, James River, on the steamer "Cossack," but we did not reach Portland, Maine, till August 8. It was a long and very tiresome passage, because so slow. Upon our arrival the regiment was met by the officials of the City of Portland and friends of the men in thousands, and marched to City Hall, where a banquet was spread. The next day the command proceeded to Augusta, but it was not until the thirteenth that the rolls were signed and the men paid off. The First Maine Cavalry now existed only in glorious history. It is a history every member was proud of and every citizen of the State of Maine felt honored by. My enrollment and muster out is as follows: "Archibald, William C., farmer; age 21; b. Halifax, N. S.; res. Lyman; enrolled and mustered in First District of Columbia Cavalry, February 2, 1864, at Portland as private; joined Co. at tr.; promoted Corporal June 21, 1865; mustered out with regiment, with honorable record."

I left Augusta for Portland, stopped a day to see Uncle George and his family and the bank at Portland, then took the steamer for Nova Scotia, stopping over night with Uncle George and Aunt Mercilla at Bedford, where he was teaching. I then took the morning train for Shubenacadie and the tri-weekly coach for the dear old home and mother.

It was four o'clock when the coach arrived at our "Red House" door. (See engraving.) Mother did not know the day I would arrive. I could not write or wire in advance. I found her at the threshold of the doorway, very much changed. I put my arms around her, and she clasped me

and said, "Is this you, Willie?" and fainted in my arms. O what a depth of tenderness lies in a noble mother's heart! Even then I did not know its worth. How is it humanity cannot measure it in youth, and only in part in after years? Dearest and best of mothers! We sat at the tea table together (the family had been to tea and were in the hayfield), and she feasted on her troublesome boy and smiled her home welcomes in a sweeter, sadder blessing. Time had been harsh and too severe upon our blessed mother. I am responsible for this change with its suffering. Her frail form had lost much of its sprightliness since I had gone. But she was happy and without many words was smiling and cheerful, with the tinge of gentle soberness at the early age of forty-one years. She wished me to tell her of the homeward trip, but I thought not of the war. She sacrificed more than the mothers in the United States, for the sacrifice as a duty did not appeal to her. I did my dear mother a wrong in going to the war. Her precious life was shortened by it, and the whole family has suffered in consequence.

I tried in the way boys understand to cheer her, but my conduct had left marks on her gentle nature I could not remove. I feel this now perhaps more than I realized then. I begged her to drink a cup of tea with me, which she did, but could not eat much. After this came the reunion with the others of our family circle. How my brothers and sisters had grown! They seemed to me fair to look upon. They had all been good correspondents and had given me the news from the "Red House" regularly.

I went out into the hayfield. Here were the same old hayforks. I gladly took one and threw the hay on the cart. The farm field is better than the battlefield. I always liked haymaking, and it was better now than ever. We always had a good yoke of oxen, handsome creatures that

could haul the biggest load the cart would hold. George was a good pitcher, but I thought I could beat him, and I did that night as I was fresh and eight years his senior.

The farm looked just as of old, the broad fields so smooth and beautiful. I saw none in Virginia to excel them. The low, red house and barns had not changed, but the girls and boys had grown and were more changed than aught else about the place. All were taller. Anna and Sarah and Arthur had rosy-red, rich brown cheeks like strawberries from the new-land fields. Sarah was studying hard for a teacher, while the two elder sisters had spent the previous winter at Acadia Seminary, and now expected, I believe, to be courted by my best attentions. No brother could receive a heartier welcome than was mine. Dear mother had us all in the nest once more. We all sat down in the same old rooms, where we had our favored seats, and talked of things of the past and things to come that were of common interest. Mother told me of the many friends who had called, and what they said, and how much they cheered her and encouraged her. God bless them all. I trust that all have had their rich reward from the Best of Givers long ere this. Grandmother's little rocking-chair, covered with leather, went to mother (and later to Emily); she liked to sit in it, and it was very comfortable. I think that evening we went into the parlor and stood about the front door, which was standing open, and everything about was green. I had brought home all my war accoutrements, and such affairs none had ever seen before, and I must show them how the Henry repeating-rifle was loaded and unloaded, and its use in drill, and at last presenting arms, in honor of the occasion. Then I must show them Colt's revolver, a six-shooter, and buckled on the belt that held the socket for the pistol, and then the sword, or saber,

which I drew in military fashion and presented to each of them, and with all this there were many questions asked, as to how we did, and if I was afraid, and did I run away, which were easily answered to their family pride and satisfaction. Dear mother was wearied and tired with so much excitement, and so with thanks for blessings, long delayed, we went to bed. But oh, such beds! I could not sleep, for they were far too soft and smothery, and had too much spring. Oh, for the bunk of little poles and single blanket, for steady nerves and soundest sleep. I tried the floor, and found it more to my liking and much cooler. So between bed and floor I lodged for about a week; but now the bed is best, and so I'll stick to it. At early dawn I seemed to hear the reveille, and sprang almost into the saddle, but bethought myself of a peaceful land where no bugle sound is heard except in citadels.

Dear reader, I have given a faithful and true narrative, the consciousness being ever with me that our dear ones in heaven know where we are and that they minister to us. Others may have this consciousness more or less than myself, but "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Each may put it to the test. I write from personal experience, trusting the individual narrative may be a blessing to many. The thoughtfulness of God is tenderly shown to every willing soul who has made Him his personal choice. We are like God in the use of freedom. The human will of itself would bar out the kingly gifts, while sin dulls the soul and materializes the senses. Our souls pine for the fire which quickens life. Our wills must merge and melt into the larger will of our Great Leader to get the uplift that will include in its sympathies the race. From the old plant born into new qualities and flavor, by the skill

and knowledge of a Burbank, we get an illustration in this matter. New branches on the old roots and body. The old flower gave no pleasant odor—the new supplies a delightful and useful perfume. A new birth in plants suggests the new birth into the Kingdom of Heaven. The improved plant or tree grows into larger usefulness and so will we.

Mother made her home a Christian's home. The first Christian home was Joseph and Mary's, and the true inner sight of unusual conditions in nature came from God to the home-maker, and he believed and obeyed, and that only will make every home enduring and honoring to our Lord. The principle of home-making kernels here. There are many stages in the life of Jesus, and they began in the home, where we may linger, and thus we have Jesus in the home in innocence; Jesus among men, helping and healing; Jesus dying on the cross for sinners; Jesus risen from the dead with His disciples around Him; and Jesus at the right hand of the Father in glory, interceding.

Our mother's health improved considerably that autumn and our hopes were that she would recover strength and enjoy many years of more restful life, for she was a young woman still.

CHAPTER X

MOTHER'S LETTERS

I have eight short letters, all that are extant of the very numerous ones that our dear mother wrote her soldier boy during the war, while she was sick, pillowed up in her bed. They are precious in their goodness, and the soul they breathe so silently may revive the old-time valuing of home life. The sweet tones of motherhood are full of deep, sad thoughts for us.

Musquodoboit, February, 1864.

My beloved Boy: You asked me to forgive you. Oh, Willie, you know I forgive you. I know you did it for the best, yet it has been the greatest trial I have ever had. Still I know I deserve it all and more. I have felt a different person ever since you enlisted. Now, my dear boy, it will soon be six weeks since I took sick, and I am very weak. I know not if I shall ever be well again; I cannot describe to you my suffering. I cannot write more, I am so tired; I am pillowed up in bed while writing. I imagined you were on your way home. I am so lonesome! Farewell! Hoping to see you soon,

FROM YOUR AFFLICTED MOTHER.

Musquodoboit, March 17, 1864.

My dearest Son: Language fails me when I attempt to describe my feelings on the reception of your letter. I tried to thank God my son was alive and well. Oh, my dear boy, you are never out of my thoughts. We expected a letter before we received it. Oh, the feeling of suspense! It is hard to bear. I scarcely knew what to do with myself, yet I knew it was hurting me and I tried to compose my mind, but it is very hard to do so. Many of your friends have called to know the contents of your letter. The tears ran down the faces of many of them; all send their love to you; all the neighbors seem to feel it very much. Poor Mrs. Horton wept like a child.

I expect them in this evening; they drive up very often to hear from you. Mr. Burris wished to be remembered to you, and said for you to act honorably, and he hoped God would spare your life and bring you

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safe home again. Mrs. Susan Stuart wished me particularly to give her love to you. Poor thing, she feels it very much.

I wish you, if you can conveniently, to send Mrs. Horton a little keepsake. She would value it so much. She seems to love you as her own child.

In my last letter I sent a lock of my hair; please send me a lock of yours. Did you get some of father's hair? Please write as often as possible, it does me so much good. I am extremely obliged to you for the money, and I think perhaps you may send me some more. I think I can take as good care of it as any other person.

YOUR AFFLICTED MOTHER.

Musquodoboit, March 24, 1864.

My beloved Boy: It is a long time since I have written to you. I have no spirit to write, but I must try. I know you will be glad to get a few lines, though badly written. I am still very weak, and I do not know that I shall ever be well again. Yesterday I was not able to sit up half the day. I raise a little blood occasionally, and my lungs are very weak. I do not tell you this to alarm you, but I am exceedingly anxious to see you as soon as you can possibly get home. Oh, Willie, I do want you to come home this summer. I think if I could get to the salt water it might help me. How can you take an interest in this Civil War? I must try and answer a few questions. The poetry you sent and the lock of hair, I cannot tell you how much I prize them. I sent Willie Sutherland for the flour, and sold two barrels to him. It was very good. I need not say I feel very grateful for all your kindness and affection to me. May Almighty God reward you.

Mr. Henderson and Miss Taylor were up to see me before I became sick. He wished to be kindly remembered to you, and said he was truly sorry that you had enlisted. He is a nice man, one you can place confidence in. The Rev. Mr. Sedgewick has been here three times since I became sick. He was very friendly, talked about you, wished to be remembered to you, prayed very earnestly that your life might be preserved to see home again; he made earnest prayers for my recovery. The doctor had no hopes of my getting better when he first came, and has since told me that had he been two hours later no physician could have saved me.

Well, Willie, my feelings have been tried since I have been sick. Oh how I long to see you! I was foolish in ever building myself up on the

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hope that you would come. Three or four weeks we did not get a letter. I made calculations, and we baked for you the very night we got a letter. Yes, I was in the upstairs room on the stretcher, and I looked out of the window, expecting you to get out of the coach. You can judge my disappointment when the coach passed without stopping. I almost fainted. I thought for some time I could not live. I do not think I shall ever feel worse unless I am dying. No doubt my body affected my mind.

Well, Willie, you will like to know about Harriet and Emily. They are getting along well with their studies. Things are about where you left them. Edward Stuart offered me fifteen pounds for grandfather's house and he would move it to his place. What do you think of it? He will work on the farm. I would have to pay Edward twenty-four pounds for seven months. I did not see fit to take him. It will not pay. I am trying to plan as well as I can, but am almost too weak to manage, but I must hope for the best. Now, my dear boy, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an abundant entrance among them that are sanctified. Farewell, dear boy, till we meet again. May the Lord preserve my dear boy and permit us to meet again. Try and get home very soon. I am very tired. Good bye, dear Willie, may God permit us to meet again.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

June, 1864.

My dearest Child: Your letter of a few lines brought tears to my eyes. I think about you and am just as anxious as I ever was to do for you. I should like to live to see you settled, but I fear that I shall not see that day. I know I love all my children, but you are dearer to me than all the rest of my children. I did not write to any person but to you the winter through. Thanks for all the nice little articles sent. I am as ever,

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

Without date, near August, 1864.

My dearest Son: Never were you so dear to me as at the present moment. Oh, how I long to see you, but I am willing to wait the appointed time if I am not then disappointed. My anxiety for you is great, since I read Monday's paper. I fear you will have a hard time of it. The North expects to meet the Rebels, and oh, what is to be expected then? Bloodshed such as has not been since the war commenced. Yes,

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the ensuing summer, these writers say, will be fearful beyond description. Oh, my dear Willie, prepare to meet thy God.

Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God.
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say my joys are gone.

Hark from the tombs a warning sound,
"Thine ears attend," they cry;
Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, dear Lord, abide with me.

These lines you sent me have overwhelmed my feelings. Yes, my dear Willie, the parting hour I shall ever remember. My heart was well nigh to breaking, and when I came home, oh, how dreary everything appeared to me; but I tried to make the best of it. Yes, Willie, we miss you; at morn, at noon and at evening your name is fondly cherished and we grieve for your absence.

Oh, my dear, sweet boy, another dear letter has come. I do not care whether we have tea or not on the evening of mail day. Well, I will try to answer. You mentioned my anxieties and troubles. You are dearer than ever to me, and I shall ever feel your kindness until I go to the grave. Oh, Willie, you say I need not pay Mr. H. My eyes fill with tears when I read your kind letter. All I want now to make me happy is to clasp you to my bosom. I feel better this evening. I think you will understand your dream with respect to getting letters twice a week before you get this. Oh, Willie, we are all looking forward with

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more hope. We will expect you next autumn, but, oh, we do not know what may take place before that time. Oh, Willie, how just is your remark in regard to enjoyment as we go along. How often your dear father said this to me, but I could not feel so. It is a choice letter. Good night, my dear.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

October, 1864.

My dearest Son: I received a paper from you on Monday. Thanks to Almighty God you were still alive. Oh, my dear Willie, I think much about you. I sometimes think you will be home again. Oh, if you could get a furlough to come in the winter. I think I shall be very lonely this winter. Harriet and Emily expect to leave for Wolfville Seminary to-morrow. You can judge of my feelings.

Autumn again is here, the leaves are falling very fast to-day, and the appearance makes me feel very sad. Yes, Willie, this is the season your father lay on his deathbed. You very well remember it. Four years will soon have passed away since he was laid in his grave. Oh, Willie, I cannot express to you my feelings. Oh, how I long for you to come home. May God in His infinite mercy and goodness be pleased to spare your life and permit you to return home. I trust we will never cease to praise Him for His goodness to us.

Mr. and Mrs. Horton send their love to you. I do not think he will live very long. Matthew Hamilton called last evening to enquire for you. He said he was deeply interested in you and when I described your situation the tears ran over his cheeks. He wished to be kindly remembered to you.

Farewell, my dear Willie, till I hear from you. Please excuse this writing.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

May, 1865.

My dear Soldier Boy: The wished for tidings have come; thanks to Almighty God you are still alive. Oh, my dear Willie, if I never felt grateful before, I think I can truly say I feel so now. What shall we render to the Lord for all His goodness? Oh, may we be enabled to call upon Him in sincerity and in truth, and may we be kept humble in the sight of the Lord. Oh, for more love to my Saviour, who has been so very kind to me.

I slept very little last night. I shall think the time long until I see you, but I pray that I may be enabled to exercise patience until you come.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

I would like to write you a long letter, but I feel as though I cannot find language to express my thoughts. I am not well, and perhaps never will be, but I long to live until I see my darling child. Try and take as good care of yourself as you can. Neglected colds often prove very serious. The children are quite excited, expecting to see you soon. Some say they wish they could sleep some of the time away, but I hope we will all be enabled to wait patiently the time.

May God continue to preserve your life, and prosper you in time; and in the world to come give you life everlasting, is the prayer of

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Musquodoboit, July 1, 1865.

My dearest Child: Received the papers last evening. You were well. Oh, what gratitude should arise in our hearts to Him who has preserved you thus far; just think of so many hearts bleeding at this present time for their dear children. Yes, my poor sister [Aunt Eliza] mourns for her poor boy and refuses to be comforted. I will not be surprised if she does not live much longer. She has sent for me, but I do not know that I can go immediately, as I am not able to do anything, but if I were not here things would go to ruin. If you were here I would go to the salt water, but cannot until you come, although my friends advise me to go immediately. Many people are constantly enquiring for you and wish to be remembered to you. Some say never did a young man leave Musquodoboit that people were generally so much interested in. Mr. Sedgewick seemed much pleased. We told him that you had come through the downfall of Petersburg and Richmond and were present at the surrender of General Lee. He wept like a child.

Oh, Willie, what would I give to have you home just now! But I must try to be patient. It is a great satisfaction to hear from you so often. I cannot write much just now. Do come as soon as you can. Crops are looking well, grass is remarkably good, the children are well.

Well, Willie, I hope you are not in that dark state of mind still. I pray God to bring you out of it. 'Tis He alone that can do it, but you must take Him at His word, and believe in Him. None ever sought Him in vain. Farewell until I see or hear from you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Our dear mother had preserved all my letters and I had most of hers, but after her death in some way they were lost,

which I now greatly regret. After my return from the war I went to Halifax as a clerk in the employ of John Silver & Co., and took a course in the new commercial college then just opening.

The only letter I have found that was written to me during the war, in addition to those of my mother, is one from my sister Emily. This was written at the age of sixteen, the winter before the two sisters went to Acadia Seminary.

Musquodoboit, March 17, 1864.

My dearest Brother: I received your letter a few hours since, and hasten to answer by return of mail. We answered your last letter immediately after reception, and addressed it to Augusta, Maine. I am afraid you will not get it. It is more than three weeks since I wrote, and fearing you did not get it, I wrote Uncle George to forward it to you at Washington. As to your letters not being interesting—on the contrary I am always in suspense until I hear from you. The next time you write give me full account of all that has transpired since you enlisted.

Did you get the letter I wrote, with some of father's hair? Tell me in your next if you got all the letters. I am going to write to Aunt Eliza to-night for James' address, who is in one of the infantry regiments. I will send it in my next. We received a letter from Anna Blackadar; also one from Kent Sutherland. Annie has a son and is pretty well.

Mr. R. and I went down to Mr. Horton's to tea the other evening. They were very much surprised to hear that you had enlisted, and sympathized with us. Eliza Reynolds was up yesterday. She wishes to be remembered to you, and a great many others. Henry Dean was buried the other day. I was over to see Aunt Rachel; she is pretty well. She wept very freely when I read your letters to her. She sent the warmest love and said for you to be a good boy. Uncle John has not been so well.

We sent down to the station for supplies for the summer, having previously ordered them from Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. James Archibald are very well, and Mary too. Harriet wrote us a letter enclosing the one you wrote to her, thinking we had not heard. The children are all well. George has brought some poles for fencing. Arthur, Sarah and Annie go to school; they learn well. How much they would like to see you. I hope, Willie, you will not neglect to seek an interest in the precious

blood of Christ ere it is too late. Oh, Willie, neglect it not, for you do not know what hour you may have to die. Write every week, whether you receive our letters or not, for we always write. Farewell until we meet again. From your loving sister,

EMILY ARCHIBALD.

A letter from Aunt Rachel to mother, August 10, 1863, Middle Stewiacke.

My dear Sister Anna: I take my pen to let you know I am better than I have been for two years and a half, and hoping that these few lines will find you in better health than when I left you. I came home the next Wednesday after leaving you. Was very sorry to leave you. I could have stayed contentedly a month with you, and have often thought about you and your little family, your cares, your toils, and your troubles. But remember you are not alone; look abroad in the world and you will find none without them in some way or another. Hope you may be given grace and strength for your day. We know what is past is a great alleviation to our grief; we know not what is to come. Remember what the Scripture says: "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." We would always wish to stay here if we had no troubles, no trials to wean us from this world. "Whom the Father loveth He chasteneth." David says: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I keep Thy word." Look what affliction he had; look how his son Absalom used him; look at many of God's people, what they suffer. Their Father in heaven knows what is best for them. Even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice. You are of more value than many sparrows. May He be your guide through life and take you to dwell with Him for evermore, is the sincere wish of one who dearly loves you and your little family. May God Almighty bless you all.

We had a letter from Rob. Charles met with a very narrow escape of his life from the Indians. He is the only one of five left to tell the tale. He had five arrows put into him. They went prospecting. The first night they camped the Indians came upon them in their camp. He lost all he had, fled barefooted, bareheaded, without a coat or vest. Travelled all day on the mountain in deep snow, got on a rock at night. The next day travelled all day, about ten o'clock at night got into a camp where he was well taken care of. His wounds are better now, but he is very sick with bilious fever. He got back to California before he took

MOTHER'S LETTERS

the fever. Rob and Amelia were to see him when he wrote. Some hopes of recovery from the fever.

September 6, 1863.

And now, dear sister, I take time to finish this delayed letter. I hope you are better. I have not heard a word from you since Mrs. James and Mrs. Jonathan Archibald were here. I have a good tale for you from them. I was glad to see them. We are very busy spooling, warping and winding quills.

The girls are out this afternoon. Charles is getting better. We sent for him to come home. Amelia thinks his constitution is broken. Old Jenny Croker is very low. She was the first white child born in Stewiacke.

Give my love to all the children, and tell them I never forget them. Our people are not near done haying. They bought a piece of hay land for forty pounds and they have all that to get, too.

Eliakim Archibald and his mother were away to New Brunswick to see James Newcomb. They just called as they came home, for a couple of hours. They were gone three weeks. Were at the Convention. There is nothing more to write. Harriet or Emily might write a few lines. I suppose they are busy. Tell them to write and let me know how you get along and how your health is. I remain your affectionate sister,

RACHEL RUTHERFORD.

Aunt Rachel visited her brother George at Portland, Maine, in 1861, and made him a present of a family Bible, in which she wrote their father's family record. This book is in the possession of his son, Henry O. Archibald of Brockton.

A letter from Uncle Burke to our mother.

Upper Blissfield, N. B., April, 1866.

My dear Anna: Twenty-five years have now elapsed since we last saw each other in person; yet time has not effaced the acquaintance once made in the mind. I have for some space thought of writing to you, and now sit down to put ideas in a reading form. In looking over your past history, you know what heavy bereavements are. I trust you see

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

the Hand that is quietly leading you, knowing that His chastisements are designed to teach wisdom, and see the realities of the future more fully in and through the faith of the Gospel. The longer I live the more I see of man's nothingness and the wonderful kindness of God in giving us His blessed book.

I suppose you are still full of care and anxiety about the welfare of your children, feeling it worth living to be looking after their training. I heard indirectly that your eldest son was in the American War. I could not hear whether he was wounded, killed or had come home. I presume he is still among the living. I really wondered at him being discontented in that Beautiful Place. It often seems that young folks must wander far away from home to get what is termed their wild oats sown, and very often the profits are of little amount. Experience teaches what theory will not accomplish. Our natures are much prone to self-righteousness, especially when about entering into active life. It is hard to see our true position, tradition often blinds, but the blessed Book points out what is true and what prejudices are.

This month finds self and family, number nine in all, in a good share of health and prosperity. Dear Jacobina is something like you, I presume, toiling and looking after the children's comforts, both physically and morally, and for their getting a full share of mental improvement. Jane our eldest, who is now a very stout girl, has been keeping school for the last five months, with much credit to herself and all concerned. I was afraid she would not be content, that the government of children would be difficult, that her youth would be against good progress, and I thought it was best for her to go on trial for half a year before going to the training school. In all these fears we have been disappointed. Margaret is learning the millinery business in Newcastle—will be there a year; has been there three months and is content. Elizabeth is learning housework; when old enough she will likely keep school, as her education is good. Amy, who is twelve, is our best scholar, having gone to school steadily. Grace, who died at nine months, is the broken link. Alice is a fair scholar and is doing well. Judson Wallace, of almost five, stout and smart, is reading in the Bible a little. Clara is a bright, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked creature, who I am afraid will be petted too much, as the youngest of a family generally is.

Thus you see I am anxious to enjoy the comforts of life for myself, wife and family, trusting in the good hand of God to long spare my use-

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fulness for their general benefit. May it be your happiness to be spared for more usefulness, so that when the end of life arrives you will have the approbation of having done your duty in the fear of God.

Answer this ere long, with many particulars. Give my love to enquiring friends. I suppose more have forgotten me than I can forget.

I remain yours, as ever, in the bonds of love, good will and affection,

BURKE ARCHIBALD.

The following verses were sung at the Memorial Day services held in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 30, 1910, the author being a member of that church.

Once more to our heroes rich garlands we bring,
The choicest of flowers that blossom in spring;
We stand by each mound in the silence of tears
With memories stretching back over the years.

Their record of valor can never be lost,
The prize that they gained at so fearful a cost.
The sons of such sires will that record retain
Since Country and honor forever remain.

Their footsteps no longer respond to the drum,
Their music is silent, their voices are dumb:
They rest in their bivouac, their marching is o'er,
Their tents are now pitched on Eternity's shore.

The conflict still rages, the battle is near,—
Be strong and courageous, there's nothing to fear;
When fighting is ended and victory won,
Our Captain will say to His faithful, "Well done!"

—*Joseph H. Beale.*



THE CAVALRY HABIT AT SIXTY-EIGHT

BOOK THREE
THE OLD HOME

CHAPTER I

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE

FATHER and mother were equally solicitous that all the children should receive an education. I, being the eldest of the family, received the least schooling. There was no school in our district the winter following my return from war, so mother proposed that my sister Emily and I board ourselves at Uncle Daniel's and go to school there. They were always very kind and tender to mother. They had a superior school at the South Branch. Our eldest sister Hattie was teaching, and mother's ambition, like father's, was to make teachers of all the children but the eldest, who was likely to be the farmer, and who could by abundance of manual work get along with less schooling.

So we went to school for the winter. I was twenty-three years of age. The schoolbooks which influenced me most at ten years of age were Lennie's Grammar, beginning with the four parts of speech, orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody, and the Spelling Book Superseded, yet I never did adore them. It has taken sixty years of reasonable application to get on familiar or even speaking terms with the above subjects. No wonder the foregoing course of instruction loomed up like a mighty Babylonian wall, impossible for children to scale. But the most indelible impression made was by a series of spelling rules with exceptions annexed, with reasons added, and abstract conclusions following, which were taught in this school by our cousin, Miss Rebecca Newcomb. I think we were assigned from three to five of these rules a day, averaging about ten lines each to recite, and we enjoyed this for about five months, but the series had no signs of coming to an end

when we left for home in the spring. I have never been a good speller, but I don't understand the reason. If I wished at any time to use a difficult word and could not spell it, and recalled all the rules for spelling, I became more confused than before. I have, therefore, abandoned them entirely and simply do the best I can with the old dictionary. I think the old method of spelling in syllables is not excelled to-day.

Miss Newcomb was an excellent teacher and taught a superior school. She afterwards married our dearly beloved Uncle George Richardson, after whom our brother George was named. They lived in the Annapolis Valley, far famed for Evangeline, beautiful homes, the thickest and whitest of apple blossoms, and richly splashed Gravensteins. Our teacher, Miss Newcomb, was a relative of the late Professor Simon Newcomb of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, one of the very great men of the world upon whom marks of honor have come in showers.

I worked on the farm through the spring, summer and autumn, to get more tan and strength, and then mother and I deliberated what was best for me to do. Uncle was thinking about going into the mercantile life, and I secured a place as clerk with the firm of John Silver & Company, Halifax. I liked the business and the firm, Mr. Silver and Mr. Payne, who were men of sterling integrity and supreme kindness of heart. James McPherson was chief clerk, and we were brought into close contact with each other, and an intimate friendship sprang up which has lasted. After being in Halifax a short time I began to realize my need of an education, and this need was felt more keenly day by day. I could not express myself as I would like, nor could I meet and talk with others of my age with any satisfaction, ease or intelligence. I went to

the old Citizens' Library. Mr. Creed was librarian, and he was ready to aid. I procured books and resolutely began reading and studying. I knew the hours I had to myself. I would read awhile, and then stand up before the open book on the table and attempt to give in regular order the sense of what I had read. It was slow work, but never for more than a moment did I lose faith that the method must tell in the end; and from that year to this the policy and practice of persistency has steadily held its place and has been the chief factor in my life. I acquire knowledge very gradually and more slowly than most others, but the story of the tortoise and the hare is a true one. The temperance societies in the city were very helpful to me, and I wish here to gratefully acknowledge their influence in strengthening the home teaching, and the wholesome social environment with which they surrounded their members. Many affect to despise the common things of life which usually prove to be the best. In old Chebucto Lodge, where I was a humble member, was a group of fine singers, among whom were Burpee Witter in youthful prime, the Payson girls, and many others, which surely made the lodgeroom vibrate with rich melodies long after the doors were closed and our good nights were said. The debates were of a high order, and the recitations were varied and numerous. Our valued membership included T. B. Flint, a rising barrister recently from Yarmouth, now an LL.B. and clerk of the House of Commons, Canada; Ben Russell, now Mr. Justice Russell of Dartmouth, N. S.; James McQuinn, now deceased, and many more. Later I succeeded to the chair as worthy chief, and it was during this term we invited Acadia Lodge to spend an evening with us. To prepare a suitable address of welcome I hastened to interview Brother Flint, who right royally

helped me out in its preparation, and we had indeed a glorious evening with our friends.

It was our parents' advice that we should continue the practice of attending church and Sabbath school regularly, not spasmodically; also that we hear public lectures on every possible occasion. Lectures key the mind up to higher ideals and purpose, and strengthen resolves. The liking for good may grow equally with that for evil, and the presence and power of association are very valuable. Mother's letters were frequent and regular, and were a cable always there to hold the boy to his best. The letters between brothers and sisters had great potency in maintaining the good old family feeling which sometimes is supplanted by new interests of less importance. This correspondence is still continued, and one is unable to express the full measure and value of these volumes of letters during the past fifty years.

CHAPTER II

MOTHER'S LETTER

IN JULY, 1868, I received a letter from our beloved mother asking me to come home, as she was not feeling so well, and she wished to talk over some matters with me. I was given leave of absence and found all at home well except mother, who had now a distressing cough. She had lost strength during the warm summer, but bore her weakness without complaining. My sisters were very attentive and thoughtfully alert in varied little things for her. They had moved her bed into the front parlor, where the rising sun was first seen in the morning glow.

Near the front windows and open doorway were autumn roses and a few bright phloxes and hollyhocks lifting their spikes of flowers above the garden wall, and over these were the trembling-leaf poplars, helping to ward off the heat. But the house had low ceiling, and bright glints of the shimmering light slipped through the tremulant foliage and lit the room that helped to brighten the spirit of our sick mother. She felt the heat at midday most, when there was less tree protection. There were two or three rocking chairs, and sometimes she would sit in one and then another, pillowed by the girls to rest her weariness. The heat was hard to bear. In the morning after the dew was gone we carried her in the easy-chair into the garden or under the white house willows, where the shade was to her comfort, and near the path she had often walked along.

Carry me out from this half-lit room,
From the fears that your love reveals;
Out to the paths and the trees and bloom,
On knolls where wise Nature heals.

We read a good deal to her out of doors. She had taught us to read aloud to one another and we had grown to like it, and she enjoyed hearing our voices linked with the words. As a rule we selected our readings, and she watched the growth of taste and forming character, for that was uppermost with her. We read some things she had learned to love years before. We had Beecher's "Life of Christ." She loved that story of the incidents in the life of Jesus. She asked us to read the twenty-third and one hundred and third Psalms, or to recite many of our hymns. "In the Christian's Home in Glory," and "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide," were favorites. The birds would break out in concert songs, as if to encourage hope, and we heard their friendly sympathy, for mother had lifted the tiny nestlings from the ground to a branch for their protection. The silent forces were all about us, and mother dwelt much in these. They seemed at times the echoes of subconsciousness. The noise of life is harsh and rude. Silent power reaches beyond and into the infinite. Jesus' sayings in His parables come out of the quiet, silent speech of the woods and fields, and it was all compassed in one short life.

Our mother's life of forty-four years was longer as a period of time than was the life of Jesus. And she truly possessed His spirit. It was that spirit which made our home what it was, and remembered as it is to-day. It was neither silver nor gold, for we had no wealth nor grandeur, nor did we crave for it.

The home of Jesus was filled with a beautiful spirit which came down from above, preserving the mutual confidence of Joseph and Mary, which is the needed model to-day and for all time for home-makers. It was Joseph who named the child Jesus. The discovery of this model

home was made through nature ministering to the Divinity which "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Mother was our morning and evening star, guiding our destiny after father's death.

My sister Harriet says she remembers well grandmother's coming in the morning after father died and saying, "Poor, dear Wallace," and weeping as if her heart would break, and mother trying to comfort her. But it was like mother to forget herself in others.

She could not remain very long in the open air, and we carried her in to lie down for rest. The painfulness of physical weakness was hard for her bright spirit to endure. Relatives and friends and neighbors came to see her, and she had a cheery word for all. She had many, many warm friends who held her in very deep esteem, and to these she gave in return full measure and running over. She took too little nourishment to keep up her strength, yet somehow her sick bed was bright. One day I asked her if she could take a taste of fresh trout. I went to the mouth of the brook on the river, threw in the line and hooked a salmon trout, the finest I had ever seen, and we said, "It was a Godsend." September grew cooler, and we chose the warmer spots for her, but she could not remain longer out of doors, and then only on the brightest days. She was gradually letting go of things here, and holding firmly to the love of her Saviour. We children did not understand it then as we do now. She was preparing for the separation and we felt she was gradually going from us. Her life was slowly ebbing, without murmur or complaint. All the ministers called to see her. The doctor could do no more. September had gone, Uncle Samuel was often in. October came, and she was weaker, but her mind was clear. She took my hand and asked me to go to Mrs.

Horton's, three miles distant, and ask her to come. When we returned our dear mother had gone away.

We believed as we were taught, that God in His wisdom had called her to a higher sphere and it was our duty to submit to His righteous will. And we still believe it.

No burdens yonder,
All sorrow past;
No burdens yonder,
Home at last.

The pastor's address contained an appreciation of her graces and abilities in the home, in the church, and in the community. Her body lies in the Baptist Church cemetery in Stewiacke Village, with those of friends who were in fellowship in life and death. Two monuments are erected side by side, to the cherished memory of father and mother.

Over the river, faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.
Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor—near to their side.

Sweet little darlings, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckoning come;
Bright as the sunbeams, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Jesus the Saviour, bright morning star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Hear the glad message: Why will you roam,
Jesus is calling, sinner, come home.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way.
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in glory, looking this way.

“Use the opportunities you have, make the best of your circumstances, however unpromising. Give your hearts to God and your lives to earnest work and loving purpose, and you will never live in vain. Men will feel your influence like the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant from the hidden sweetness of the spring, and men will miss your communings as if a calm, familiar star had shot suddenly and brightly from your presence; and if there wave not at your funeral the trappings of the world’s gaudy woe and the pageantry of the world’s surface honor, eyes full of heart-break will gaze wistfully adown the path you have vanished, and in the long, long after-time hearts which you have helped to make happy will recall your memory with gratitude and tears.” The foregoing is from a lecture by Dr. Puncheon, given in the Academy of Music in Halifax in 1867. It is a quotation from memory and it is given as expressive of the lives of our parents.

I wish it were possible to portray the feelings of each child as we returned into the home after the burial. These feelings were held by each as sacred, and never can be faithfully transcribed. Mother gave her life to inspire and leave with us a lesson to last for eternity. From the moment we returned to the house the home was vacant, and nothing we could do would even partially fill the void. But we cannot leave mother’s teachings behind without personal loss. The overshadowing sadness subdued us within the house, we could not regain the hopefulness of the past. Our strong, magnetic, sympathizing counsellor had gone, and we did not know how to direct our course. Our house was there and the farm, but the spirit of the home had fled and we felt lonely.

We drew nearer together, and for the first time the cold grayness of duty appeared, and we must do it because we

must. But the feeling of loneliness was a sad experience that often came. Each of us at times would seek solace in worldly pursuits. But we had our moments when we found happiness in counting our "Dear ones in heaven, looking this way." Father and mother, three baby brothers, our Uncle William, the Doctor, Aunt Sarah, with our grandparents and others we had loved in this home.

The homestead had now lost its central figures, and we began to separate. One by one, a family of seven, we became teachers. We kept the family lines cross-cut with letters going fast, and we frequently met about the home. The books of school grew smaller as the books of nature and experience opened wider. Friends met friends here and there, and mutually imparted sympathy and counsel.

Not gold but only boys make men; these only make a people great and strong with truth inlaid. Perfume is the very life and soul of the flower. No man deserves more of his race than those who keep men mindful of their childhood years, and send refreshing streams of sentiment and feeling coursing through the latest days of sordid work and worry. We may enjoy the sweetness of after life by living in the light of early love. Clouds have their trailers, and the strongest sunlight its rosy redness. We have seen the young robins on the nesting ledge in the springtime, and in the autumn fly far, far away. The viney veils of youthful tenderness ripen to an oaken strength, to breast the storms of life and hold eternity in touch. Simplicity of thought, with strength of feeling, is the pearl of charming life in young or old, and the poetical expression of human existence.

The following letter is from our cousin, Rev. E. N. Archibald, written to the seven children shortly after our bereavement:

MOTHER'S LETTER

My dear Cousins: I just now saw the dear name of your departed mother in the death list of the *Christian Messenger*. How sad I feel for you and for my loss. I loved your mother. How I regret that I have seen her so seldom of late. The last time I was home I had but two days, and it was impossible for me to do justice to my dear sick mother to go and see you, and yet do we not see different now. If I had known, what we cannot know, that she was so near the great eternity, I would have gone by night to bid her a *final farewell*. And is she gone, your own dear mother? Where, dear bereaved children? I know she died trusting in the blood and merits of the blessed Jesus. Then there is but one answer. She is with Jesus. O, how happy! She, no doubt, has met before this her dear sainted husband and your father and my beloved uncle. O, how sweet to meet after eight years of separation. Dear Aunt Sarah, Uncle William, grandfather and mother, my brother Dickie, O, how precious to me! Dear Cousin George and O, how many others that were brothers and sisters in the Lord's church here below. How many that were once so active, and now cold in death. Dear cousins, will we not learn to live for God, that we may be fully prepared when our turn comes? It will come, it is drawing near us. "Be ye also ready" is the warning voice. I cannot feel for you as I would like. My parents still live. But I know they will soon have to pass through the same dark waters. But I know that religion will support me as I feel it has some of you. I want to know these bereavements are sanctified to your good, Willie, and Harriet and Emily, and George. Now perhaps you were forgetting Him, seeking the things of this world and forgetting the next. Jesus saw this and out of love He has, in order to lead you back humbly to His feet, taken dear, dear mother. O, then will you not love Him better? Don't be too anxious for time. We must soon be gone. "Lay up treasures in heaven." I long to have a letter from you to hear how dear mother died, and I know that you have Jesus's love the more because you have no mother here. To all the other dear little ones, Arthur, Sarah and Anna, I would say pray to Jesus often, very often, to change your hearts and take you by and by to be with Jesus and mother and father in Heaven. And to you I would say, "See, O see, that as far as possible you act in their stead, fulfilling their dying wishes." I left Mrs. Archibald and baby well last Friday. I am now on a three weeks' mission to the east of the Island, to seek poor souls for Jesus. O, that God might bless the word and my poor soul with more love for sinners drifting to ruin.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

It seems to me that God is about to bless us. Pray for us and for all that are plucking brands from the burning. Will I ever see any of you in my home? How glad I would be. May the time come. I must now close, hoping to hear from you shortly. This letter is a token of my sincere love and sympathy for you all.

ELIKAIM N. ARCHIBALD.

A letter from our cousin "Squire" John, youngest son of Wellwood Reynolds, now eighty years of age, says: "The Archibalds have more than held their own in Musquodoboit. Well nigh one-fourth of the people are Archibalds, and one-fourth more married Archibalds, while others have gone away to start new homes. I often think of your mother getting along so well, with a large family. Few did it better. She was one of my favorites."

Reading aloud is a great touchstone in drawing a family together. There was a beauty of thought and a reverence of expression springing out of a religious nature. The golden threads and fiber of spiritual life had great strength in those two pillars, Samuel Burke Archibald and his son Wallace, who went from this household within a year. Their natures had been imbued with the Divine by their attitude towards God as their father, and His works in nature.

Brother George, in an editorial in *The Stewiacke Enterprise*, from which I quote, says: "Beautiful Musquodoboit, thy very name is music to the ear of him who has once learned to love thee in thy shy and retiring and almost unknown loveliness. How sweetly does thy noble stream meander through green glades and grassy meadow. How beautiful in the springtime do thy 'banks and braes' array themselves in floral glories. Far and wide stretch thy rich acres, tilled by as worthy a population as even sturdy Nova Scotia can produce. Here generations have

MOTHER'S LETTER

lived—a grand race of people, a credit and pride to any country. ‘Far from the madding crowds’ they pursue the quiet and unobtrusive life, of which the brain-weary traveller in the crowded mart so often dreams. Cultivating the soil of the paternal acres, raising their families in the fear of God, and ever and anon sending forth from their quiet valley strong-brained and vigorous men and women who make their mark wherever they may go. Over fifty years ago it had a reputation for good schools and wise, enterprising teachers, which spread far beyond her natural borders.”

CHAPTER III

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

AROUND the beginning of the nineteenth century cluster several unwritten historical events in which many families in the British Maritime Provinces, the United States, Great Britain and India were interested, and which were far reaching in shaping their religious beliefs. William Carey was converted in 1783, and sailed for India in 1793, being the first modern missionary to the heathen world. His discovery of an old Bible truth that the acceptance of Christianity by the heathen world depended upon the efforts of Christians, was a new gospel out of an old book.

Our grandfather was born in 1776 and came to Musquodoboit in 1797, where he married in 1801 Margaret Dechman, born in a Christian family in Edinburgh. This family of Presbyterian faith removed to Halifax shortly after her birth.

Adoniram Judson was born in 1788 at Malden, Mass. With his newly wedded wife and the Newells he sailed for India, reaching Rangoon in 1813. The intelligence of Mr. and Mrs. Judson's study of the Scriptures from a new point of view on the ship's journey, and of their subsequent desire to place themselves under the Board of the American Baptist Missionary Union, was not long in reaching the bounds of the Christian world. The existing churches in the Maritime Provinces had been greatly disturbed by an earlier movement, locally known as the "New Light Stir," led by the Rev. Henry Allen from New England. When a very young boy I heard my grandmother tell about these things. She spoke of him as Rev. Henry Alline.

Nova Scotia was then a newly settled country, and the

nearest neighbors were the forest trees, who never harbored prejudices; and the settlers were much alone with them to work out the truth into beautiful personalities. When the tidings reached our grandfather's home of Mr. Judson's change in doctrinal views, they seem to have been profoundly impressed. They were both Bible readers. They were impressed because they regarded the Judsons from America as leaders in this new mission movement, and this awakened a deeper interest in Bible study. How often we heard them say, "How thankful we should be that we were born in a Christian land with the gospel of salvation sounding in our ears." I do not recall in either home a prayer at the family altar which did not breathe a desire for the spread of the Gospel among those who were ignorant of it, and "who were bowing down to stocks and stones." I remember the old yellow magazines of the *Missionary Intelligencer*, without covers, dated 1818 and 1819, and printed in narrow double columns, with letters from Mr. Judson and Nancy Judson. These were very easy for children to read, too. Our father was born in 1818, the year the first steamship, the "Savannah," crossed the Atlantic and in the very midst of this great awakening, and this fact is taken into account in measuring the strength of his spiritual insight into missions. His zeal had as its basis a firm belief in the providential guidance of events. He had faith in the ability of a human sympathetic spirit to work with God. This faith seemed as deep as life itself. It was faith with works. We children never heard in all our lives a profane word from either grandfather or father. Our father was never known to be otherwise than respectful and deferential to his father and mother to the day of his death. This is a valuable asset in character to transmit to posterity. This element in life cannot be too conspicuous.

The Archibald race are a reverential and medially religious people, and this may be regarded the most valuable asset of a family. Grandfather was a man of very independent thought, deliberation and conscientious convictions. When they joined the Baptists it cost them a sacrifice we know not of to-day. Grandfather and grandmother accepted the principles of Baptist polity about the year 1815. The nearest church organization was at Onslow. The Stewiacke church was founded by Elder James Munroe in 1832. At first it consisted of fifteen members, some of whom removed from the Onslow Church to Stewiacke. Some of Dr. and Mrs. Judson's letters were copied into a *Nova Scotia Baptist Miscellany*, which I think was published at Halifax years before the *Christian Messenger*, which was established in 1837. We remember old copies of the *Messenger* preserved in trunks or boxes, as we were subscribers the first year and never a copy was destroyed or used as a wrapper in that generation without severe reproof. During the seven years Dr. Judson labored in India before he made a single convert, many prayers ascended on his behalf and the heathen people, but Christians were slowly learning God's way and will in beginning a new and larger work. There was something in their storing away the religious papers, for it showed their purpose to preserve the good in them for those who were to follow.

Grandmother was our "chronicler" and she told the family the names of all the preachers, and their sermons, and the texts, and the "heads of their discourse," over and over, else we would not have remembered them at all.

Our homes were open houses for the ministers of whatever name, and they found no more hospitable ones in the country. There was the Rev. John Sprott of eccentric fame; the Rev. William Burton; the Rev. Mr. Graham, who

came to Stewiacke from Cornwallis, followed by Mr. Newcomb, an old parishioner; the Dimocks, who came from Connecticut, a very fine race of people, first Rev. Daniel Dimock, then Rev. Shubiel Dimock, his son Rev. Anthony Dimock, who was pastor of the Stewiacke church. I remember him at our breakfast table. He was greatly beloved by our people. He was very lame in walking. There were also Rev. George Richardson, who was our maternal grandfather; Rev. Mr. Delaney, Rev. Nathan Cleveland, and Rev. D. W. C. Dimock.

Our father and mother had a rich bequeathment in missionary literature. Zeal for truth possessing power weighed more with them than ecclesiasticism or scholastic attainments. Our Sabbath papers furnished us with information of the Moravian mission work abroad and the arrival of a colony in Pennsylvania in 1732. Their zeal was infectious. They seemed to act as a unit in sending missionaries and supporting them, as they do to-day under great financial difficulties, because their work has grown beyond their numbers. These peculiar people still live in a sweet and natural simplicity, and little influenced by the artificialities of modern civilization. But their missionary spirit is growing. Near their beautiful town of Bethlehem lies their cemetery, studded with magnificent cedars and without tombstones or family lots fenced off, for the Moravians believe that in "God's acre," as everywhere else, all are equal. Flowers bloom on all the tombs alike, abundantly and sweetly. On Easter morn, at the spring of day, there is held an open-air service, first in front of the church, and then in procession with band they enter the "city of the dead" and march up and down the avenues to the slow strains of sacred music, soft and low. They halt at the speakers' mount and just as the first rays of the rising sun

reach their eyes, a rousing blast is sounded by the herald—the band plays joyously, the congregation sings with shouts of victory as it greets and ushers in the glorious Easter day. The story of the resurrection is told again, what it has done for the world and what it will still do.

Dr. Judson had been four years in Burma before he found one man who believed in an eternal God. This information revealed the sad state of the heathen to our people in a stronger light. Then we had more or less writings of Moffat and Livingstone from Africa. The children imbibed without reserve the truth that purely human effort without including God in the plans of life means a failure—but that the exalting and strengthening of the spiritual nature above the human lifts man to his highest possible place. In this view the preacher is God's chosen servant to remind, encourage and enlighten the people in the word and spirit of Jehovah. They were the sincere friends of the missionary and preacher, who received no adequate equivalent for a self-denying life.

The masses must be thoughtfully led into a receptive mind to receive God's message conveyed to them. When we weigh the two-fold nature of man and compare and balance values, the human nature side is evanescent and soon forgotten.

Our eldest sister, Harriet, was named for Mrs. Newell, whose lovable life and noble character were appreciated by our parents. Mrs. Harriet Newell was the first Baptist martyr in India. She was buried on the Isle of France in 1812. The memory of her beautiful young life was cherished by our parents for the spirit it evinced towards the work of missions. This sister naturally possessed the spiritual essence of mission work and the abiding love of doing good and radiating it around her. At one period she contem-

plated giving herself wholly to the work, but man sometimes frustrates our cherished hopes and plans.

The missionary intelligence fed a thirst for knowledge. The life and labors of Dr. Judson, month by month and year by year, were much read and commented on in the family, and kept the children interested. Mrs. Ann Hazeltine Judson wrote a little pamphlet on missions for circulation. But she died in 1826 at the early age of thirty-seven, when Dr. Judson was away from home.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy weary limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.

Eight years later, in 1834, Dr. Judson and Mrs. Sarah Boardman, widow of the late missionary at Tavoy, were married. The precarious nature of the lives of missionaries and their self-sacrificing work deepened the interest of the children in missions.

We were kept fairly well informed by the various papers and books out of the Sunday school library. When Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson died, eleven years after her marriage to Dr. Judson, it was much talked of in both families, for it was realized that the missionary movement was sustaining heavy losses.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,
Where the warrior has lain
Let the Christian be laid;
No place more befitting,
Oh! Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee!

To children there is something particularly fascinating

in a story about young people starting out in life for the first time. They note carefully each step of their way, and study the difficulties they encounter, and observe how they overcome them, and feel the push and persistence they show to get ahead, and glory with them at the end in their rewards. The early life of Emily Chubbuck was such a story. Her comparative poverty at home, being a worker in a woollen mill on very small pay, made her love and devotion to her sick sister, Lavinia, express the very kernel of the pure missionary spirit. This was shown by ministrations with cheerfulness, to brighten the departing life of one she dearly loved. On a half holiday from the mills she led the way to a pretty woods, where she carried a buffalo robe to spread on the green, while the father carried his sick daughter to breathe the woodsy air and enjoy the change for an afternoon. Here were whiling thoughts steeped in communion with nature's sweetest breaths, where the violets and other pretty babes of the wild toss to us their fragrant showers of life. It gave the sick one one day more of renewing life. She may be remembering it still—for it was the last time she was ever permitted to go there.

She lived only a month longer. The day on which she died Emily begged from a neighbor's garden on her way home an apronful of roses, which she carried into the sick-room. She rallied a moment and Emily laid the flowers upon the bed,—a smile at the act is all that remains. In the last moment of life she exclaimed, "Glory, glory! My Father! Jesus!" and breathed no more.

This incident occurred at Pratt's Hollow, New York. Emily Chubbuck was a beautiful writer in both poetry and prose, under the pen name of "Fanny Forrester." Her thoughts were full of sweetness and with a delightful

tenderness we do not forget. At the early age of twelve she had thoughts of mission life. She became the third wife of Dr. Judson. Her letters from Burma were regarded as models of correspondence. She was born in 1817 and died in 1854, about three years after the death of Dr. Judson. Our people firmly believed in the leading and guiding and wisdom of Providence.

Our second sister, Emily, was named for Mrs. Judson, and was born six years before Mrs. Judson's death. Sister Emily is also our model letter-writer. She leads us all in style and form and substance, that touch the heart and intellect of all her friends. She is never unkind or untrue, but full of self-sacrifice and sympathy to all in need. She is a faithful friend and regular giver to the cause of missions at home and abroad. She is a good conversationalist and on worthy subjects glows with spirit and intelligence. She has borne a goodly share of sorrow, toil and disappointments but contrives to cheer the downcast with a philosophical cheerfulness. She loves her Saviour and those who suffer most. We remember her in love and affection.

We owe more to our ancestral inheritance than we realize. I remember well our dear little brother Anthony, named for our pastor in 1848, Rev. Anthony Dimock. He was a beautiful child, but died of scarlet fever at three years of age, causing deepest sorrow in our home.

Our sister Sarah was named for our aunt, who was preparing for missionary work when stricken with consumption. Hers was a lovely character, unusually promising. Our sister has her abilities and likeness. She has been a keen sufferer for a few years at the Victoria Hospital and at home. Our united sympathies have all gone to her in her severe affliction. Her life has been a noble one, shining as a teacher and a home-maker. Each stretches out

an invisible hand through great distances in loving regards and sympathetic touch to mellow the light and ease the pain to her eyes and prolong her dear life.

It has been said of the Archibald race that they merge their lineal traits in the baby of the family. Anna was our baby, and mother named her for herself in 1858. Her sprightliness and cheerfulness were always infectious, both in the sunlight or in the shadows. She has been able to develop and strengthen her missionary inheritance by devoted service abroad. Possessed of deep, refined sympathy for suffering humanity, she naturally joined herself to the beautiful in life, and has grown into an unusual love for flowers—the angels of earth—and gathers them in their ministry of beauty. She left us for the Hill's of Washington, and then was sent out by the Baptist Mission Board of that State to the Alaska field, for mission work among the Indians at the government reservations.

Brother George stands strong in reverential affection and parental regard for father and mother and the old Red Home. He enjoys the combat of municipal and political life, and the humor of the situation. He is an admirer of Sir Charles Tupper, for whom he named a son.

Rev. Arthur R. R. Crawley, missionary to Burma, was born at Sydney and sailed from Boston in 1853, and our people's thoughts and feelings went deeper into missions. Mr. Crawley reached Henthada in 1854. Brother Arthur was named for this missionary, and it was father's expressed intention to give him an education with this work in view. But our father's premature death necessitated a change of plans. He and his numerous boys are charmed with the lowing of herds and the neighing of steeds on the plains in the old, patriarchal way.

In my own family we named two children for missionaries,

Isaac Chipman Archibald for his cousin, the missionary to India, now home on furlough with Mrs. Archibald; and Henrietta Feller, named for Madame Feller, founder of the Grand Ligne Mission. My heart's desire is that no thought or act of mine may injure the tender feelings of any one or pain a single soul upon the earth; but to give to all kindlier feelings and sweeter messages of truth to live on and on. I have lived much alone in the exultant liberty in nature's dells, and find happiness there in communion with my Maker, steadily striving to read into life the intricate and beautiful. I have much to be thankful for, but most of all for our sound inheritance received from our sainted father and mother.

Forty-two years have gone since mother's last parting from the dear old home. We remain an unbroken band of seven. The loom of time has woven in the years passing threads. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

CHAPTER IV

A SURVEY OF MISSIONS IN INDIA

IN family history we have grateful recollections of the missionary spirit in our parental home and in that of our grandsire. The children had set great value upon this inheritance and instruction before they reached mature life. The seeds of knowledge have grown and were expressed in thoughts and deeds. The limits of this volume will not permit beautiful and interesting excursions into the various branch lines of this influential family. Before closing this chapter the author wishes to show the development of the missionary spirit. "The Unfinished Task," by Dr. Barton, has furnished a brief but comprehensive survey of missions to 1908, and to this book I am indebted for the following data concerning early and prominent missionaries.

The first modern missionary movement began in 1792 in the Baptist Missionary Society of England, organized under the leadership of William Carey, followed by the London Missionary Society in 1795, and the Church Missionary Society in 1799. These three societies soon began to attract wide attention. The American Board of Foreign Missions was formed in 1810 and the Baptist Missionary Union was formed in 1812. The Judsons and Mr. Newell reached Rangoon in 1813, but Mrs. Newell died on the way.

The more closely we read, the more deeply we are impressed with the spirit of self-sacrifice in the springtime of this Christ-inspired movement.

Henry Martyn went to India in 1807. The writer recalls an interesting incident of him. Hannah More was visiting the home of Zachariah Macaulay when the

latter's little son of eight years composed the following lines:

Here Martyn lies in manhood's early bloom;
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb.
Religion sorrowing o'er her favored son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.

The prohibitory stand taken against missionaries by the East India Company and the insecurity to life were very grave difficulties to face. The Sepoy Rebellion in 1857 purchased at a cruel cost the direct control of Indian affairs for the British Parliament, and civil liberty for the missionaries. This was followed by educational and industrial reform. In 1908 among the three hundred millions in India, Burma and Ceylon, ten million dollars are invested in equipment and in the work of Christian missions. The blessed Bible is translated into the seventy languages and dialects of this country alone. There are 1461 ordained foreign missionaries, but including the unordained, their wives, and the unmarried, there is a total of 4346 foreign missionaries in the country. These are distributed in 1846 cities and centers. There are 31,931 trained native workers, and these increase the mission centers to 8082. These native workers are mostly supported by native communicants and are all members of Protestant native churches. There are to be added 657,000, who are under training as candidates for membership. There are large armies of children in Christian schools. In ten years the Protestant native Christians showed an increase of fifty per cent. Christianity has reached the point of being fifth in numbers among the religions of India. Several weekly papers are published by native Indian Christians. When King Edward VII was crowned as Emperor, twenty native churches were represented and six representatives were ruling princes.

The National Missionary Society of India is inter-denominational. Its object is to direct and increase the number of native workers to be supported by native churches. This society adopted its constitution in the pagoda where one hundred years ago Henry Martyn prayed and worked for India's evangelization. When we recall the facts that the first Hindu convert was baptized in 1800 and that the Commercial Company was actively opposed to missions until 1833, and also consider the natural barriers to the introduction and growth of the spirit of Christianity, we cannot but see and say the hand of God has led to the great results that have followed. With God's guidance and blessing almost insuperable obstacles have been largely overcome in the century just passed. What encouragement we have to expect in greater results in the future. We now have the allied forces of commerce, science and wealth, as well as perfected church organizations.

The selfishness in the heathen world without Christ is greater than in the Christian world where the spirit of Christianity prevails. The interest of commerce in opening the doors to trade has also opened the way to missions, and treaties have conferred security to both.

Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, said: "In my judgment Christian missions have done more real lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."

In Christian literature the British Foreign Bible Society, organized in 1804, and the American Bible Society in 1816, are the greatest means in all the earth of putting the Word of God into native and dialect languages. This great pervasive work means the preparation of the literature the people need to read. A new people are being made ready to receive and read the Book of Life. Education

and training of the masses will break down prejudices, ignorance now maintained, and open the way for the sweet influence of Christ to ennoble their lives. A trained native force would serve to facilitate evangelization. There are now twenty-five native workers to every ordained missionary in India. The American Tract Society and the Christian Literature Society of England are doing greatest service.

The wealth of the Christian world has rapidly multiplied itself in comparison with that of the unchristianized nations. The Student Volunteer Movement, linked with the federation movement of the thousands of students from the schools and universities, will represent the brain and consecration abroad, and have the far-reaching significance in conquests of truth and righteousness.

Modern missions are bringing Christians together at home, and becoming the expression of spirituality. Dr. Barton continues: "With that Gospel which points all men to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, the follower of the Lord Jesus Christ has the assurance that he possesses the remedy capable of healing the broken-hearted, arousing the palsied intellects, creating a new society, and breathing the life that comes from heaven into races that are dead in trespasses and sins." . . . "The Christian young man or woman desires so to invest his life that it shall become a real asset in the advance of the Kingdom, and if he is true to himself and to Christ, he will wish to make it accomplish most for the advance of the Kingdom of God on earth."

CHAPTER V

MOTHER AND HER CHARMS

MOTHER was an attractive woman, with an expressive face and figure. Her fine forehead was crowned with long, dark, glossy hair, which was combed down the facial sides and carried to the back of the head in braids or rolls. Her lower face was round and evenly refined. When specially animated in a joyous conversation the raising of the eyes and dilating nostrils together displayed a pleasing personality. The nose was high, of medium width and straight, with mouth no more than medium. Her hands at rest were straight and shapely. She had the pleasing habit of waving one in speech to accentuate her words. The thumb rested near or touching the forefinger and pointed slightly upward. If her forearm rested on the chair arm, the hand would rest on the lengthy finger tips with their joints in curvature, and the thumb would slightly drop. If the narration was poetical or musical the hand would shape itself to readiness and strength. Her voice was clear, with melody intoned. Her weight was about one hundred and sixteen pounds. Her tread was soft and her walk was graceful, with decision. The facial moves in pleasure or in pain changed quickly.

Her complexion was fair and light, with long dark lashes and eyes of medium blue, with eyebrows arched. An assenting movement of the head brought the color, and was most expressive of her character. It was indeed a second language. We children learned to study it. She talked but little, or at times, but was a good listener. If she dissented, her eyes and chin were slightly raised in mild protest. Amid the flowers of genial converse her face was rosy bright and restful, and oft she would say, "My

weariness has disappeared." A happy half-hour of this tonic was worth drachms of drugs she did not use. Her anxieties left marks upon the tissues of her handsome face. There was a dimple in her chin, and I put my finger on it as I saw the other babies do, and she smiled, "You little rogue," and with a gentle tickle made us laugh, and then we looked for more. Her smiles made dimples too upon her sunny cheeks, which lasted with the smiles and many extra laughs we got by ways of children. It was by father's parting that mother's life was overfilled with a heavy trust and from both worlds she held her hopes and strength. It is in the hopeful spirit of our lives we stand expressed in deeds.

At mother's parting we were eight years older than at father's death. She foresaw its coming and nurtured us one by one and all together for the weaning day. From her sick-room, which was at the left and front of the "Red House" (see engraving), from her pillowed rocker she was able to look through the low windows into the autumn garden, where a single fading leaf may have been seen as it lightly sailed down to earth. It is characteristic of the Archibalds to be devoted to one another, as is the feeling of a race. She knew her work with us was closing, but the affections of a life were hard to sever. One day she said, "Look up and love each other," and that message, dropped in the home in great tenderness, has many times mellowed us. Her lips met ours with the instincts and principles of love, which was the image of her soul. Her soul and body were suited to each other. Our pride was in her brow and quality of mind, investing common things with beauty.

She had fine gifts to manage children and draw them to her by a winsomeness of way, and held them by a diversity of powers they could not break. She intuitively divined

what they needed most and told them so, and let them wonder how she knew. She kept the tissues of life alive with living interests, and still we hear her soft, soothing songs lulling us to sleep long, long after our cradles ceased to rock. Our lives are gone far west since then, but the place and scene most precious to us now is the front room and low windows through which she looked afar in reuniting reflections, and where she died.

The pleasure of doing things or anticipating for others long had been her habit, and her fingers, tapering and flexible, were firm in holding needlework to finish. The act of talking and doing in pleasant concert, with an occasional glance, was a wonder to the children. I remember when a boy looking for dropped stitches, but failed to find them.

She held her youthful joyousness many years, but at the last the spirit sobered into gray with suffering. Up to the last and closing hour her mind was clear and fair in arriving at sound conclusions. These she gave with wisdom. Between her feelings and her judgment no opaque partition clouded her mind in life or death. Her own child-life had been planted well with vigorous principles. Her love of nature's rich surroundings and simple life was full to overflowing. Her joyous, moving spirit would animate a household with genuine pleasure of the lasting kind. But time ripens even these into more mature deliberation for their own preservation. In her latest years with us at home her life was poised in meditation with reflections that closed the autumn days of her lingering life. In these last days and hours her dear face was pillowed up with hope and expected change. Her love of life was only clouded with her expiring breath. She lived long and did much with that forty-four years. Her eventful days of youth, and with motherhood

of love and joy, of sorrow with suffering, of personal sacrifice and duty done, the refining symmetry of her noble face, in its varied and ever true expressions of faithful motherhood in the home-making, are sacredly preserved in our loving memories.

Father's native nobility was kingly. He was a well-built man, with broad shoulders, above medium height, with eyes and forehead full. His affections of heart were strong and lasting. In youth he had a handsome form and agreeable countenance, with a modest manner, and possessed inward worth tempered with patience and gentleness. In later life acute suffering had marred his manly figure.

Mother was married at sixteen. We hold both parents in unreserved honor and affection. Their exemplary lives and Christian status attracted us and others to them. They had a large share of suffering and sorrow, but these did not produce bitterness, only resignation. Their native generosity grew year after year into a fine perceptive sense that others, too, might enjoy. The simplicity of their ways of living unfolded easily into a natural goodness, which grew gradually into a philosophic serenity. Their sunshine and cheerfulness drew people around them for another hour of mutual fellowship. Economy did not run into worldly-mindedness. Their charm in part was in the affectionate words of kindness exchanged. They had the consciousness of their power, and they used it as a personal duty to point heavenward.

Mother's gift of winning young people softened them into confiding pliancy, and with fullest faith. Our parents live in their children, and, though now apart, live with them, and oft we act as if for them. We sometimes feel again their kiss—their hand, their voices, the spirit to obey

their wishes—and we express them over and over again, when we are alone or with each other. Last week the writer met two sisters in their homes in Cumberland, in the spirit of the dear old home of long ago, with father and mother with us, though we did not mention it. Perhaps mother's nearness is felt in love and affection, and father's in power to incite to noble and lasting endeavor.

One of the greatest pleasures mankind can have is to record a grateful tribute to parents, who made lives happy and laid the foundations of tastes and loves and reverence. In age we turn ourselves about and look far back, to measure again and again the spirit of the charm once rising in the east in the widening glow of our beginnings. These are our real years of poetry and song, which we love to weave into the prose of life, and which will stay our characters with peculiar pleasure in the grayness of our declining years. Our limitations of life are breaking now, and we hope to meet them in reflected light on the other side.

God is good. He wears a fold
Of Heaven and earth across His face
Like secrets kept for love, untold.

CHAPTER VI

A FAMILY RETROSPECT

DO YOU recollect the dry ravine running up the Stuart hill and parallel with our family brook?

The entrance to it was near the hill of lead ore, close to the brook and inside the young woods northwest of the Round hill. The path up its valley was but a narrow walk, only wide enough for one, throughout its whole length of two hundred yards or more. Beyond its upper end were broad table-lands, under a gentle rise, with nowhere a single depression or hint of a former waterway. Its banks made a sharp declivity, deep, steep and dry. Its general course was a curvature. Its slopes were uniform and regular, with white-winged paper birches, their ribbons floating from their anchorage. There were little conifers of spruce and fir twigged to gray grasses dotting its dry sides and stretching beyond through thin, open woods. What were your thoughts as you looked at it? I was usually alone when passing that way, but there was no other spot on the farm that would start such a train of wondering with me. Many times did I sit on its brow, drawn by invisible forces out of itself, or coming from me, or concerting forces, I knew not which. The breaking up of the great deeps in the Bible story ran glimmering through my mind, but it did not seem to have its birth there. The distance from chine to chine on the heights was about seventy feet. I started a covey of partridges from the east, but they on silent wings floated over to the brook-thickets for cover. I never heard a noise there; I never sought our horses, cattle or sheep there. There was a natural peace enfolding it. It held its fascination firmly all through the years. I went down and round its brows. How came it there? In its presence

comes a feeling of awe, even at the present day. I would like to know its mission and secret power on sense that still it holds. I had no thoughts of levity there, but a stillness of feeling, easily startled by least intrusion. The spirit of search spoke out in me in tones inaudible. In the rainy season only the tiny rivulet ran along the path. The feeling and thought and picture of its park-like beauty would hold the soul in it. Its appearance suggested a superior thought in creation, and lent itself to that point where man could pick up the last end and link it with the Author. The charm of the spot holds no less in these later years. It drew me from the Annand Hill brow more than once to come that way. Its holding power seemed a lingering appeal from a greater, far-off intelligence. The creative thought makes the sentient soul beautiful, compressing ideas into spots for our contemplation. I do not think we ever spoke together on the subject and place. It had an indescribable, elusive meaning to me. The quiet charm to think of it is an effluence still. The initial motive in preparing this book is in the soul-thought kerneling there and coursing up and beyond to a terminal. The ravine is a mystery and the mystery is with the Maker. Father used it for pasturage, but it had deeper uses, which bore inquiries to the Author that in its presence would not be satisfied. There is no disappointment that it did not give up its secret. Who has visited the earth's center or learned its deepest power?

Out of the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.
The litanies of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticle of love and woe.

Does earth's highest beauty bear the impress of the Deity when we go to Him through nature? "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." Around this scene in our imagination dwell father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, in the three generations. The strength and nearness and unity of the scene in all its parts serve to rivet our souls into oneness of purpose to the Author. In its setting it was full of charming details; in its outward look it was worthy landscape. As the artist's work awakens appreciation for the author's skill, so does the Creator's work in sentient things deepen inner sight into the essence of these finer adjustments in the Perfect Being. We prove by soul and sense, the harmony and reasonableness, the ability and willingness of God's knowledge of us. The highway of life has many special spots. This spot was ours. We stand now under different skies, but life's principles are still the same and point to home and name and race advance. It is the case of the end crowning the labor with their desires in full fruition, in love and fealty to the truest and best of parents. Home ties knit into families the inhabitants of earth and sky. Early in our career the strength of uprightness in character called into being a self-respect we can never value too highly, nor maintain at too great a cost. The world is kind, our mistakes are forgotten, but convictions in character will live to gladden families following.

I wonder if the little birds of the nest, after they begin to fly away and nest again for themselves, recall with loving instinct the methods used in the old home-nesting of baby days, and break out into the self-same songs of sweetest melody in the gladsome spirit of childhood's freedom, overflowing with spontaneous joy, fed to the full by the parent birds, preempted from care, and only to obey and sing

because the instinct has made them so? The love of the old nesting-place carries blended strength to the new. It is fortunate for the world that men with a message will reach ears attuned to a soul-thought, and who will sing it on down the years. The growing hope of the race is in the human lives of the few who are looking outward and forward from some table-land where our brothers dwell. Our personal freedom will often prompt the thing most unconventional, and inspire regard for what is higher and better and is still waiting for mankind. There is in store for men a clearer, more luminous light impending, and each of us may pick away a pebble or two of the debris to reveal the treasure. It is for you and for me to bend more to the task of putting a keen purpose into the home life, when so many self-willed and thoughtless people are acting irrationally, and make it more and more the anchor and rock-foundation of our growing nations and the strength of empire. This century will measure our progress or decline. If we are able, with others, to utter the home message of the great Soul of All, the great disappointment of human hearts will fade away. The home is the channel of great capacity and power through which human life must seek fuller expression.

Over the river and up on the shoulder of the mountain, nearly a mile by the winding hay-way, father and the boys would go and cut the clean timothy in the dews of the morning. It stood above the raspberry gardens, where the little children were picking. The stillness of sunrise rustled itself into activity with us till long after midday. In the afternoon we took the oxen and haycart, with the children, to the mountain's crest, for raking and for loading. It was merry-making. Towards the late afternoon the air soothed into a perfect calm. Far below us in softening

A FAMILY RETROSPECT

sunlight lay our enchanting valley, with the river as a silver band broadened by our lofty view. The "Red House" seemed to lift itself up into a clearer view. Here we established the wireless messages. Do you recall some friends going up the garden walk and mother coming down the stone steps to welcome them, when we heard every word by our wireless—so near and yet so far distant? How we all enjoyed it; and while they lingered there in cool and fragrant air we were regaled with tones and voices with messages borne to us with a wider mission. Forty-two years have passed since we laid mother gently in her last resting-place. And still "we are seven," without a break. We will meet them "over there," at the sunset of a later day.

Could I go back to the low "Red House" to-night
And call to mother till she answered "Yes,"
And cry, "Where's father? I've something to tell—
All the joy and gain, the grief and the strain,"
Mother would kiss me, and father would smile
And say, "It will all come right—just wait awhile."

After this Orion Stuart came to live with us as farmer, and remained seven consecutive years. He went to school from our home for two winters. He was a son of George Stuart, whose mother was an Archibald of Bible Hill, Truro. He was industrious and faithful, and is now with his family a resident and property owner at Brockton, Mass.

CHAPTER VII

A PLEA FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

A HOME should be happy to the end of life with true principles inlaid. Family prayer morning and evening gives steadiness to the habit of sacred thoughts, dividing the day into mellowing influences. The Bible should be a light to our feet and a lamp to our pathway, and pleads for opportunities to illuminate. Family unity is cemented by sitting together and reading in turn a chapter of Wisdom, and each one tacitly admitting it into the life. Singing softens the prelude and leavens the thoughts dropping into the soul. The act of the father and mother, asking the unseen Father for blessings, makes prayer a privilege which young minds learn to appreciate. Satan moves in our spiritual natures, but God gives a sublime direction and leverage to overthrow his work in the soul. Family worship held us as a family at least halfway from destruction. Its silent power is precious and its influence permanent. Parents need it as do children to keep them in holy paths. Like a calm, deep stream, with such steadying power, life will move along in a volume silently and joyously. Its roots strike deep into the human heart and its branching stem stands direct amidst the tempest.

This fresh, unbreathed air of heaven is clean refreshment. It begets a softening spell in our breasts when evil tempts. Looking back over the years, no agency has held our lives like this. "The anchor holds." It elevates the home happiness that greens the wintry day throughout life. Self-wills and family afflictions are snow banks of the storms, but hallowed love and good-will melt them in the glowing warmth and sunlight of our Redeemer. It gives tone and intensity to the affections. It throws a sunshine around

A PLEA FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

the hopes and interests of the household. Its influence is for this life and the next, in one continued wholeness. Wayward children, men and women, have been drawn back to praying homes. Mother's prayers at the bedside, or father's with his sons in private, are the sequences of the family worship. Child prayer is a desire for preserving its innocence, embodied in a new and growing life. Regular worship prepares the heart for soul fertility, and the silt and blessing of God drop into life's expanding opportunities. All the circle should kneel together with prayer for the entire household. The warp and woof of child-life need blessed teachings woven in. Such teachings inwoven wear through life.

Family life is beset with trials and temperaments that may lead to conflict. The spirit of Christ is the super-human man, calming the mind and enfolding the home with a quieting power to restore the fine harmonies of all its parts. The nature of forgiveness is learned in its practice, nor can resentment live where God's love reigns. The spirit of separation cannot linger long where there is unity at the family altar. The eternal presence of God, like a pillar of cloud, or fire, is needed by man from the beginning to the end. The father needs that which gently lifts the disquieting burden of daily business; the mother that which smooths fret of toil; and the children that which neutralizes the agency of evil. When darker and sadder days begin to shadow life what will so cheer and brighten the heart as our Heavenly Father's presence? This alone can make the tears of the lowliest sorrow become the seed pearls of the bright crown. This possession is worth more than gold, or property, or homestead, or scholarship, or all these combined, much as we value them. The religion of Jesus is adapted to our lives here, and by its sweet spirit of sub-

mission moulds lives into manly character. It meets the needs of our intelligence and the heart's loudest calls. God makes a covenant with families, and our vital needs are guaranteed. It is always a blessing and never a curse. It will feed our souls with manna and quench our thirsts with living water.

The writer maintained the family altar in his home for many years, but business changes enforcing absence, it was allowed to fall. But the loss to the home was irreparable. As home-makers are nation-makers, all these need the family altar in the home, where God will be pleased to dwell with His sanctifying grace. His blessing, like the dews of the morning, rests on it. It is the charter of family rights, to protect the nation and the home from the evils of divorce.

CHAPTER VIII

USING ANCESTRAL BEQUEATHMENTS

O! suffering thousands, by a destructive prejudice misunderstood . . .
The measure of Divinity in manhood and womanhood . . .
Who lowest stoops to serve mankind in love hath unto greatness grown. . .
Live thou in instant uplook and verily thou shalt see a gracious countenance.

I PROPOSE citing actual occurrences, affording typical illustrations of conditions and temperaments found in a household known for many years, and tracing the causes to legitimate results.

The need for improvement in the object sought by our home builders in the nation was never more urgent than now. The loosening of historic ideals which have been preserved by civilizing races, with the Hebrew nation in the lead, we cannot disregard. God organized the human race in families. The history and the reasons are very plain.

The rising tide of divorcements is sweeping onward and threatens inundation. The gentle refinement of the old homes is giving way to a rude smartness. The loosening of marriage laws, the disintegrating sentiments outspoken in married life, the ease with which divorces are obtained, and the nature of the reasons given for the disbanding of the household, together with the armies of children taught to regard legal divorce as right because it is legal, are alarming.

If the pleas now put forth in favor of divorces are accepted, the homes of earth will universally be rendered insecure because of temperamental defective inheritance or an absence of pure intentions. This class are absorbed in themselves with present ease their chief aim, and are at least supreme in their present prospect.

Science hints it is in a tubercle—a living bacillus or congenital depravity of the race, and men must educate to self-control and self-sacrifice. In both natures life is packed with warring enemies, and man must struggle in either to grow and win. There is not a secret in nature, except man himself—what he is, what he is to be—but he will be able to discover and solve, aided by the Greater Mind above him.

Family irritations and differences are often imaginary, hysterical and irrational. The wide publicity of shocking disclosures by the press is notorious. The Thaw disgust, the Gould scandal, and tens of thousands scarcely less discreditable instances in the United States and Canada furnish the masses with the semblance of arguments composed of facts and fancies which many passionate and thoughtless people are feeding on, and these are engendering hasty action in seeking divorce that ought to and does alarm the nation.

The institutions of marriage and the Sabbath are divinely ordained, and stand as the bulwarks of civilization and the crown of a Christian nation. Should not the thinkers and leaders of our changing civilization be instantly aroused and display their forces determinedly to stay the causes of home destruction and national ruin impending on this continent?

Is it right that the waning or disappointment or alienation of a husband's or a wife's love should be set above the sacredness of the marriage law and vow? Is not each equally responsible for the maintenance of the spirit and letter of this solemn contract which is the written law of God?

If the farmer knows an insect is injuring his trees or fruits he seeks to end its work. In the tropical seas the

enemies of man lie concealed in waters of their own color, ready to steal the lives of men and menace property. They have no higher purpose than to destroy. In these enemies there is not a trace of what we know as goodness. Will we stand inanely by and see the family crumble?

In the twentieth century, with industry almost any one can make money, but the measure of good judgment decides how much of this can be put to a good use. The discipline of saving becomes a virtue; its opposite, a vice. Self-denial is the mother of many virtues. Spending by desire is childish. Saving for eventual need is a source of happiness to most of men. The spendthrift almost meets the miser in one of two extremes, and both are always far from happiness, because the two are selfish and self-willed in the extreme.

Is there a safe principle, innate, to guide a person through life to safety? No! there is no safe guide but the word and spirit of Jehovah. Where a mind has little inheritance in sound, embedded principles in its nature, the judgment will readily accept its prejudices for a guide. God's standpoint should be our standpoint for true judgment, to know which is the truth that enables us to see clearly the right thing to do, and where prejudices do not rule. It is the genius of the Gospel to plant the life with principles that are safe guides, that enable us to realize life is worth living.

It is out of weakness of individuals that shadows creep through the sunlight and make the darkness. Carnal love is purely human and can easily die, but true love emanates from God, implanted by His spirit. That love can never die. Our wills are ours to love and live, and all may with His help work ourselves out of gloom. The best and most reasonable people are those with the greatest moral inheritance.

The Anglo-Saxon race appreciates the value of inheritance and holds that heredity makes for power as perhaps no other race ever claimed or emphasized it.

CHAPTER IX

HOME THE SOCIAL UNIT

MEN believe themselves to be by nature better adapted than women for the more laborious work, and more gifted with reasoning powers to form weightier judgments, and by these, associated, control the financial economics relating to business and the expenditures of home and nation. Public opinion seems to be right in holding the husband accountable for these. The wife must distinguish before marriage between a true love that endures and a love that springs from mercenary motives.

'Tis here my soul shall exercise
Her powers of thought, and love, and care;
We famish now for deeds of love,
And change our gaze from life to gold.

Young girls grow into vanity and self-esteem greatly overwrought, which cultivates an inordinate craving for the notice of others, arising from caprice, which resembles a moral disease or vice undermining the homes of the present day. Gratifying every wish and whim of children under the plea of kindness, really hardens the heart into selfishness. Early training in the nature and principle of higher-given love would develop a strength of character, and set a limit to the effects of purely human love.

This rising evil threatens to surpass the liquor traffic and all other evils combined in its absolutely ruinous effects on society, in a frightfully speedy manner. It is undermining the home foundations so precious in the mind of our Creator. It will not be denied that the opinions of the people have greatly modified the interpretation of the Bible standards, and this loosening tendency is growing.

A husband who would willingly forsake a wife, and a wife who will obstinately break up a home, are both setting themselves above the law of God and His revealed standard of what is right. Mind is a witness to the unseen reality of realities which this life stands for. Self-assertion has been the cause of all evil—once in Heaven, now on earth.

The beauty in this life is the rainbow of promise to reach out to. No Christian fact can become a conscious reality in the life until it sifts its silt through the heart. No new-born love can speak of itself until it arrives. The new birth and soul's awakening is its experience. Its theory is open to free discussion: its proof—a personal development.

There is a disposition to call very grievous sins by some excusing name. A lady who had become a baroness through marriage is seeking a divorce. She blames it all on her temperament. He blames it on her temper. She says, "I have an artistic temperament, I have a right to do as I please." What about the moral law and Christ's teaching? For example, his affinity, real or imaginary, led a married man to run away with another woman. The facts are: Moral principles do not exist there, and this is a scandal and a shame, and sensible people should say so. Wilful blindness blocks the natural progress when it develops prejudice. Popularity in society will not weigh an ounce or scale a moment with the right. The drunkard yields to social pleasures and wrecks his life and happiness.

God is not lenient to the sin of home-breaking, but will demand an accounting of one who would wilfully set back the hand of goodness and destroy the mainspring by breakage or hollow excuses for violation of the marriage law. If the roots of our nature are naturally cruel and of course they are self-willed, and they are not reached by nobler refin-

ing influences with culture, the training and accomplishments of the schools prove a failure. The forceful feeling hope begets in the principle of right will banish resentment held by a moody temperament. The culture of the soul rectifies the character, that steadily crystalizes into higher principle in the making, as sweet maple life and sap reduced to sugar crystal grains. Life without these principles inherited, or acquired and cultured, will be faithless without the principle of crystal preservation. As the keying point and measuring value of obedience in a child is the fine growing sense of conscious duty to obey from the impulse of love, so it is with men and women.

The wife no longer contributes to the family income by making cloth or even clothes. With the increased standard of elaborate dressing she has become its chief burden. This expense and style of living are ruinous to the serenity of home, and are charged with creating discord there in place of harmony

The garden of nature is the grandest school or college ever instituted. Twice a year there is a great wave of birds surging both ways, making bird tides of interest with the regularity of the pendulum; and if our lives were stayed as naturally as theirs it would be of more value to us than millions of artificialities. The hound in pursuit does not value his own life particularly. He is looking for the spirit of the chase and the winning of the race for his master. It is the seizure of a power not our own that makes us happy here. Pride and show are not on the same plane as faith and hope, but they are more natural to shallow human natures, and keep them shallow. Let us catch the deepest, richest notes of our times, and set them to music that will reach the heart and mind, and restore the real to its own. We must have deep and beautiful visions of duty and

obligation to preserve our sanity, our higher manhood, and our enduring happiness.

A loving soul may meet with neglect, unkindness, even distrust or injustice; still, as long as there is the active principle of love the heart will suffer and find excuse after excuse for its object, but will not admit its love misplaced.

There is a crying need for higher ideals of the marriage relation than simply using it as a means of getting a home, or purchasing a husband for bread, social position and expected comfort, or a man picking a handsome woman for show, or lower reasons still. The salvation of the family upon a spiritual and moral social and physical training of the young transcends all else. A husband or a wife who will deliberately in pure self-will thwart the continuance and upbuilding of the home which has received half a lifetime of strong effort in its making merits a punishment not yet provided for. It is in the madness of the human spirit that rules the only life it knows.

O love of God! How deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate—
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

A husband or wife may know latitude and longitude yet not possess the sense of gratitude. There is an ingratitude of the heart that loses its sense of obligations. In this spirit the virtues fade into hardness and a feeling of injustice. Yet there may be hope. We need to begin a fresh study of soul-life, linked in revelation with the beauty of God's lovely handwriting in nature. Home-makers will not allow their thoughts to dwell on the errors, mistakes or incapacities, except with the sincere intention of trying to set them right. If we entertain unkind

thoughts the mind grows irritable and resentful, with a temper to disparage perhaps that which we are unable to appreciate.

CHAPTER X

THE SORROWING HOME

ONCE love, either human love or higher love, reigned there, and trust was mutual. As men and women we owe a duty to God and to man to aid in the implanting of nobler principles and the elevation of our race. The character and temperaments of the heads of this home are faithfully and somewhat minutely described. In young manhood the husband had been trained by an inherited and ideal sense of honor, with purpose, ambition and untiring persistency for industry. His early teachings led to veneration for what was noble, and were a factor in giving him ideals. He was not a money-maker, but had average earning abilities, and found the usual pleasure among men of studying methods of business. His temperament was warm and cordial towards friends and people generally. He was clean in life and language, and fond of its enjoyments, which he shared with average relish. His word was as good as his bond. He held the confidence, respect and esteem of people. He built a neat city home from his earnings, and then he thought he would marry.

Man judges woman by the best in himself, and adds as much more as his imagination has moved his thoughts. The secret of beauty and power in the use of this faculty lies in the ability to conceive of things which do not exist. The man who is able through his growing ideals to make these conceptions exist has a charm about him that leads into the realm of the beautiful quite unknown before. Our best men are able to carry the ideally good into the sphere of fact.

He took his intended bride to see the place. Some of his older friends advised him not to marry this young lady

because she was too devoted to fashionable society. She had many charming qualities. Her home was one of slender, modest comfort, but she had ambitiously sought an education for the purpose of securing accomplishments and the making of fashionable friends. She had acquired pleasing manners, and dressed with stylish neatness and was attractive. She engaged in teaching school and the children were fond of her. After teaching five years and boarding at her home, all her earnings went to dressing. She was amiable and kind in company, and made a studied art to please. She loved display and was fond of parties and social pleasures, where she shone. The house was modestly furnished and they were married. He gave his love and she pledged hers. The sincerity of his friends about his home was lasting, and when mistakes were made with any he was the first to tender an apology. He loved his wife and children with devotion. All the week he was away from home on business, but at its close went back to enjoy being with his family. His growth in Christian character was only fair or meager, for business cares retarded it and he grew worldly. His character was firm where principle was involved.

The wife worked and planned for parties or receptions. Sometimes he was present, but more often not. Social functions kept increasing, and invitations were given at her will and pleasure. About this time she prevailed upon him to enlarge the house. He knew they could not afford it, because the cost of living with a growing family used up his income, but with her persuasion and his desire to please, it was built; and then it needed furnishings. Many things were bought from stores and charged, as was the custom in those days more than now. Her husband wished to have the family together in the sitting-room in the even-

ings, and pursue their studies there, but her thought was that they were accustomed to study in their sleeping-rooms and she did not wish to change. The sweet fellowship of family unity is formed in the daily sitting-room, in converse, reading or study, like trees grouped in groves, or many flowers in a garden-border along a river's bank. From centers such as these there grow and radiate mutual understandings and adaptation to correct and to encourage and strengthen home-making. There is ever a place for fair and just impressions to maintain our virtue if we keep the family in touch with each other. The home is a Christian school with example-teaching, and every member should be in that school. This corrects both isolation and self-centering and keeps us one in thoughts and words and deeds. It is ennobling to a home to set and hold leading heroes and heroines in our hearts and minds. It stays them into intermediary touch with Divinity. There are many children with constitutional defects who would die in their steps before admitting an error or retracing their tracks. Here the power of reason and influence of right should be exalted. The green meadows of family life will have sweeping shadows moving across the wills of self-love. We like a few friends to love us for what we are and even let us see our vagrant steps in the kindly light of hope, and will always be thankful to the past for sweet memories at which we smile as goodness flows around our incompleteness.

The bills came in much too fast for him to pay, and he fretted over them. These embarrassments irritated him. Nothing disheartens a man so quickly as the failure of those to sympathize and help in whom he has confided. In a despairing manner he told her that the expenditures must be curtailed and that in future only the veriest necessities must be bought, and these he would buy at lower

prices, asking her to make memoranda of the household wants. But she said she had always bought the goods and had bought them as low as they could be, and he must earn more money. They must live as others lived, and they were doing with as little as was possible to do. The family must be clothed to uphold their standing. His contention was that they never should have begun to live so fast, that true home life can best be lived in quiet ways; that lives of children lived in show are superficial and weak in moral perceptions, and that the life they were living was destructive of the happiness of home. The children were entitled to a happy home, she thought, and they would be discontented if they did not get what others had. They could not possibly do with less. The family talk grew away from true home interests into daily happenings and trivialities. She followed younger life and made her parties for them, and silently grew estranged. The children wished to take their meals when it suited them.

Nature put the birds into a rounded nest to grow, and talk, and sing together. The husband's great disappointment and fevered love looked in vain for hope from his wife. Self-love and self-seeking reverse the course of true love.

This type of woman is one perhaps of millions who endanger the institution of home and wreck new families in the making; yet these people are usually popular and lead society. But the basis of the popularity rests on assuming show with glamor. We are getting tired of this uneasy effort to be satisfied with unrealities. When pure affection in the home is valued less than the smiles and studied deference from those outside, peril is creeping into the home. The spirit of the vanities suavely warps amiable people into troubles, followed by discontent. The secret

of sure home-making is letting in the Infinite. I said to him: "James, I am sorry for you. Let your burdens fall upon Jesus, the Son of Man, who is the Son of God." "But," said he, "can Jesus, who never had this experience, sympathize with me?" "Yes, He has observed and known it, as He knows all things human and divine." He said again, "I will cast on Him the whole insufferable burden, for I cannot bear it longer."

I remember a conversation in their home which disclosed a dangerous principle. A young man in a half-elopement way had made an undesirable marriage, from this family's point of view as well as from many others. This woman openly suggested, after the glamor wore off, that he be advised to go abroad and leave his bride forever.

To meet the merchants' bills this man gave notes to tide them over. Under extreme tension he said, "No more goods shall be bought until they are paid for," and he wrote his merchants not to give his family goods without his order. This was a serious move, and unexpected, and is recorded here to show the consequences of following wrong ideals. This set the wife in unyielding opposition to her husband. The children naturally sided with their mother and this she encouraged. He pleaded in his letters for reconciliation for the children's sake.

Living much in the attention of others will warp one from a rational balance. After the foregoing narration the writer asks: Should these people have been united in marriage? How are like people to be trained to make a happy home? Must the State that regulates divorce also educate? Or does home-making depend upon the motives that lead to marriage?

This man was crushed to earth solely by the attitude of his wife. His ordinary business abilities forsook him, as

raindrops vanish in the sunlight. Their home was sold for a fraction of its value, and the family thrown upon their personal resources, leaving a number of debts unpaid. She to whom he once had pledged his love and life for life, had taken an opposing attitude and could not be persuaded to change from it, and the home was wrecked in consequence. Near friends pleaded with them both but they were treated with high disdain. Children suffer more from such a family state of separation, or divorce, in their moral tone than from a combination of almost all other evils. It sets a family back a century, if not further. The baneful effects of mercenary love burst out at the last. Spurgeon says: "Buy not silk while you owe for milk." There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that can take the place of the spirit and the life of the Man of Galilee in home-making. No amusements, luxuries, society, or popularity only, will endure. No one can adequately state the rights and duties springing out of the relationship of husband and wife and children. Benevolence is a vital necessity here. There are a myriad of influences sacred to this relationship. Inherent and instinctive principle embedded often holds. How gaily the robins by instinct sing above the levelling influence of morals they do not know.

In the moment of her husband's deepest humiliation what should the wife have done? Is there a safe principle to point the course? Should not a curriculum of studies pursued in our schools of learning lead youth along a cable line of life's principles to this higher love that leads to the making of enduring homes? The only true and rational answer to, What should the wife have done? was to have flung herself into the husband's arms; whether he was in the right or in the wrong, when undoubtedly he was doing his best. When he was almost crushed with financial troubles

she helped to make, she should have buoyed him up on wings of hope and encouragement, which is woman's truest mission. Her behavior paralyzed his energies. She affected to believe, against the advice of friends, that she would continue to hold a wife's "thirds" interest in the mortgaged property after it was sold. There never was a question of morals between them. It was simply a question of temperaments and tastes. Our peculiar ambitions root very deep in human nature and easily cross over the lines of soul-wisdom. Some possess ambitions moving in uncurbed strength away and they bring great sorrow to others and even ruin to themselves, even though they be seemingly unconscious of the danger of their doing and impending afflictions. The wisdom arising from the soul's luminous sphere will illumine our wills and our pathway. We first see it in ourselves, then we are able to observe it in others. Even the mother looking into the face of her child, that smiles back into hers, has never beheld the spirit of her child that causes the smile, in the garden of love. The brotherhood of man has not yet gone as deep into life's forces. The personal ambitions in the home must rotate round and round and center in the supreme good of each one of the family, if the family is to be happy and enduring. The homes of the future begin now with the happy children in the present homes, and there is a higher happiness in store for them in faithful obedience and reverent honoring of parents. These children at marriage or later will not have a suspicion of the thought that their married life can end in separation. Pure lives in youth must mean greater purity in age.

In this life one of the useful values of conversion of the spirit of a man is the desire implanted then, and saner view to lift up others for the common good. Human pride

leads to separation from a part of humanity. The test of change is in the life purpose, creating beauty and forbearance. This change rescues the mind from fictions and supplies contact with what is real. Deceit and vanities are delusions which fade into realities. The power of any truth is best expressed in our personality, its native home for full expression. A soul-life divided by wrestlings is unhappy. Its strength exists in united forces, which grip the best of what is real. The higher aims of life seek realities alone. I suppose God intended the budding of the best life within us to flower and save us from our human wills. Spirit life, so elusive, is hard to understand or explain, but we feel it, and this conversion transforms our lives. It touches our emotions and desires into saner feelings and rational thinking, which we may prove every day. Whatever promotes true home life for the benefit of our children, should be encouraged; whatever hinders, should be condemned. Our friends have said they realized their mistake in contracting a marriage where inheritance, training and tastes were essentially different. Their greatest sin and accountability to which they are held lies in their want of proper respect for the marriage oath and vow. The obdurate setting of human powers and habits of thought, and inflexible spirit of unwillingness to forgive, completed the ruin of their home. It is the utter hopelessness of the return to sanity and reason that makes this history so painfully deplorable. Had their love remained perennial his mental powers and business ability would easily have conquered every difficulty. In the lives of men there is an inspiration from without to touch the source of inward strength and make them conquerors. The preservation of family life must provide against dissolution with the wisdom of mutual resolution. There is a deeper,

inner meaning coming from ancestral bequeathments that fashions our congeniality. Parents should awake to its importance—lineal societies should instruct and philanthropists arouse national interest. The work of race societies will unfold these scarcely mooted themes in their discussions where the youth of both sexes will share in its public interest. In cities probably this may best be done in clans, and in rural districts by a community of names meeting together. Provinces or States may be grouped in convention once a year and outline prospective work.

“Surely there is a mine for silver and a place for gold which they refine.”

CHAPTER XI

SUPERNAL LOVE NEVER DIES

WOMAN may lack education but if her instincts are those of a lady she does not desire to be dashing. She is modest, gentle, generous and true, and her temper under control. She feels she is one person among many worthy of attention. As a home-maker she permits no jar to wreck its peace. Gossip, slang-words and dressy display she does not show. Her self-control begins in early life. Delicacy of taste proceeds from an innate sense of the beautiful. Her moral love comes down from Heaven. As a wife she never ceases being a true helpmate, and she prudently and discreetly guides the affairs of her household. She looks for a beacon light in divine assistance to qualify life. All human kind are hers to help onward. Her pleasures are as sweet and pure as her mother's. She uses mental and material gifts to uplift the throne of home. Her title, a loving mother; her seat in the home, one of honor; her relationship, a faithful wife. She loves life in the beauty and soul of reflection. These qualities are the special outgrowth of the teachings of Jesus. Love is the fulfilling of the moral law.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*Shakespeare.*

FOUR OPINIONS OF HOME-MAKING

The following paragraphs from the *Boston Post* aptly illustrate the principles of four of the first ladies of Boston. In the chain of interviews with the prospective lady mayoresses there is conveyed to the *Post's* representative the spirit of woman's noblest mission. As the homes are, so will be the nation.

"In the midst of one of the most strenuous campaigns that Boston has ever known there are four women, wives of the candidates, who are watching with untiring interest the game of politics.

"It was with great expectation that I started out to visit the wives of the candidates in order that I might find out just what part they were taking in their husbands' political career. I saw them all, and the visits were not unpleasant, I can assure you. They were all anxious to see their husbands elected.

"I went to see Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald at her home in Dorchester. With great pride she told me of her husband's administration, denying emphatically that he was a grafter and many of the other things he has been called. 'I have perfect faith in my husband,' she said. 'I am, of course, interested in his campaign because he is interested, and I think that any wife should feel interested in what her husband is undertaking. His ambition has been politics, and as long as it continues to be his ambition I am going to make it mine.

" 'I am not what one would call a suffragette, for I have no interests other than my home and family. I encourage

him in every way I can by being of assistance to him when he is home. As for going around with him when he is stumping I don't think that does the man any good, for I think that a woman is in his way. This is the way I have looked at it, and I think my husband does the same. I think that a woman can help a man by staying in the home and making things as attractive as possible, which is far better than by going around to places that are not meant for her,' said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"It was very evident that everything was done for Mr. Fitzgerald when he was at home, to lighten the burden of the campaign, for while I was there I heard the voice of the ex-Mayor in the other room calling for assistance. Then I heard the pattering of many feet up stairs and down stairs. After a while the sound came from an adjoining room. Then came the commanding voice, 'Where are my gloves?' Again there was a survey. At last the outer door opened and closed, and through the front window I saw the retreating figure of the little warrior on his way to the bloodless battlefield.

"Within ten minutes' walk of Mrs. Fitzgerald's is the home of Mayor Hibbard. As a matter of fact they might be called neighbors.

MRS. HIBBARD'S HOPES

"In a very charming way Mrs. Hibbard told of her great hopes, declaring over and over again that she felt sure her husband was going to win although he did not have the great desired amount of money. 'I have done everything to keep up the courage of my husband and must say that there is no better way of making a man win than by giving him sympathy.

"I think that if any man is able to win it is Mr. Hibbard,

not because he is my husband, but because he has given a clean administration. The Finance Commission report of his administration speaks well of him, saying that he has given a clean, wholesome administration, but, nevertheless, they do not say that he should run again. I think this is really a bad condition of affairs for it shows that the men that give good administrations are not wanted.'

"Just then the son of the family entered the room, namely Bement, the pride of the house. 'My father is bound to win,' was the exclamation that brought me into quick attention. 'He is the only man able to give a clean administration. His administration is the cleanest on record,' kept reaching my ears before I had a chance to really comprehend what he was saying. He seemed to be bubbling over with pride and indignation for his father. 'If my father does not win it will be simply because he has not got the money.'

"'In my husband's campaign I have been interested ever since he started in politics. I am always up at night waiting for him on his arrival and regardless of the hour that he may leave in the morning I am always at the door to see him off. I think this has a great deal to do with a man's success for there is nothing which will be the incentive to make a man feel like working like a happy home and a loving wife. In this small, but effective way, I have done everything to make my husband's work light and successful,' said Mrs. Hibbard.

"I next visited the wife of the other candidate for Mayor, Mrs. Nathaniel H. Taylor.

"'I know hardly anything about politics, but I do know that the woman can do a great deal toward helping her husband in any career he may undertake. Making the home attractive and pleasant is the only way in which I

can help my husband in his campaign. Of course my husband likes politics, so that I just do everything I can to help him, but really I know nothing about the affair. All I can say is that he is running for Mayor, which makes him do a lot of stumping. I do all I can to make myself useful to him, for I think that every wife's duty is to do that.

DOES NOT WANT TO BE DISAPPOINTED

“Many seem to think that he will win in this campaign, but I don't know. I hate to have hopes and then not have them fulfilled. I shall be glad when it is all over with, for you can imagine what a strain it is on me. My home life has been very quiet, so you must realize what this all means. I hope he wins because he wishes to and anything he wishes interests me.’

“Mrs. Storrow, although just recovering from a sickness of typhoid fever, has been watching her husband from the minute he started in politics, giving him every word of encouragement that she could think of.

“At her beautiful home on Beacon Street she talked of her husband's chance of being Mayor, and becomingly laughed when I referred to him as the future Mayor of Boston.

“‘In every way I have tried to help my husband in his political career,’ began Mrs. Storrow, ‘and to say the least I am sure he will be elected Mayor. Of course, I know that he will give an excellent administration. Because of my sickness I have not been able to go with him on his campaign, but I have tried in every way to make his surroundings pleasant, and I think that I have succeeded. Of course, I do not understand the many points of politics, and as a matter of fact I do not try to. I keep well informed through the papers. My son Jack is as much interested in his father's career as I.

“ ‘I have not been able to actually help Mr. Storrow in his campaign, but I think that every woman can help her husband a great deal by just encouraging his ideas with words of praise and little attentions. These go towards making his work an easy one. In this way I have done all I could to help him. I am sure that it will be a good thing for Boston if Mr. Storrow is elected,’ said Mrs. Storrow.

“Thus were the many hopes of the four women whose husbands want to be Mayor of Boston. One and all they told of their hopes and chances without the least bit of doubt but what their husbands were to be the future Mayor. They all felt sure that they were to be the first ladies of Boston, and as I thought of them all, of their ambitions and aspirations, I could not help but wish that Boston supported four Mayors instead of one, for I knew that three of the four were to be disappointed.”

CHAPTER XII

WHO ARE OUR INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS?

IS THE training our daughters are imbibing in the schools of learning fitting them for wives and mothers that will strengthen the race? Is the balance in their nature maintained in sincerity as their knowledge increases? General education of semblances and simulations enables us to conceal our defective traits and hide them behind outward expressions, which seem beautiful and good, but does this build up true character? Men universally take it for granted that women are naturally and richly endowed on a high moral plane and are the conservators of goodness. But the education of the race is a human institution which needs the highest wisdom, not only to keep the race from a natural degeneration into shallower living, but to guide to a fuller living.

Education, *per se*, carries no moral power into a life. It is within the class of knowledge and the inlaid spirit it impresses in its teaching that strengthens the moral forces of soul-life to which it is responsive. The gulf between individual excellence and effective popular influence should be bridged in supreme kindness. These principles of leaven in culture will regulate our lives and uplift our neighbors and compatriots to social conditions so much desired.

I know a very plain farmer who is the finest gentleman, I think, I ever met. So kind and genial in his judgments and so full of wisdom that every moment in his presence is like the "dew upon the fleece." Had he attended the higher grades of school and received a liberal education, would these gentlemanly instincts have remained as influential as they are, or would external considerations of

less value have outweighed this natural beauty and inward worth, and led him into artificial living? Our sons are growing to be men of greater worth because they are going deeper into life's possibilities. They will combine the most powerful manifestations of "beauty in the splendor of truth" for truth and character's sake, and will seek their mates of equal worth and lasting power. The butterfly is beautiful, but man is more beautiful and of more worth than the butterfly because he is of himself surrounded by a higher sympathy of Heaven without limit, and because this beauty will be multiplied towards the infinite when his wants of soul and intellect are being satisfied. Could a benevolent note of utmost value vibrate through human lives and convert natural gold in men and women into truthful and current character, to make homes enduring centers of happiness, then this purpose will have been gained.

THE ONLY DIVORCE LAW VALID

Christ said: "What did Moses command you?"

Christ said: "For your hardness of heart, he wrote you this precept, but from the beginning of the creation male and female made he them."

Christ said: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they two shall become one flesh, so that they are no more two but one flesh."

Christ said: "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Christ said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another committeth adultery against her and if she herself shall put away her husband and marry another, she committeth adultery."

Christ said: "But I say unto you that every one that

putteth away his wife save for the cause of fornication committeth adultery."

Christ said: "For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adulteries, fornications, false witness, railings."

Christ said: "And he that marrieth her when she is put away committeth adultery."

Christ said: "Every one who putteth away his wife, and marrieth another committeth adultery and he that marrieth one that is put away from a husband committeth adultery."

Paul said: "But unto the married, I give charge, yea not I but the Lord that the wife depart not from her husband."

James said: "Ye adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God."

Paul said: "So then if while her husband liveth she be married to another man she shall be called an adulteress."

Paul said: "Let not the wife depart from the husband."

Paul said: "Art thou bound unto a wife? Seek not to be loosed."

Peter said: "Ye husbands in like manner dwell with your wives according to knowledge, giving honor unto the woman as being also joint-heirs of the grace of life."

Paul said: "Nevertheless, do ye also severally love each one his own wife even as himself; and let the wife see that she fear her husband."

John said: "Behold what manner of love the father has bestowed."

CHAPTER XIII

LINEAL SOCIETIES.

WE advocate the formation of lineal societies for a name and race with branches in all countries, along the lines indicated by the objects here given.

Objects:

- To increase usefulness and improvement of the race.
- To value and increase hereditary strength.
- To unfold the true philosophy in making new homes.
- To encourage marriage alliances based upon love, reason, and judgment.
- To strengthen race principles by wise alliances.
- To observe the differences between the families of man in the making.
- To impress the obligation upon the children to be guided by our wisdom gained from experience.
- To hold annual meetings, and exchange international reports.
- To preserve the name in its pure original orthography.
- The honorable attainment of higher standards among families and races.

Benefits:

- Giving heed to God's wireless messages as the basis of race honor.
- Finding new incentives for weakest members of the race.
- Mistakes used as stepping-stones to better things.
- The value of kinship in mutual progression.
- Human nature and its institutions may be improved and perfected by effectual methods.

CHAPTER XIV

THE KING OF CONIFERS

THE majesty of home is aptly and broadly illustrated by the pine tree, which is the friend of man in a hundred ways. The king of conifers is tall, and carries a graceful figure. Its central shaft is a single stem pointing straight into the skies. Its form is very picturesque in youth and found even standing over a warm raviney slope or hillside, in the forests, straight and beautifully symmetrical in old age. Then its trunk makes a tower one hundred and fifty feet high, and it calls itself "commanding," like the homes of a glorious nation. From the plains below how lofty is this tree! The pine tree never changes from its original type, however broken by storms or accidents. Its growth is slow and steady—like that of the best of men. Its chief action is to mount heavenward by regular steps while maintaining an outward silence or a very sweet and low undertone in wind croonings. It subdues the gales by dividing their forces between the whorls of branches. It resists the storms with whispering music, murmuring peace through its weird, sheavy harpstrings.

This tree has lived with man from earliest times and has accompanied him on his migrations. In its shelters and swinging shadows the nurslings of the grosbeaks, linnets and warblers live and grow and sing and mate again. The pine does not put off last year's dressing until the new is earned and paid for and fitted on. The colors are ever so soft and mild. It makes no noise or bluster but stands erect in inward dignity and outward grandeur.

It supplies the tallest masts for ships of war or commerce, and is supremely useful in the arts of enduring peace for home and nation building. Its roots run deep and wide

and strong and lock themselves securely around the boulders to hold its place on a shelving bank for hundreds of years or more.

It drops its useless limbs while growing into usefulness, as men their youthful follies. If the trunk or column is broken on its way to heaven, from the first whorl there rises its finest and strongest lateral branch to take the former leader's place, and point up as does the spire. If two branches arise together the weaker in the race falls back into its former place. The branches of the pines are spacious parasols to make shaded homes for children and homing birds and animals of the fields and woods either on the high hilltops or their sunny, coving banks.

Its stems and leaves distil essential oil for medicine, and turpentine and tar for the use of man. The nuts and seeds of one variety in the southern clime are used for food. Its balsam and frankincense heal our wounds and regale our nostrils with a fragrant balm. Sweet is the air and odor of the pines. Its needles drop as from the zenith, in the long summer days, and lay a pretty carpet in a soft yellow-brown, with a spray of bright colors of laurel in red and green in early autumn peeping through their leaves in annuals and perennials too. Under the healthful pines we tread in untroubled serenity and fruitful contemplation.

The ceiling of its plummy branches is of greenish brown finely dappled in grey or bluish-purple, the royal shades. Its magnificent proportions temper summer heat and winter cold as no other living trees with us can do. Its philosophies of health are spoken in waxen tones of murmuring symphonies. Members of this family have outlived some of the races of mankind, and at the end of life, when its work is done and its body removed, its roots last almost a century longer. It loves to dwell in good fellow-

ship with our beautiful maples, ashes, spruces, birches and oaks in mutual accentuation.

This tree unique in the family of nature aptly illustrates our homes and serves us with a handsome, faithful type truthful from its beginning to its useful end. In our ancestral modest homes our mothers rose to leadership—they had qualified with knowledge of family interest and unremitting assistance in bread-winning to fill the vacant place and bridge necessity. “The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the *fir tree, the pine and the box tree* together to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.”

CHAPTER XV

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FAMILIES

MAN'S desire for strength and stronger development lies deeper than the human self, and has its inspring in the eternal soul and mind, of which the divinity within us forms a part. He will struggle and act with wondrous freedom and independence to be a man, but is overapt to accord his origin and energy wholly to himself. He exercises more will-power to enforce with creating effect the soul's mellowing influences. Our highest aspirations live in the soul, breathed into man's nostrils, and may exist either active or latent. Even the seeds of the earth may be latent a thousand years before proving they have life. The unused talent was returned when called for, undiminished. Its design and capacity is for truth and truth cannot be destroyed. There is great virtue for men in mature life to exert their neglected wills in line of their Ruler's imparting strength, and bringing into use the unrolling of the soul forces in His service and kingdom here. The soul does not age, or grow less. It has truth within, ready to feel and to know when a will-power in life is applied. The Creator is always willing to lead and strengthen, and awaken higher latent forces we possess, and we may safely count on His instant help.

What makes the difference between families or races? The desire for expression of broader life is truth seeking its own freedom in the soul's natural expression in communion with each other. Some experience and know this innate desire, and it becomes a mastering passion to build a family that will continue and grow far down the years. We believe we are built on the principle to live forever. The development on lines of truth is paramount. The habit

of persevering with a resolute will, and with the use of approved internal and external aids, until the habits and principles are established in the life, lays the basis of successful lives now, and of those who are to follow. These are the mastering opportunities for the betterment of the race.

Every good quality in man has its opposite set in contrast; for example, forgiveness has its opposite in resentment, trustworthiness in faithlessness. But in the higher realms of the soul some of the finer forces are harmony versus discord, reverence versus irreverence, tolerance versus bigotry, knowledge versus ignorance; and men may introduce the good to drive out the bad, as we use a punch of steel to drive out a rusty screw; but we must have Deity to guide and encourage by His word and spirit to make these men the fathers of nobler succeeding generations. The consciousness of right-doing brings balance and conscious rest. Money-making for its own sake wears out the human powers and gives the soul no proper compensation. The hope of founding a family who are to live well through the centuries must have its base and birth within the soul, considered as a distinct entity, interrelated with the body and yet the wholly God-given part of the man. All men have souls, but all men do not use them. They use their human nature only. Men may have jewels in their caskets, but to be of value they must be brought into the light and used. If the hope for family distinction is born in the human heart and mind only, it is likely to share with all perishable things, as does the purely human. But with the soul-center as a basis of its truth, it carries permanency into human life in its very nature and quality, to strengthen and endure. The founding of a family is usually a cherished secret hope that generations far beyond the fourth may go on advancing with the centuries. Conscience and con-

victions will be fibered in each generation. This principle in the life will grow into a noble supremacy. Our worthy grandsires and sires had simplicity in form and strength of feeling, with sincerity of purpose they had inherited from their ancestral line.

A house is built of bricks and stones,
Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.

BOOK FOUR

THE ARCHIBALD RACE IN
NORTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I

GENERAL INFORMATION

ARMS of the Archibald family of Blackhall, Scotland: Argent, on a bend azure between two mullets of the second a crescent of the first. *Crest:* A decrescent argent. *Motto:* Ut reficiar. (That I may be refreshed.)

Arms of a cadet branch of the family of Archibald and Archbald of Blackhall, Scotland: Argent, on a bend between two mullets azure as many crescents of the first, within a bordure engrailed of the second. *Crest:* A branch of palm tree slipped proper. *Motto:* Ditat servata fides. (Faith kept enriches.)

Arms granted in 1871 to Sir Thomas Dickson Archibald of Nova Scotia: Argent, on a bend azure between two estoiles of the last three crescents of the first, all within a bordure invected sable charged with three mullets or. *Crest:* A palm branch slipped in bend proper, in front thereof a mount vert thereon an estoile or. *Motto:* Palma non sine pulvere. (The palm not without wrestling for it.)

Arms of the Archebold or Archbold family of Staffordshire, England: Argent, a lion rampant between three (another, six) fleur-de-lys sable. *Crest:* A lion's head erased argent collared gules.

Arms of the family of Archbold of Worcestershire, England: Argent, a lion rampant between six fleur-de-lys sable, a crescent for difference. *Crest:* A dove rising argent.

Arms of the Archbold family of Kilmacud, Co. Dublin, Ireland: Ermine, a saltire and a chief gules. *Crest:* A lion's head coupé ermine, guttée de sang.

From the annual report of the Committee on Heraldry: The mere fact that an individual possessed a painting of a coat of arms, used it upon plate, or as a bookplate or seal,

or had it put upon his gravestone, is not proof that he had a right to it. Proof of right must either be found in the Heralds' records, or be established by authenticated pedigree direct from an armiger. A coat of arms did not belong with a family name, but only to the particular family, bearing the name, to whose progenitor it had been granted or confirmed; and it was as purely individual a piece of property as a homestead.

MEMORANDA RELATING TO THE ARCHBOLD
FAMILY OF ALNWICK

The Archbolds were a family of importance in Alnwick for at least a century and a half. William, the first recorded, was at South Park in 1650, and John, the last of them in Alnwick, died there in 1805. Successive members of the family were bailiffs to the Earls of Northumberland, tenants of Cawledge South Park—still called Archbold's Park,—and owners of considerable property in the parish of Alnwick. St. Thomas's lands, formerly part of the possessions of Alnwick Abbey, and other fields, and several burgages in the town belonged to them. They loom largely in Alnwick Church: on the monumental limestone slab "Gulielmi Archbold," their arms, a lion rampant between six fleurs-de-lis, and crest, a fleur-de-lis, are grandly sculptured, and they appear, too, with the initials I. A. and date 1711, on the lintel of a doorway of one of the burgages which belonged to them.

Monumental Inscriptions, Alnwick Church:

Here lyeth vnder
byried the body of
Margaret second wife
to William Archbovld
departed the 14 of
February anno doni 1675
and at her north side

GENERAL INFORMATION

ovr daughter Mary Arch
bovld who alsoe departed
this life the 7 day of
September anno dni
1675.

Death is our gaine.

Here lyeth vnder Bvried the
Body of William Archbovld
yovngest sonn of John
Archbovld of Cavlledg Park
who dep'ted this life March
the 27th day 1712. Here lyeth
the Body of John Archbold son of
William Archbold who departed
the 31st of May 1730 Aged 76 years.

Here lyeth vnder
neath Buried the Body of
. . . a Archbovld the
wife of William Arch
bovld who departed this
life the 6 day of Aprill
Anno Doni 1651
And with her his
daughter Dorothy
which departed this
life also the 19 day
of October Anno
doni 1676

Here lyeth vnder bvried
the body of William
Archbovld son to John
Archbovld of Cavledge
West Park who departed
this life the 20 day of
November anno d'ni
1693
Att his Right Side lieth
Jane his Sister who dep'ted
this Life Septem. the 25th
Anno 1698

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

Here lyeth the Body of Jane
Archbold the Daughter of
Edward Archbold who
departed the 9th of December
1727 aged 7 years.

Piæ D. Gulielmi Archbould
Parentis Memorizæ hoc A Se Vivo
Paratum Monumentum Insculpi
Curavit Elizabetha Filia P. S.
Mortuus est Julij 14 Anno 1700
Ætatis p. m. 82.

Arms: A lion rampant between six fleurs-de-lis. Crest: A fleur-de-lis.

Here lyeth the Body of Jane
Wife of Captain Ralph Arch
bold who Departed this
Life August the 6 1737
She was A Religious Woman
A Loveing Wife and A tender
Mother and was Daughter
to Mr Adam Thompson At
torney At Law Late of
Alnwick Deceased At her
Left side Lyeth three of Our
Children George Archbold
died December ye 14th 1729
Jane Archbold died Octobr
ye 31 1732 William Archbold
died March ye 17th 1732.

Mary Archbovld.

Here lyeth Issabel
the Wife of John
Archbold who De
parted this Life anno
Domini 1734 aged 81 years.

Here lyeth the Body of
Mr Edward Archbold
who Departed this Life Sept.
22 Day 1764 aged 79 years
At his right side Lyeth his wife
Mrs Dorothy Archbold who
died April 27th 1769 aged 68 years.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Also the body of John Archbold
who died 22nd June 1805
aged 83 years

Also the body of Jane his wife
who died 2nd October 1803
aged 71 years.

Extracts from the Registers of Alnwick Church:

CHRISTENINGS

1650. August 4, Ralph Son of William Archbold of the South Park.
1676. January 29, Margaret Daughter of John Archbold of South Calledge parke.
1678. William Son of John Archbold of Calledge park.
1680. October 3, Isable Daughter of John Archbold of South Calledge parke.
1682. January 3, Jane daughter of John Archbold of Calledge parke.
1685. May 22, Edward Son of Mr. John Archbold of Calledge parke.
1687. December 6, Elizabeth daughter of John Archbold of the Parke.
1690. September 25, John Son of Mr. John Archbold of Calise parke.
1691. December 8, Ralph Son of Mr. John Archbold.
1694. November 8, William Son of John Archbold of Calise Parke.
1701. November 14, Henry Son of Mr. Joshua Archbould.
1704. April 18, Ralph Son of Mr. Joshua Archbould of Cornhill.
1705. December 22, Elizabeth daughter of Mr. Joshua Archbould.
1707. March 16, Margaret daughter of Mr. Joshua Archbould and his wife
Alice now living att Berwick was born the 25th of Feb. and baptised the 4th March 1707.
1718. October 26, Anne daughter of John Archbould.
1720. August 2, Jane daughter of Mr. Edward Archbold.
1722. April 18, John Son of Edward Archbold and Dorothy his Wife.
1722. September 8, Elizabeth daughter of Ralph Archbold and Jane his wife.
1723. March 16, Thomas Son of Edward Archbold Callice park.
1724. December 12, George Son of Ralph Archbold and Jane his wife.
1727. March 20, Isabel daughter of Edward Archbold and Dorothy his wife.
1729. January 31, Jane daughter of Edward Archbold and Dorothy his wife.
1730. December 6, Margaret daughter of Ralph Archbold and Jane his wife.
1746. October 22, Samuel Son of Mr. Edward Archbold of Calledge park.

MARRIAGES

1700. November 19, Mr. Joshua Archbould and Alice Swinhoe.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

1703. January 1, John Archbould of Carham and Mrs. Auckram in parish of Kirknewton.

1744. February 14, Mr. John Archbold and Mary Middlemas.

BURIALS

1659. October 21, Elizabeth Daughter of William Archbold.

1675. February 16, Margaret Wife of William Archbold.

1698. May 27, Ann wife of Mr. Joshua Archbould.

1698. September 27, Jane daughter of Mr. John Archbould.

1700. July 16, Mr. William Archbould.

1709. July 24, Mr. Joshua Archbould.

1712. March 28, William Son of John Archbold of Calledge Park.

1727. December 10, Elizabeth daughter of Edward Archbold.

1729. December 16, George Son of Ralph Archbould.

1730. May 26, John Archbould.

1732. November 2, Jane daughter of Captain Ralph Archbould.

1733. March 19, William Son of Ralph Archbould.

1734. December 6, Isabel wife of John Archbould.

1737. August 8, Jane wife of Captain Ralph Archbould.

1754. May 24, Mrs. Elizabeth Archbold of Bondgate.

1766. September 25, Edward Archbold of Bondgate Gentleman formerly of Calledge Park.

1767. April 22, Ralph Archbold Gentleman formerly in the Navy.

1769. April 30, Mrs. Dorothy Archbold widow of Mr. Edward Archbold heretofore of Calledge-park but late of Alnwick.

John Archbold Gentleman died June 22 buried June 25 1805 aged 83 years.

Jane Archbold wife of John Archbold Gentleman died Oct. 2 buried Oct. 5 1803 aged 71 years.

This name Archibald also appears under the following spellings: Archabald, Archbld, Archaball, Archasbell, Archbold, Archebell, Archibel, Archibell, Archboulde, Archbald, Archbault, Archbould, Asspoll, Archball, Arcebaud, Erchenbald, German; Archambault, French; Archibaldo, Italian.

Index to the Prerogative Wills of Ireland, 1536-1810. These wills were edited by Sir Arthur Vicars, F. S. A., Ulster King of Arms, 1897:

Annie Archbold, Kilkenny, 1765; Catherine Archbold, Dublin, 1771; Dorothea Archbold, Arran-quay Nunnery, 1784; Emilia Archbold, Dublin, 1784; Gerald Archbold; Naas, 1775; Gerad Archbold, Eadstown, 1695; Gerad Archbold, Donode, 1763; Lieutenant Gregory Archbold, 1755,

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James Archbold, Rathmecloge, 1631; James Archbold, Baldwinstown, 1767; James Archbold, Dublin, 1795; James Archbold, 1801; Joan Archbold, Collens, 1716; Joan Archbold, 1726; John Archbold, Dublin, 1773; John Archbold, Blackrath, 1789; Mary Archbold, 1742; Michael Archbold, Davidstown, 1780; Pierce Archbold, Ushers-quay, Dublin, 1776; Pierce Archbold, Drogheda, 1792; Pierse Archbold, Knockanegrough, 1711; Richard Archbold, M.D., Dublin, 1704; Richard Archbold, Lisburn, 1767; Robert Archbold, Davidstown, 1737; Thomas Archbold, Captain 47th Regiment, 1763; Thomas Archbold, Dublin, 1779; William Archbold, Davidstown, 1753; William Archbold (Asspoll), Kinlestown, 1608; Walter Archbolde, Tymolin, 1629; Anthony Archbould, Dublin, Merchant, 1726; William Archibald, Belfast, Merchant, 1752.

Sir Henry Archbold, of Litchfeild, knighted at Whitehall, November 21, 1670. Sir Henry Archbold, of Leitchfeild, knighted Vt Supra LL.D., and Chancellor to the Bishop of Leitchfeild and Coventry.

Olliver's History of Antigua, West Indies, gives the following names as residents of that island:

Dr. Joshua Archbould died at St. Philip's, 1758; Samuel Archibald died at St. John's, 1732; Anne Archbould, died 1745; Richard B. Archbould died 1745; Sarah Archbould died 1747; Henry Archbould died 1749; Margaret Archibald died 1712; William Archibald died 1717; Mrs. Frances Archibald died 1727; Mrs. Ann Archibald died 1728; William Yeaman Archbould died 1763; John Archbould; Joseph Archbould; Joshua Archbould.

The Archboulds resided in St. Philip's parish and the Archibalds in St. John's parish, on opposite sides of the Island of Antigua. There is evidence here of a change in spelling the name from Archbould to Archbold.

The first home of the Archibalds in Nova Scotia was in Truro. At the natal day celebration of this town in 1882, an address was delivered by Mr. Israel Longworth, from which the following extracts are taken:

“As early as 1762-3 justices of the peace were appointed, and militia organized in the townships. David and Samuel Archibald were two of four brothers, from whom all the Archibalds in Nova Scotia and many of the neighboring provinces and states are descended. David was the first justice as well as the first militia officer in Truro. He was also the first representative of the township in the General Assembly of the province. He is known and is now spoken of as Major David Archibald. As a magistrate he was impartial, but extremely eccentric in his administration of justice. It was no uncommon thing for him to cane offenders with his own hands. Having found two boys belonging to the settlement stealing apples on a Sunday from his garden, he locked them up in his cellar. At their parents’ request he set them at liberty, on condition that they should come before him on Monday, when he tied them to one of the trees from which the apples had been taken, and caned them.

“Mrs. Upham, a school teacher, had a remarkably hasty temper. A story is told of the late Peter S. Archibald, who, having made his appearance at school without knowing his lessons, was kept in and compelled to learn ‘a task.’ In order to keep Master Peter a long time and punish him thoroughly, Mrs. Upham requested him to memorize an entire chapter from the New Testament. Having twice hurriedly read it through, the embryo colonel presented himself before his frowning teacher and repeated the chapter word for word. Being deeply annoyed at Peter’s success she dealt him a sharp blow on the side of the head with a book, and said ‘Go.’

“The Rev. John Burnyeat, father of Lady Archibald, was the first clergyman of the Church of England stationed at Truro. He was son of John and Alice Burnyeat, of Loweswater, England. He was a man of unbounded Christian benevolence, and of a most humane and charitable disposition. For a year or two before settling in Nova Scotia he performed missionary work in New Brunswick. In the year 1818 he was licensed to officiate in this province, and received the appointment of rector at Truro, which he held at his death. He preached in the old court house at the common till about the year 1821, when the neat wooden edifice which stood on the corner of Prince and Church Streets, until recently replaced by one of the handsomest freestone churches this side of Montreal, was ready for public worship. The late Judge Archibald presented a bell to the church, whose melodious peals were the only ones heard in Truro for many years. Its sweet cadences still remind the good people of Truro of their duty to observe the Lord’s day. It has the following inscription engraved upon it: ‘This bell was the gift of the Honorable S. G. W. Archibald, LL.D., to St. John’s Church in Truro, in the Diocese of Nova Scotia, British North America, A.D., 1827.’

“And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of that great man, Samuel George William Archibald, LL.D., and of his eminent sons; of the birch rod dominies of early days; of the first doctors, from John Harris, who represented the town in the Assembly one hundred years ago, to Samuel Muir, a leading practitioner in Nova Scotia, who died in 1875, and of the representatives of the township to the House of Assembly from Major David Archibald in 1766, to Alexander L. Archibald, the last elected, in 1846, about whom many good stories could be told.

"Mr. Burnyeat married Lavinia, daughter of Charles Dickson, of Onslow, a young lady of rare beauty, who in the days of Lord Dalhousie was one of the handsomest personages known to Government House circles. Their Truro home, familiarly known as 'The Cottage,' in Mr. Burnyeat's lifetime acquired the reputation of being one of the handsomest country residences in Nova Scotia, and its proprietor one of the most hospitable of hosts, a dual distinction that still attaches to it in the hands of his son-in-law, our worthy Lieutenant-Governor."

"The incorporation of the town of Truro was in 1875, when Charles B. Archibald, Esq., was elected first mayor."

"The chapel in which Mr. Dimock began the Baptist church in Truro stood by Archibald's Mill, near Salmon River bridge. It was erected July 8, 1833."

"The first Methodist chapel was built on the east side of Archibald's Mill Race, on the Back Street, formerly so called, and made ready to occupy in 1844."

A census of Truro in 1770 shows eleven families of Archibalds, enumerated as follows: David Archibald, eight children; Matthew Archibald, five children; Samuel Archibald, Sr., five children; Samuel Archibald, thirteen children; John Archibald, four children; Robert Archibald, four children; Thomas Archibald, eight children; James Archibald, nine children; David Archibald, 3d, one child; John Archibald, 2d, one child; Thomas Archibald, Jr., one child.

Samuel George William Archibald, the third son of Samuel and Rachel Archibald, was born in Truro, February 5, 1777. He was left a fatherless boy when about three years old, and was taken by his grandfather and brought up until he was able to earn his own living. He went to Stewiacke and commenced improving the same farm that his brother had been working on before his death. He

began the study of law, and it was but a short time until he was admitted to the bar. He took up his work with a vigor which but few persons can bring into action, and soon became popular. In 1806 he was delegated to represent the County of Halifax in the House of Assembly, and he continued to hold the seat for thirty years. He represented the County of Colchester from the year 1836 to 1841. On May 21, 1817, he was appointed King's Counsel. On February 15, 1825, he was unanimously chosen speaker of the House of Assembly. He filled the office of clerk of the peace for a few years when a young man; also of judge of probate. He was appointed Solicitor-General on April 11, 1826, and was Attorney-General for a number of years. In 1841 he was appointed to the office of Master of Rolls. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Amelia Dickson, of Onslow, March 16, 1802. Mrs. Archibald died in Halifax, May 13, 1830, aged forty-three years. He was married to Mrs. Joanna Bradley, August, 1832, and died in Halifax, January 28, 1846, aged sixty-nine years. His widow died in England.

After Mr. Archibald's acceptance of Master of Rolls and Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty, he visited his beautiful estate on the Salmon River, Truro, where many of the associations of his life were connected. If we wish to fully know men and catch the coloring effects on the finer life which is lived in sequestered spots wholly apart from professional or commercial life, we must see the places where they dwell. He had not allowed his name and race inheritance of arboriculture and the beautiful in landscape life to be eclipsed by the rancor and political activities of a strenuous life.

His country residence and outlook were partly upland, partly intervale, by a steep bank, near the edge of which

stood his home, looking out on the level plain in front, which was under the highest cultivation, and studded with gigantic elms, many of them remnant of the original forest and all coeval with the first inhabitants of the valley.

“Through these the beautiful river meandered in graceful curves, which reflected the western sun of a summer’s afternoon in gorgeous hues. A lovelier scene than that from the old homestead of Mr. Archibald, Nova Scotia does not afford. His affections clung to it from his youth upwards. Here every summer he spent the leisure weeks he was able to steal from a busy life, here he cultivated the kindly affections of his neighbors, here he acquired by genial and unaffected familiarity with the country people that hold upon their hearts he retained to the end of his life.

Here, too, he kept open house for all comers, who were delighted with his courtesy and charmed by his unfailing spirits. Here he entertained the best and the noblest in the land. The Dalhousies, the Kempts, the Foxes, as well as the simpler inhabitants of the country shared his hospitality and sang his praises.

To this delightful spot he made his way soon after his appointment to the Bench and here he found himself surrounded by friends who expressed their welcome in an affectionate address. They congratulated him upon his recent appointment, they alluded to the various offices he had filled at home and abroad, and in reference to their being sometimes the gift of the people and sometimes the gift of the sovereign, they observed how acceptably he had discharged his duties alike to Queen and subject, and finally they alluded to the crowning act of his public career, when the Assembly, no longer permitted to elect him to their chair, had passed the encomium, to which we have referred, on his conduct while at their head. They expressed the hope that

his new position would enable him to spend more of his time among them.

His reply was in the affectionate strain proper to the occasion. He concluded it by telling them the kind welcome they had given him cemented the attachments which made the charm of social life among the people with whom, or whose fathers, his boyhood had been spent. He was always received with delight. Those who did not know him personally knew him well by the stories that were told at the hearthstones of their parents. Wherever he went he was received with the greatest cordiality.

It was his delight to take little excursions in the neighborhood, making up a party and driving to a sequestered spot, where a pleasant stroll could be had or a picnic partaken by a running stream or in a shady grove. On these occasions his whole heart was in the excursions. He talked and laughed and told stories and made jokes about anything and everything. The incidents of an afternoon drive might be of the tamest and dullest character, but when he returned home and had occasion to narrate to others who were not of the party what occurred, he would clothe the event in such a ludicrous garb, and that, too, without varying from the strictness of fact, that he convulsed with laughter not only his new auditors but also the very persons who had been witnesses of the events, but who had certainly been unconscious of their absurdity till they heard him tell the story. It was this marvellous capacity of extracting fun out of anything and everything which made him so charming a companion. When he told a story it was a perfect play. He looked the character he personated, having such a marvellous command of face that he could in an instant put on the features and air of the person he was talking about. He could use the exact dialect and voice, and the imperson-

ation was so perfect, and the effect so irresistible, that everybody was carried away with it. We doubt if ever a better story teller existed in Nova Scotia. He seldom told the same story twice, at all events not to the same audience. He had a most marvellous repertory of odd things and many of the best of them found their way into the pages of Mr. Slick, who appreciated and appropriated them.

An instance occurred at his own table in Halifax which showed the wonderful power of his stories. At his dinner table were gathered about a dozen gentlemen who were his special friends. Soon the cheer began to be felt. Joke followed joke, queer story after story was told. Mr. Archibald took his full share, laughed at other people's jokes, and made them laugh in return, till at last he hit upon a story so absurd and ludicrous and told it in a way so utterly irresistible that the guests were seized with convulsions of laughter so uncontrollable that not one of them could retain his seat. By a simultaneous movement the whole party were on their feet in a perfect ecstasy of excitement. But this was in his younger days, or at all events before advancing years and shattered health had sobered his wit to more decorous tones."

Charles Dickson Archibald, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.I., of Rusland Hall, County Lancaster and Gresford, North Wales, was born at Truro October 31, 1802; married September 18, 1832, Bridget, only child and heiress of Myles Walker, Esq., of Rusland Hall, and has surviving issue: Charles William, born July 19, 1838; Elizabeth Jane and Victoria Louisa. Mr. Archibald is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the County of Lancaster.

The family of Archibald has been established for centuries in Ireland.

Samuel Archibald, Esq., of Coleraine, County London-

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derry, son of David Archibald, Esq., of Coleraine, married Rachel, daughter of James Duncan, Esq., of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and was father of Samuel George William, LL.D., her Majesty's Attorney and Advocate General, speaker of the Assembly, of the province of Nova Scotia, who married first in 1802 Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Dickson, Esq., of Onslow, and by her had issue: Charles Dickson, now of Rusland Hall. He married again in 1832, Joanna, widow of W. Brinley, Esq.

Arms: Argent on a bend between three estoiles ax., three crescents of the field, all within a bordure engrailed sable. *Crest:* A palm branch proper. *Motto:* Palma non sine pulvere. Estates in Lancashire and Denbighshire. Seats: Rusland Hall, County Lancaster; Gresford, North Wales.

John Archibald, second, was son of Samuel Archibald, Senior, and Eleanor Taylor, born in the year 1747. He was fifteen years of age when they came to Nova Scotia. He was one of the grantees of Truro township at the age of eighteen. His wife, Margaret, was a daughter of William Fisher and Eleanor Archibald, born 1747, married March 4, 1772. He and his brother built the mills on the river at Truro. His wife died May 12, 1809, aged sixty-two years. His second marriage was to Hannah, daughter of James Archibald. He died October 15, 1813, leaving six sons and two daughters. His father, Samuel Archibald, Senior, left four sons and four daughters.

Samuel Burke Archibald, who came to Musquodoboit in 1797, was son of John Archibald, second, and grandson of Samuel Archibald, Senior, of Truro.

Hon. Sir Thomas Dickson Archibald, third, surviving son of the late Hon. Samuel George William Archibald, LL.D., Master of Rolls and Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty, Nova Scotia, born 1817, educated at Dalhousie

College, Halifax, and at Pictou Academy, Nova Scotia. Called to the bar at Middle Temple, 1852, having previously for eight years practised as a special pleader; joined the Northern circuit, was counsel to the Treasury from 1868 to 1872, appointed in Nova Scotia in 1872 as one of the justices of the Court of Queen's Bench, and in February, 1875, a justice of the Common Pleas, and is now a judge of the High Court of Justice, Common Pleas Division. Married in 1841 Sarah, only daughter of the late Richard Smith, Esq., of the Priory, Dudley County.

CHAPTER II

HON. SIR ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD, C.M.G.

HON. Sir Adams George Archibald, K.C.M.G., 1885; C.M.G., 1872; Q.C., D.C.L., of Halifax and of "The Cottage," Truro, was born at Truro May 18, 1814; called to the bar in Prince Edward Island 1838, and in Nova Scotia 1839; Q.C. 1856; Solicitor-General of Nova Scotia 1856 to 1857; Attorney-General 1860 to 1863; sworn of the Privy Council of Canada 1867; Secretary of State for the province of Nova Scotia, 1867 to 1868; Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba 1870 to 1873; Judge in Equity of Nova Scotia 1873; Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia 1873-83. Married at Truro June 1, 1843, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. John Burnyeat, rector of the parish of St. John, Colchester County (who died in 1843 at his residence, "The Cottage," Truro), and by her had issue: Adams George, born May 29, 1847; died October 19, 1861. Joanna Archibald, born May 29, 1844; married H. D. Laurie, Esq., of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, civil engineer. Elizabeth Alice, born November 16, 1851; married the Right Rev. Llewellyn Jones, Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. Mary Lavinia, born September 13, 1862.

Address by his honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia—the Honorable Adams George Archibald, C.M.G.,—a son of Truro, on occasion of her natal celebration, 1882:

"In the lives of all of us the recurrence of a birthday is a subject of interest. To some, the day is a season of solemn thought; to others it is only an occasion of merriment. Some feel the return of the day as a reminder that another year has passed away, and they ask themselves how they have spent it. Others, welcoming the anniversary as an excuse for a little extra indulgence, seek enjoyment without

reflection on the past, or thought of the future. But in whatever aspect we view it—be tone or temper of the mind what it may, few persons regard the day with indifference, and we may say of these few, that they are not, as a rule, of the class that commands the respect or esteem of their fellows. Something like the interest that belongs to the birthday of an individual attaches to the natal day of every country, city, or town. The feeling in this case should be shared by all the inhabitants or citizens. The natal day has in it less of the selfish than the individual birthday, but it resembles it in this respect, that those who have no share in the feeling, are not apt to stand high in the respect and esteem of the community in which they reside.

“In the old world, as a rule, the natal day is not observed as it is on this continent. There the origin of nations, of cities, and of towns is buried in obscurity. No man can tell what was the first step taken in the ages of barbarism to settle a country or to found a town. Thick darkness broods over these early beginnings. On this continent it is otherwise. Everything here has been done within historical times. It has been done in broad day. The press and the school defy oblivion. In speaking of these things we are in the region of fact.

“The natal day of every place on this continent—the day on which the solitude of the wilderness comes to be disturbed—the day on which civilized man for the first time obtrudes on the domain of the savage, is the turning point in the history of the place. For countless ages the soil has been roamed over, but never occupied. The products of nature are those only which grow spontaneously. The wild animals which yield to the savage his sport and his support, are like himself wanderers on the soil; but the time has arrived in the order of Providence when the land is no longer

to lie waste. It has hitherto been but a place of transit, it is now to be a possession. The laws of nature, which have hitherto done all, are now to do only part. The earth is to yield its increase still but of what nature that increase shall be is settled by the hand of man. Forests are to give place to fields, huts to houses. The horse and the ox are to supplant the bear and the loup-cervier. The stationary is to take the place of the nomadic. Hitherto the products of nature are those which she has yielded of her own accord, as the accidents of wind or water, of growth or decay, of clime or season may have determined. Now her energies are to be guided and directed. She is henceforth to produce what man exacts from her. Year by year he casts seed into her bosom and calls with confidence for a return of the same, with ample increase.

“This eventful day in the history of Truro dates back near a century and a quarter. It is something over one hundred and twenty-one years since the first British settlers penetrated to this place with the intention of making it their home. We do not take into account the evanescent visit of the French Acadians. Their occupation, such as it was, hardly extended to uplands or to forests. The entire extent of the cleared land in all Truro did not exceed one hundred acres.*

“Small patches of clearing there must have been, for houses and gardens, but beyond these no encroachment appears to have been made on the forest. What was done in the way of agricultural occupation, had reference to the marshes. A few embankments, some of them not a mile from the spot we stand on, remain to this day to bear witness that some effort had been made to shut out the tides from the higher mud flats.

*See report of Surveyor-General Morris to Lieutenant-Governor Belcher, inclosed by the former to the Lords of Plantations in a despatch dated 11th January, 1762.

“The Acadian French had gradually extended their settlements eastwardly from their headquarters at Port Royal. They had spread along the little streams which fall into the Bay of Fundy. They had made settlements at Minas and Pisiquid, and had gradually penetrated to Cobequid to a place a few miles below what is now Truro. There they had erected a house of worship, from which the adjoining water was called Cove d’ Eglise. This name, by a liberal Protestant translation, has adhered to the place. The settlement is called Mass Town to this day. Some Acadians, continuing the progressive settlement eastwardly, had, about this time, moved further up the Bay to this part of what was then known as Cobequid. Then came the cruel edict of September 5, 1755, which banished the whole Acadian race from home and country and scattered them as wanderers in the old British colonies, among a people who, to them, were heretics in creed and aliens in race.

“How many of these people had settled in Truro proper, we have no means now of knowing. It would appear by an enumeration of the French inhabitants quoted by Surveyor-General Morris in a report of his made just previously to the expulsion of the race, that between Isgonish (or as it was then called, Chaganois), and the head of Cobequid Basin, which he states as a distance of two leagues, there were twenty families. Of this section, what is now Truro was the most remote part, but assuming the twenty families to be equally dispersed over Lower and Upper Onslow, Bible Hill, the Upper and Lower Village of Truro, and Old Barns, it would give to each of these places an average of less than four families. A country with inhabitants so scattered, and they just entering upon the lands, can scarcely be said to have been settled at all. They must have had some houses, such as they were, but these were

probably destroyed when the people were driven away.

“At all events, six years afterwards, when the British settlers came there were no vestiges of houses to be found within a range of many miles from this spot. Two barns, indeed, were still standing, a fact which is perpetuated in the title of ‘Old Barns,’ so long applied to the part of Truro where the buildings stood. This name, with its historic value, remained till some restless innovator arose in the settlement and succeeded in burying it under the new-fangled title of ‘Clifton.’

“After the expulsion of the Acadian French, many of these people who had escaped to the woods, or had returned from exile, were found to be hovering around their old homes—a circumstance which occasioned much alarm to the local government of the day.

“At this time Cape Breton belonged to France, and the governors of the island were constantly plotting against the peace of Nova Scotia, using the Acadians and the Indians as their instruments. The route lay between Tatamagouche and the upper waters of the bay. A short portage between the sources of the Waugh River and of the Chagnois, as it was called, was all that impeded the passage of canoes between Cape Breton and the Bay of Fundy. By this route, and by the Shubenacadie Lakes, an expedition was projected against Halifax, when that town was only a few years in existence, which, if it had been as vigorously carried out as it was ingeniously planned, might have had a disastrous effect upon the infant colony.

“The alarm felt by the local government appears to have extended to England, and to have given rise to the policy then adopted, of having the vacant lands settled by a race of Protestants who had no injuries to avenge, and who might be counted on as loyal subjects to the crown. Very

considerable sums of money were expended by the imperial government in this service. Special inducements were offered to immigrants, such as transports to the province, grants of cleared lands, and aid in the first years of settlement. In this way in the year 1760 were settled Granville and Cornwallis, Annapolis, Horton and Falmouth. Early in 1761 Newport was settled, and in the latter part of the month of May of that year a body of immigrants landed in this township, and another in Onslow. The intervening lands between Newport and Truro on one side of the bay, and between Onslow and Economy on the other, were left for subsequent years.

“The first settlers at Truro consisted of fifty-three families, comprising in all one hundred and twenty souls. They had come originally from the north of Ireland, having first immigrated to New Hampshire. After a short stay there, hearing of the inducements to settle in this province, they agreed to come on to Truro, under the guidance of Colonel M. Nutt, who, for several years, was extensively engaged in carrying out the projects of the British Government for settling the province. The immigrants had with them one hundred and seventeen head of cattle, their farming implements and household utensils, together with seed-corn and potatoes. Government supplied the transport. The voyage from New England was tedious. The ships were detained by contrary winds and it was well on to the end of May before they arrived at this place.

“We can have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves the scene presented to the eyes of the newcomers. The dykes built by the Acadians were broken. The tide had resumed its sway over the muddy expanse which extended westwardly from the Lower Ford, so called. One vast sheet of dreary mud flats extended from the intervalles of the Salmon

and North rivers all the way down to Savage's Island. Above, to the east, all was wilderness. The lovely meadows, which now form so fine a feature of the scenery on North and Salmon rivers, were then covered with the virgin forest, of which a few elms only now survive. From either side of the bay, the flats on the opposite shore were skirted by a forest which extended away as far as the eye could reach, till the tops of the trees on the hills were outlined on the sky. The flats were unsightly objects, but they furnished the material for splendid hay grounds, when reclaimed from the tide; but this involved labor, and much of it. The forest afforded a fine sight, but, to the new settler's eye, the sight of fields was much finer; and before a forest could become a field, there was much work to be done. But our ancestors did not come here to be charmed with the sight of forests, or disgusted with that of mud flats. They had work to do that left little room or time for mere sentiment. First their seed was to be put in the ground. The season was already late enough, but before they could prepare such ground as was above the tide level and free of forest, for a crop, the season was far advanced. Then a great drouth occurred. The seed sown in dry ground was followed by a crop which made its feeble appearance on the surface only to be withered by a fiery sun. Later on came severe frosts. The crop was largely a failure and the stout hearts of the settlers must have quailed when they thought of the coming winter and how little preparation they had been able to make for it, but they had no time to repine. They had now their houses to build. Fortunately this was not a tedious business. A few trees chopped down and cut into lengths, then hewed and piled on each other, gave the four walls required. Poles surmounted with bark made a roof, places for windows and doors were sawed in the walls, and a chimney was soon im-

provised. A square framework of sticks, plastered inside with mud, gave all the flue that was required, while a huge opening below offered a fireplace large enough to warm and light the apartments with logs felled at the door. Fodder for the cattle during the winter was secured by mowing and curing the salt grass which grew on the higher mud flats. When this was safely stacked* the settlers went to work to repair the old French dykes. Fortunately for them the remnants of the dykes were there to show them the nature of the work to be done. They had had no experience in their old home of the devices required to draw sustenance from land below the level of the sea, and must have spent much unnecessary labor, as indeed did the French before them, in erecting the immense mounds which, in those days, were thought necessary to ward off the tide. However, stout hearts and strong arms they had, and, with the old dykes repaired and secured, they could, notwithstanding their loss of crop, look forward with hope to the next season when the seed could be sown in due time. Meanwhile the government had come to their relief and had lent them six hundred bushels of corn to tide them over the winter, to be repaid at a future day if demanded. This was at the rate of five bushels per head of the inhabitants and was a most seasonable aid.

“We need not pursue the further history of the infant settlement. The people were industrious, frugal and honest, and soon thrived, as men with these qualities will always thrive.

“We catch a cheerful glimpse of the young community, as it existed five years afterwards, from a letter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the day, sent to the Secretary of State. He writes:

*See Governor Belcher's letter to the Lords of Plantations under date of November 1761.

“ ‘The townships of Truro, Onslow, and Londonderry, consisting in the whole of six hundred and sixty-four men, women and children, composed of people chiefly from the north of Ireland, make all their own linen and even some little to spare to the neighboring towns. This year they raised seven thousand five hundred and twenty-four pounds of flax, which will probably be worked up in the several families during the winter.’

“It is worth while quoting an additional passage from this despatch to show how the government of that day regarded the policy of promoting domestic manufactures among our people. Governor Francklyn, after stating how busily the people were employed in the art which they had probably brought with them from the great seat of the flax industry in the north of Ireland, apparently fearful that the jealousy of British manufacturers might be aroused, goes on apologetically to say: ‘This government has at no time given encouragement to manufacturers, which could interfere with those of Great Britain, nor has there been the least appearance of any association of private persons for that purpose; nor are there any persons who profess themselves weavers, so as to make it their employment or business, but only work at it in their own families during the winter and other leisure hours.’

“The discouragement of local manufactures indicated by the passage we have quoted is in as marked contrast with the national policy of to-day, as is this large crop of flax, being at the rate of almost twelve pounds per head of the population, with the production of the plant now. The quantity of flax dressed in the whole county of Colchester at this day, with its twenty-three thousand people, and after the lapse of a century, is little more than what was manufactured by these settlements then not over five years old,

with a population not amounting in all to one thousand.

“For three-quarters of a century after the settlement of Truro, its material progress was much the same as that which has marked all the settlements organized on the same plan. That plan was to grant a township to a large number of proprietors, to be held by them in common, in shares, or rights. Every share entitled the owner to a house lot, a farm lot, a wood lot, and a marsh lot, which were to be assigned to him when the township came afterwards to be divided among the shareholders. In the first instance the settlers selected their own house lots and front lots, according to fancy, convenience, or mutual agreement. When the partition afterwards took place, the possession so taken was respected, and such lands formed part of the lots assigned to the occupant in respect of his share. This arrangement was favorable to the formation of villages on the front, but prejudicial to the settlement of the back lands. These latter were held for wood lots only, and were considered of little value except for fuel. Belonging to farmers with abundance of other lands, with fine intervalles and marshes on their front lots, they were not in the market for sale, and it was a long time before even a few of them found their way into the hands of strangers and came to be cleared and cultivated as farms. The change in the appearance of Truro therefore, for a long time after its settlement, was mainly in the line of fields extended, of additional marsh enclosed, and of better buildings erected.

“The properties, as originally assigned on partition, remained very much in the same families, and even where a farm changed hands, the new owner held by the original boundary lines and possessed the same farm as his predecessor. This is observable still in some parts of the township which are exclusively agricultural. The adjoining

village of Onslow, which was settled in the same year and under the same conditions, is wholly agricultural, and the front lands, as seen in driving down the road on the Bay Shore, appear mainly to be held by original boundary lines.

“I have from memory made a map of the Truro of forty years ago, marking the houses then standing. Haliburton in his history states that there were in 1838 about seventy houses in the Upper and Lower Villages. How sparse and scattered they were may be gathered from what appears on my map. Prince Street was then a road with cradle hills still on it. No vehicle less solid than a cart could travel over it. Queen Street, which was then called Front Street, had only seven houses from the river bridge to the common. In point of fact, however, old Truro was not the Truro of to-day. Truro then meant, in common parlance, that part of the village which lay to the north of the river. On Bible Hill, as it was called, were the principal hotels—one on each side of the street. There were the public offices, the registry of deeds, the custom house, the offices of judge and registrar of probate. There was the post office, and there for a long time stood the court house. From Witter’s Hotel, there situate, ran the stage coaches which connected us with the capital and Pictou. There were the offices of the lawyers practising in the county. There too was the Holy Well, consecrated in French Acadian times. After the English came it was at this fount that generations of lawyers, while attending the court, which generally lasted a week each sitting, slaked every morning the thirst born of the exhaustive festivities of the previous evening, which distinguished those days. There, too, was the Free Masons’ Hall, which preceded temperance organizations, and had, perhaps, something to do with creating the necessity for such societies. Then there was the Bachelors’ Hall, where

some eight or ten young men lived together—lawyers, doctors and merchants—many of whom afterwards achieved distinction, though at the time they were noted more for the pranks and diversions and frolics which belong to youth, than for the more solid qualities of men of business. Thus the society of Truro was all on Bible Hill. There was one thing to add to its luster. At that part of the town was the residence of the great man, not of Truro only, nor of Colchester, but of the whole province. He was our representative in the Assembly from 1806 to 1841, and during that period wielded a power in the Legislature that has never been attained by any other man—before or since. His house stood on the east side of the road. The view from the front door, looking to the west, across a rich meadow, studded with lovely elms, was one of the finest in the province, and many a gay company has stood on the platform of the old portico of that house, gazing on this beautiful scene, now in raptures with the lovely picture spread out before them, now moved to laughter by the sallies of wit and humor which issued from the lips of the brilliant host. Is it any wonder then that with all these advantages and attractions Bible Hill was Truro ‘*par excellence*’? It was fashionable Truro, it was official Truro, it was business Truro, it was sportive Truro. The part of the town which lay to the south of the river, the part where we are now assembled, was a mere suburb of Truro. The Hill, on the first settlement of the town, fell to the lot of a family of Archibalds, who were Presbyterians of the strictest sort, and it was probably the sneer of the less orthodox and devout, who were inhabitants of this side of the river, that gave birth to the name of Bible Hill, which has stuck to it to this day. But it is almost the only thing that has stuck to it. The whirligig of time has brought about strange reverses. Go there now

and you will look in vain for court house, or registry of deeds or of probates, for post offices or mail coaches, for Masons', or Bachelors' Halls, for judges, or lawyers, or prothonotaries. No great statesman resides there, the cynosure of all eyes. All have disappeared. Lastly, and this is the strangest thing of all, when Truro came to receive a mayor and corporation, Bible Hill, so long the only Truro known to the world, was actually left out of the municipality—what had been the whole of Truro was no longer even part of it. 'Ichabod' was written over its door posts. The glory had departed from it.

"A fitting sequel to all these reverses remains to be mentioned. The old homestead of the great man of earlier times came into the market a few years ago, and was purchased by a gentleman who has since built a new house on the same site. The old house was removed to the opposite side of the road, its front wheeled round to the east, and thus, as was quite proper under the circumstances, it was made to turn its back on the beautiful scene on which it had gazed for over three-score years. Even the Holy Well has become indignant. The fountain, which for ages had poured forth a limpid stream that had given comfort and cheer to thousands of others besides thirsty lawyers, has ceased to flow, or at all events its waters have become so turbid and tainted that when last I visited it, some two years ago, with a son of the great man I have spoken of, who has himself just received a signal mark of the approbation of his sovereign, we found the well in such a condition that we did not venture to taste its waters.

"I have spoken of the lovely view from the front door of Mr. Archibald's residence. But that was not then, nor is it now, the only charming scenery of which Truro can boast. The hills, which surround the town like an amphitheater,

afford from their crests the most varied and striking views. Some fifty years ago when the late Joseph Howe was just beginning a career of great distinction, he wrote and published in his newspaper, under the head of 'Eastern Rambles' some racy sketches of the scenery of this part of the province. I had quite forgotten the articles till, the other day, on turning over the leaves of the 'Nova Scotian' of 1830 I stumbled upon them. One or two extracts from them will show, not only how highly Mr. Howe appreciated the beauties of Truro, but also what a vigorous pen he wielded, even in those early days when his style was comparatively unformed. We shall find in these extracts, abundant traces of the sound sense, combined with the lively imagination and genuine humor which distinguished his later productions. Take this account of his visit to the falls, about a mile south from the railway station. From that day to this the scene is unchanged. There is not a word of Mr. Howe's eloquent description less appropriate at this moment than it was on the day it was written. No tourist should leave Truro without a visit to the spot.

" 'Following up a small stream which runs along a narrow strip of meadow that extends to the rear of the fields on the southern side of the village, as you recede from the cultivation and improvements of man and approach the wilderness and primitive negligence of nature, a sudden turn to the left shuts you out from the softened and beautiful scene of mingled meadow and woodland and encloses you between two high ranges of land that rise up on each side of you as abrupt and precipitous as the waves of the Red Sea are said to have towered above the host of Pharaoh. The small stream is still murmuring at your feet, and pursuing its way, sometimes over, and occasionally under, a luckless windfall that the violence of some Borean gust has stretched

across its current. For the distance of one hundred, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards, this ravine is highly picturesque and attractive. It keeps narrowing as you go on; its sides, which are in most places crowned with trees and shrubbery to the very edge, offer most singular and attractive combinations, and you find your progress in some places nearly impeded by the lower steps, so to speak, by which the waters descend from the highlands to the quiet vale below. After clambering up sundry ledges and rural staircases formed by the projecting points of rocks, old stumps, and bending saplings, and after stopping a dozen times to gather breath or admire the minor beauties which claim a portion of your notice ere you arrive at the chief attraction, you come in sight of a steep rock, which, having been thrown across the ravine, has for ages withstood the efforts of the falling waters to push it from its place or wear it away. From the level of the clear pool at its base to the summit over which a narrow and beautiful stream descends may be about fifty feet.

“ ‘Lay thee down upon that rock, my gentle traveller, which the heat of the noonday has warmed, despite the coolness of the neighboring waters, and there with thy senses half lulled to forgetfulness by the murmurs of the falling stream, thy eyes half closed, and thy spirit all unconscious of earthly turmoils and care, give thyself up to musing, for never was there a more appropriate spot than the Truro Falls for our old men to see visions and our young men to dream dreams. You are as effectually shut out from the world as though, like Colonel Boon, you were at least one hundred miles from a human being, and, if you are poetical, you may weave rhymes, if you are romantic you may build castles in the air, and if you be a plain, matter-of-fact man you may pursue your calculations by the side of the Truro

Falls without the slightest danger of interruption. Should you be advanced in years, my gentle traveller, how must you sigh that time will not allow you a discount of twenty summers, and place by your side within the quiet shelter of this beautiful ravine the chosen deity of your youthful adoration. Oh! would not her accents of acknowledged affection mingle delightfully with the falling waters? and would not every vow you uttered catch a solemnity and power from the retired holiness of the scene? Perhaps on that very rock where you recline many an expression of pure and sinless regard has burst from lips that, after long refusal, at length played the unconscious interpreters to the heart. Many a chaste and yet impassioned embrace has made eloquent acknowledgment of all that the young heart has dared to hope; and perhaps we err not when we say that there are among our numerous readers many a couple, who, while tasting the pleasures of the domestic circle, bless the balmy summer eve when they first strayed to the Truro Falls.'

"Since the day when Mr. Howe wrote this eloquent and beautiful passage, who can say how often the fates of young people have been decided under the soothing influence of those descending waters.

"As a specimen of his composition on a different theme let us find room for his description of the graveyard which stood in the rear of the old Presbyterian meeting house, and which is included within the fences of the present cemetery.

" 'The graveyard,' says Mr. Howe, 'lies immediately in the rear, and see, my gentle traveller, the gate is half unclosed, as though it would invite us to pass through and linger a moment among the lowly beds of those whose spirits have departed to a better world. He must have a dull and sluggish soul—who can look without emotion on the quiet

graves of the early settlers of this country—who can tread upon their mouldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils—who can from their tombs look upon the rural loveliness—the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead, who won, by the stoutness of their hearts and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy; who plunged into the forest, not as we do now, for a summer day's ramble, or an hour of tranquil musing, but to win a home from the ruggedness of uncultivated nature, and in despite of the dusky savage thirsting for his blood. Oh! for the muse of Gray to pour out a befitting tribute to the dead. He caught from the sanctity and softened associations of an English graveyard an inspiration that rendered him immortal; but the graves among which he stood were the resting-places of men whose lives had been tranquil and undisturbed; who had grown up amidst the fruitfulness of a civilized and cultivated country, and had enjoyed the protection of institutions long firmly established, and the security and cheering influence of ancient usage. How much deeper would have been the tones of his harp had he stood where we now stand, had he been surrounded by the graves of those who found this country a wilderness and left it a garden; who pitched their tents among the solitudes of nature and left to their children her fairest charms, heightened by the softening touch of art; who had to build up institutions as they built up their lowly dwellings, but nevertheless bequeathed to their descendants the security of settled government, the advantages of political freedom, the means of moral and religious improvement, which they labored to secure but never lived to enjoy. We have no abbeys or cathedrals where our warriors and statesmen are preserved. We have no monumental piles fraught with the

deeds of other days, to claim a tribute from the passer-by. The lapse of ages, political vicissitudes, violent struggles, and accumulated wealth are necessary to the possession of these; but in every village of our infant country we have the quiet graves of those who subdued the wilderness, who beautified the land by their toils, and left not only the fruits of their labors, but the thoughts and feelings which cheered them in their solitude, to cheer and stimulate us amidst the inferior trials and multiplied enjoyments of a more advanced state of society. May we, while contrasting the present with the past, never forget the debt of gratitude we owe, and while standing beside the humble graves of our early settlers, may we ever feel our spirits awakened by the recollection of their lives, our thoughts ennobled by the remembrance of their trials, and our holiest and best resolves strengthened with a portion of their strength.'

"We shall make but one more extract from these pleasing papers. You will recollect my allusion to the inmates of Bachelors' Hall, their fun and frolics. The hall was just at the top of the hill, as you ascend the road from the intervale. The river here is fringed by a bank of red sandstone, which extends from the Holy Well far up the stream. It forms a fine feature of the scenery from the opposite side of the river. Along the slope of this bank the bachelors had cut a path in the sandstone, about halfway up between the river edge and the top of the bank, and at the end of the path had built a spacious bower. Here they resorted on occasions of merriment or revelry. All this is beyond the recollection even of middle-aged men of the present day, but it was quite fresh at the time of Mr. Howe's visit. Listen to his description of the place.

" 'Extending due east from the principal inns and forming the southern termination of what is called the "Hill,"

is a very steep bank of red clay which the action of the elements keeps continually wearing away and threatening, as it were, to convert the upland of the worthy proprietors into very excellent intervale. Along the sides and part of the brow of this bank is a range of trees, and beneath their shade in times gone by, as the village tradition goes, there stood a rural bower. The deity to whom it was dedicated we could not with accuracy ascertain, but certain it is that it used to be the scene of singular cantrips and orgies. The peasantry who thereabouts do dwell are bold to declare that of a summer evening as they passed along, volumes of smoke would be seen bursting from its leafy sides and ascending in varied curls in the balmy air; but whether it smelt of brimstone or tobacco has to this day remained a point of doubtful settlement and given rise to much rural and "nice argument." True it is that voices used to be heard, and sometimes a ringing and tinkling sound, like the meeting of friendly glasses, and ever and anon there would break forth from that mystical bower the sounds of song, sometimes accompanied by instrumental music, which the credulous passer-by took for some fiendish scraping, but which the less timorous believe to have been the notes of a violin. There were many things to strengthen the belief that hereabouts did dwell the very spirits of mischief; for it was no uncommon thing for marvellous accounts of slaughtered bears and chivalrous captains to be sent to the Halifax newspapers bearing date at Truro, and purporting to be accurate and faithful narratives of heroic and daring exploits; and on connubial occasions a troop of cavalry would sometimes wheel up in front of the bridal chamber, and, discharging a volley of firearms in at the window, gallop off in the twinkling of a bedpost; or maybe a large standard would be found waving from some chimney top, like the banner of some

feudal chieftain from the loftiest battlement of his castle, spreading terror and anxiety around. But these days are passed—the mad spirits who used to play such pranks are either caught in traps matrimonial, and, like the gentle Ariel, confined to the clefts of their domestic hollow trees, or are scattered to other portions of the provinces, where for want of countenance and example they are forced to restrain the bent of their humor and conform to the even tenor of a more matter-of-fact existence.

“ ‘The bower has fallen to earth; its branches are scattered along the side of the bank and its leaves are dancing on the breath of many a breeze, but from its site there is decidedly one of the prettiest views of the course of the Salmon River that is to be found in the neighborhood of Truro.’

“Many of the allusions in this paragraph will be understood from what we have said in introducing it, but the reference to ‘slaughtered bears and chivalrous captains’ revives a funny incident of those days. A worthy resident of the town had been in some way connected with military affairs and called himself Captain Wilson. This gentleman used to tell marvellous stories and was himself generally the hero of them. The bachelors of the hall soon took his measure and had great delight in turning him into ridicule. One day in 1821 there appeared in the ‘Acadian Recorder’ a long and circumstantial account of the killing of a bear by Captain Wilson, which set the whole town laughing. The captain’s sanguinary exploits, so far as he reported them, had hitherto not extended to that class of animals. When the newspaper arrived, the wags who had concocted the story naturally took care to call on the old man, one after another, and ply him with endless questions about the time, the place, the weight, the size, the color, the length of ears and tail,

etc., asking for the minutest particulars. It was in vain that he denied the story and declared it to be a hoax. They insisted on believing it and pretended to impute his disavowal to modesty. So it went on for a week or two, when out came, in another issue of the 'Recorder,' what purported to be an affidavit in contradiction of the story, sworn to by the hero himself, and expressed in these words:

‘I, Captain Wilson, do declare,
That I have never killed a bear,
Either at Truro or elsewhere.’

“This is one specimen of the pranks played by the mad wags of Bachelors’ Hall in those days, to which allusion is made in Mr. Howe’s article.

“While Bible Hill was steadily losing ground, this side of the river was steadily gaining it. It cheerfully made room for the officials, on their exodus from the hill. Not only so, but this side of the river now began to feel the advantage of its position, which entitled it to expect an accession of population from without. No better site for a town can be found anywhere than our broad plateau, extending as it does from the bank at the edge of the intervale southwards, to the base of the hills, and stretching along the river for more than a mile. Here was abundance of space, and the ground, much of which was gravel, afforded a foundation for buildings at once solid and dry. These considerations had much to do with solving the question where the town should be. That point once settled the growth of a town was assured. The situation of Truro, in reference to the rest of the county, points it out as the proper site of the chief town. It is at the head of the navigation of the bay. It is the center of a fine agricultural county. From it roads radiate in every direction—north, south, east and west—like the spokes of

a wheel. Beginning north of the bay and sweeping round in a circle, we come across first the road to Onslow and Londonderry, and all the lower parts of the county. Then comes the road to Isgonish and New Annan, then the old road to Tatamagouche, next that to North River and Earltown, then the road to East Mountain and Salmon River, then one to Greenfield, then another to Harmony and Middle Stewiacke, then one to Brookfield and Lower Stewiacke, and finally we complete the circle on arriving at the road to Old Barns and Shubenacadie on the south side of the bay. A town occupying a position so central could not fail to prosper as the county prospered. Even before the railways reached us, Truro had made some measure of progress. Its shops furnished the population of the settlements on all these roads with the greater part of their supplies. By and by other events occurred, which conduced specially to the building up of this part of the town. First came the erection of the Normal School, on the site where the new building now stands. Then a bridge at the Board Landing shortened the distance to Onslow by three miles. It saved that amount of travelling for every person going to the North. It shortened by so much every trip of the mail to New Brunswick and Canada. It was therefore a great boon to the public. But then, it threw Bible Hill in the background. That place was no longer on the high road to Canada and the rest of the continent. When finally the heart of our fine plateau was selected as the site of the railway station, the triumph of this side of the river was complete. Since then it has grown and prospered at a rate of progress without a parallel in the history of our country towns. Happily, refinement and good taste have kept pace with the population, and we may say of Truro what can scarcely be said of any other town of its size in the province, that the poorest house or

cottage in it has its little garden patch in front, ornamented with flowers, and separated from the street by a neat paling, the whole indicating the good taste and thrift of the owner, and his love of order and neatness.

“I have dwelt mainly on the material changes which have taken place in our town. Time would fail me to speak of the efforts made in early days to promote education and religion in the place. Much should be said of the labors and devotion of the Rev. Mr. Cook, the earliest settled minister of this place, and of the Rev. Mr. Waddell, his successor. From 1770 down to the arrival of Rev. Dr. McCulloch in 1838, these men dispensed religious ordinances to the people of Truro. Thus three ministers have between them bridged over the long period of over a century, which has intervened between the arrival of Rev. Mr. Cook and the present day. When the Rev. Dr. McCulloch came among us, Truro was in the state of progress indicated by my map. There was then but one Presbyterian congregation where there are now six.

“When all Truro worshipped at the old meeting house, which stood on ground now enclosed within the cemetery, it was a goodly sight to see the people streaming from all points of the compass to the house of God. From Onslow and East Mountain, from Bible Hill and up the river, from Halifax Road, Lower Village and Old Barns, came the gathering—on foot, on horseback—often two on a horse—in carriages, such as we have seen in the procession to-day—of every shape and build (except perhaps, those of the class familiar to modern eyes), fording streams—some even at low tide wading across the bay. Thus they thronged to the sanctuary. These were the days of long sermons. Two or three hours of religious exercises were followed by an intermission of fifteen minutes. This, in summer, was

spent by the people under the shade of the old spruce trees, which then stood in front of the church on the opposite side of the road. There they partook of the refreshments they had brought from their homes. It was a charming quarter of an hour. It passed away with marvellous rapidity. Everybody enjoyed it, the young particularly. When the time allotted had expired and the people began to wend their way back to church for three hours more of religious exercises, an acute observer might have detected on the faces, at all events of the boys and girls, an expression that betokened a wish either that the sermons were shorter, or if that could not be, at least that the intermissions were longer.

“I have not spoken of the other denominations, because in early times the greater part of the people were Presbyterians. At first all were so, and it was only by secession from people of that creed and by the arrival of newcomers from without, that the other denominations grew to the position, as regards numbers and respectability, which they hold at this moment. Nor have I time to tell of the events which preceded, or accompanied, or followed the construction of the buildings which have made Truro the center of the common school education of the province. Much less can I tell of that long line of public men, who have represented us in the Assembly, from the year 1766, when old David Archibald first took his seat for Truro, down to the present time. On this point let me mention in passing a circumstance which I do not think has occurred in any other county of the province in connection with the representation. In the long period of one hundred and sixteen years during which our constituency has existed, the family of the first member has furnished four representatives in lineal descent one from the other, while the family of a younger brother of his has furnished three members in as many different

generations. It is clear therefore that that family had had its full share of public honors, and it was quite time for it to stand aside for others to take their turn.

“But the waning time bids me bring my observations to a close. Let me say in concluding that the progress made by Truro within the past few years justifies the hope of a prosperous future. As the center of a fine agricultural county, it would be assured under any circumstances of a continuous—even if only a moderate support. The site admits of an indefinite extension in all directions. It affords every convenience for carrying on industrial enterprises. As regards railways the position of Truro fits it for being a distributing center. There cannot be a doubt therefore that so far as physical conditions are concerned, everything is favorable for the growth of the town. These are very important considerations—indeed almost indispensable—but they will not of themselves make a town. One thing more is wanted, and that is a spirit of energy and enterprise among its people. That spirit has created towns where many of our advantages were wanting, but without it all the advantages in the world will not avail. It is this which creates industrial undertakings that employ and reward labor. These invite population, create wealth, in short make what in American parlance is called a ‘live’ city. Of this spirit our people have shown of late that they have a goodly share. What has been done is a fair measure of what we may expect to be done.

“Let each of us do what in him lies to promote the interests of the town. Let us feel for the place as a whole, something of the regard we have for the part of it which belongs to us individually. Let us take pleasure in the sight of other houses as neat and tidy as our own—of other gardens blooming with flowers like our own—of streets as clean

and skirted by trees as beautiful as are the streets and the trees which are nearest our own places. Let us delight in the evidence of culture and refinement all around us. We will thus make our town an object of beauty as well as a place of business, and may cherish a pride in it which these things will amply justify.

“Then let us encourage in every way in our power the establishment among us of every industrial enterprise that offers a reasonable prospect of success. Let us welcome to our midst every man who can bring with him skill and energy, industry and probity, and who will place these qualities at our service in building up our town.

“I trust that one effect of this celebration will be to increase the interest we take in our past and present, to knit us more closely together as members of one community, and to induce us, however much we may differ on other matters of more or less importance, to work together with one heart and one mind for the best interests of our beloved town.”

IN MEMORIAM, THE HONORABLE SIR ADAMS
GEORGE ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G., P. C., Q. C., D. C. L.

In the decease of the eminent statesman and scholar to whom, from the inception of this Society to the termination of his connection with it by death, it was largely indebted for the position achieved by it, and the prosperity which has marked its progress hitherto, and who departed this life while holding office as its President, the Nova Scotia Historical Society finds occasion for the expression of its profound sorrow and the offering of a well-merited tribute to his memory.

The name of Archibald is one of historic interest in Nova Scotia, having been early rendered famous by some who bore

it, and more recently illustrated by the subject of this sketch.

Adams George was born at Truro, in this province, on May 18, 1814, son of Samuel, whose father was James, who from June, 1796, held, for the remainder of his life, the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Colchester, and whose grandfather, Samuel, was one of four brothers of Scottish extraction who, immigrating from the north of Ireland in 1761, received grants of land in Colchester County, and from whom numerous families now scattered throughout Nova Scotia trace their descent. Among those who have adorned this name, the Hon. S. G. W. Archibald, at the time of his decease Master of the Rolls for the province of Nova Scotia, stood pre-eminent; and of his sons one, Sir Thomas, became a Baron of the Exchequer in England, and another, Sir Edward, for many years the British Consul at New York, was knighted for distinguished service. The mother of Sir Adams was also an Archibald—Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew, coroner of Colchester (1776), and representative of that county in the General Assembly.

Adams George Archibald received his general education at Pictou Academy, under Dr. McCulloch, and pursued his legal studies with the late William Sutherland, Q.C., afterwards Recorder of Halifax. He was admitted an attorney in both Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in 1838; and in 1839 was called to the bar of the latter province. In 1851 he was elected to represent Colchester in the House of Assembly, and was continuously re-elected up to the date of the union of the provinces in 1867. His career at that time was marked by assiduous attention to the business of the House, and to improvements in the course of legislation. He carried bills for regulating municipal assessments and for managing the gold fields of the province, greatly assisted

in maturing the free school system of education now existing, and boldly, and with success, assailed the law of universal suffrage, and secured the restriction of the franchise to rate-payers. Mr. Archibald married (June 1, 1843), Elizabeth A., daughter of the Rev. John Burnyeat, the first clergyman of the Church of England in the parish of St. John, Colchester, by his wife Lavinia, daughter of Charles Dickson and sister of Elizabeth, the wife of the Hon. S. G. W. Archibald, before referred to. Mr. Archibald was himself, through family tradition and by personal adherence, a Presbyterian. He was created Queen's Counsel in or about the year 1855, was appointed Executive Councillor and Solicitor-General in 1856, and in 1860 Attorney-General, which office, with that of Advocate-General of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, received in 1862, he held until the defeat of the Government, of which he was a member, in 1863. In 1857, he was, in conjunction with the late Hon. J. W. Johnstone, commissioned a delegate to England to negotiate, with the British Government and General Mining Association, terms on which the monopoly of that Association in the coal areas of this province might be terminated, and the control of its mines and minerals fully assured to the province. A happy solution of a long-standing difficulty was then accomplished. In 1861 he was a delegate to a conference held at Quebec to discuss the question of an Intercolonial Railway. In 1864, Mr. Archibald being then leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly, seconded a resolution moved by Dr. Tupper, the leader of the Government, in favor of the appointment of delegates to confer with delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island on the subject of a legislative union of the three provinces. He attended as one of these delegates the conference held in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in June of that year, and, the ques-

tion becoming merged in the larger one of a union of all the British American provinces, he was found later in the year at the Quebec Conference called to mature this measure, and, after ably advocating it in the legislature of this province, took an active part in securing its consummation at the final conference held in London in the winter of 1866-7. When, in 1867, the provinces became confederated as the Dominion of Canada, Mr. Archibald was appointed Secretary of State. Failing, however, to secure re-election by his old constituency, he resigned this office in 1868, but was returned to the House of Commons in 1869, and sat until May, 1870, when he was appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba. The circumstances of that province at the time required the exercise of just such qualities as Mr. Archibald possessed in a marked degree; a cool and sound judgment directing a potent will which effected its purposes through a manner of the utmost urbanity; and the results of his administration of affairs were eminently satisfactory. Having accomplished the pacification of the province and established its government on a constitutional footing, he resigned in 1873 and returned to Nova Scotia, where he was appointed Judge in Equity in succession to the Hon. J. W. Johnstone. This office he had held but a few days when on July 4, 1873, he was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province, on the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, who had been appointed but a short time previously. His courtier-like and dignified bearing, his high intellectual aspirations, his love of constitutional lore, the impartiality of his judgment, and the geniality of his disposition, well fitted him to adorn the position which he had now attained. He discharged its varied duties with the same skill and success which had characterized him in other spheres, and when the term of his appointment expired in 1878, he was requested, on the

advice of the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, then Prime Minister of the Dominion, to continue in office, which he did, until July, 1883. He had, in 1872, been created by Her Majesty the Queen a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of the distinguished service rendered by him in Manitoba, and in 1886 he was made a Knight Commander of the Order in further token of his Sovereign's approval.

Retired from office, Sir Adams did not seek for absolute repose. His mind was of the order which ever aims at usefulness, and his literary tendencies happily led him in the direction of such researches and discussions as this Society is designed to promote. King's College, Windsor, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1883. In 1884 he was chosen chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College and University.

In February, 1886, Sir Adams accepted a nomination to the office of President of the Historical Society, and was duly elected thereto. Thenceforward it was the special object of his ambition, and increasing solicitude, so to contribute by his own endeavors, and so to stimulate the exertions of others, as that the objects for which the Society was formed might be thoroughly accomplished. He had already conferred upon it many favors and frequently benefited it by his pen. He delivered, at the formation of the Society, the inaugural address printed in the first volume of the Society's collections. He contributed to our second volume an entertaining biographical sketch of Sir Alexander Croke, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Halifax during the period covered by the Napoleonic wars; to our third volume an historical account of Government House; to our fourth a like story of the Province Building; to our fifth two papers on the Expulsion of the Acadians, and to our seventh a paper

on the Exodus of the Negroes in 1791 with extracts from Clarkson's Journal,—possession of which he had obtained in one of his visits to England. He also from time to time read interesting papers which have not been published, as that in 1882, entitled: "A Chapter in the Life of Sir John Wentworth"; and again in 1884, "The Early Life of Sir John Wentworth"; and in 1886, a paper giving an account of Bermuda, from personal observation and research.

In 1888 a vacancy having occurred in the representation of Colchester through the appointment of the Honorable A. W. McLelan as Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Adams yielded to the solicitation of his friends and was again elected to the House of Commons. Advancing age, however, admonished him to decline a renewed nomination at the General Election in 1891, and he then permanently withdrew from public life.

As health failed and Sir Adams felt that his term of efficient service was near its close, desiring to retain office no longer than he could adequately fulfil its functions, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of this Society declining to be renominated for President at the annual meeting in February, 1892. The Society, however, would not entertain the proposal and re-elected him by a cordial and unanimous vote.

What remains to be said is best presented in the following resolution, passed at a meeting specially convened on December 21, 1892, on notice of his decease. It was moved by Peter Lynch, Esq., Q.C., his life-long friend and active associate in the Society, whose loss it has since been called to mourn, and seconded by Senator Power:

"*Whereas*, the Honorable Sir Adams George Archibald, K.C.M.G., was President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society from February, 1886, until his death on the 14th instant;

“And Whereas, the deceased statesman took a deep and constant interest in this Society and its work from the occasion when he delivered its inaugural address in the Legislative Council Chamber on the 21st of June, 1878, to the close of his life;

“Therefore Resolved, that this Society recognizes an irreparable loss in the death of its distinguished President, and desires to record its appreciation of the ability and research displayed in his numerous contributions to its collections, of his regular attendance at its meetings, of his genial dignity as its presiding officer, and of his industry and judgment and success in securing valuable papers for its meetings season after season.

“And Further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Lady Archibald, and that the same be embodied in an obituary article to be published in the next volume to be issued by the Society.”

Thus closed the career of this distinguished son of Nova Scotia in the fullness of days and of honors. His remains now rest in the quiet churchyard of his native town of Truro. He leaves no son to inherit his name, one on whom his hopes had centered having been cut off in early youth. Lady Archibald and three daughters survive him. One of these is married to the Right Reverend Bishop Jones of Newfoundland; another to F. D. Laurie, Esquire, of Pictou, and the third, the wife of the Rev. Reginald Thomas Heygate, is resident in England.

CHAPTER III

SOME PROMINENT ARCHIBALDS

THE Archibald family is of Scottish origin. About the middle of the seventeenth century, several members of the family settled in Londonderry, Ireland, where they remained till about the middle of the eighteenth century. Some of these went to America and settled temporarily in Londonderry, New Hampshire, from which place four brothers of the name went to Nova Scotia and settled in Truro in 1762. David Archibald, the eldest of these brothers, was born in 1717. In 1776 he became the first member of the township of Truro in the General Assembly of the province, and in after years the seat was held by his son Samuel, his grandson Samuel George William, and his great-grandson Charles Dickson, whose brothers were the late Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald, K.C.M.G., British-Consul at New York, and the late Sir Thomas Dickson Archibald, Knight of Bickly, County Kent, England, a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, and afterwards of the Court of Common Pleas. David Archibald's great-great-grandson is the present Charles William Archibald of Rusland Hall, Ulverston, County Lancaster, England, justice of the peace, member of the institution of civil engineers, eldest son of the above-mentioned Charles Dickson. David married in 1741, Rachel, daughter of James Duncan, Esq., of Haverhill, Massachusetts. His descendants and those of his brothers are now very numerous. The Archibalds are to be found in nearly every county of Nova Scotia, in every province of the Dominion and in almost every State of the Union.

One of David Archibald's brothers, Samuel, had a son, James Archibald, who in 1796 was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Colchester in

Nova Scotia, which office he held till his death in 1828. He left numerous issue, among whom was Samuel Archibald, Esq., who was born at Truro, October 14, 1784. He was a justice of the peace for over forty years. He married February 19, 1807, his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Archibald, Esq., who was also representative of Truro for some years in the municipal council; and a son and grandson of his in after years represented the County of Colchester in that council.

William A. N. Archibald, M.D., eighth son of Samuel Burke Archibald, born in Musquodoboit, October 9, 1825, graduated July 16, 1851, at Harvard; died at Musquodoboit, January 29, 1853.

Rev. Henry Archibald, son of John and Barbara Archibald, was born at Muselburg, Scotland, August 14, 1786. He was pastor of a Baptist Church in Haddam, Connecticut. Rev. Thomas Henry Archibald was ordained at Concord N. H., 1847. Rev. Samuel Henry Archibald was his son.

The race of Archibalds were Scotch or Scotch-Irish, which are the same blood. Many centuries had passed in the building of the Scottish, as in the building of the English nation. The building of these races in Scotland and the sharp stamping of religious and political ideas had developed and made the Scotch race a distinctive and sharply defined people in their intellectual, mental and moral characteristics, and different from all others centuries before, as we find them at the time of their settlement in the Emerald Isle. Thus they have still remained since their settlement in Ireland. They were Scotch in all their traits, though dwelling upon Irish soil. The Scotch-Irish were people of Scotch lineage. The Scotch are called clannish, and the descendants of those who settled in Ireland were clannish. Macaulay says in his History of England, "They were sundered by

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sharp dividing lines of religious faith and by keen differences of race. In the centuries of calamities and wrongs a strong antipathy had generated." The racial marks are birthmarks, and birthmarks are indelible. They are great soul features. They were principles—religious, moral, intellectual and political.

Samuel Gardner Derby Archibald, of Salem, Massachusetts, graduate of Harvard, born in 1785, married daughter of Dr. Joseph Osgood, 1803, and was Captain of Salem Light Infantry. He died in 1843.

The following Archibalds were members of the New Brick Church, Boston, 1722 to 1775: Francis Archibald, Mary Archibald, Francis Archibald.

Serving as British officers in America in 1755 were George Archbold, lieutenant; John Archbold, lieutenant; Thomas Archbold, lieutenant.

William Archbold married Elizabeth, granddaughter of John Yeamans, Lieutenant-Governor of Antigua, 1769.

Abram Newcombe, his mother an Archibald, was born at Musquodoboit; died at New York, November 14, 1863. Was sergeant Company C, of the Maine Infantry. Buried in cemetery at Western Promenade, Portland, Maine.

Donald G. Archibald, 2d, son of Matthew and Jane Archibald, was born in Musquodoboit, August 16, 1840. Elected May 6, 1871, to the local Parliament of Nova Scotia, and again in 1876. He was warden of his native county of Halifax for several years and appointed sheriff in 1884. He was a man of large stature, being six feet, four inches in height. He left eight children. His human sympathies had great strength and breadth. His temperament was calm, forceful and Christianlike. He died at Halifax, holding the sheriff's office, September 9, 1908.

Charles Archibald, vice-president of the Bank of Nova

Scotia, was appointed by the Minister of Labor in 1909 to represent the employers on the conciliation board to investigate the differences between the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company and its employees. Residence, Halifax.

Archibald, Bishop of Caithness, appointed 1275; died 1288.

William Archbold, president of the High Court of Justice, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1378.

Robert Woodrow Archibald, jurist, Carbondale, Pa.

Very Rev. John Archibald, M.A., author of "History of the Episcopal Church at Keith in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," and other books. Address, Keith, North Britain.

W. A. P. Archibald, LL.B., principal of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College, Aligarh United Provinces, India.

John Dustan Archbold, capitalist, New York City and Leesburg, Ohio.

John Sprott Archibald, C.D.C.L., Professor of Criminal and Constitutional Law in McGill University, Montreal; born at Musquodoboit, September 8, 1843. His father and mother were Archibalds before marriage. Their ancestors came from Londonderry, Ireland, in 1719.

James F. J. Archibald, war correspondent; born at New York, son of Dr. R. A. Archibald; served in Chinese and Japanese War; A. D. C. Fifth Army Corps through Spanish War; with British forces in Soudan, 1899. Residence, Oakland, California.

Alexander R. Archibald, born at Musquodoboit, 1846; graduated from Dartmouth College, N. H., 1874. Commandant Military School of Cadets 1877. Established Archibald College, Minneapolis, which enjoys a prosperous existence.

John Gordon Archibald, B.A., Province Quebec; Rhodes Scholarship, 1904.

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Samuel George Archibald, B.C.L. In January 22, 1904, selected by Egyptian government to be professor of law in the University of Cairo.

E. D. Archibald, B.A., F.M.S., professor of mathematics Patana College, India, 1878; author of "The Rain-fall of the World," in connection with the eleven-year period of sunspots.

It was an Archibald who constructed the Erie and Delaware and Hudson canals.

W. P. Archibald, Dominion parole officer, born at Truro, Nova Scotia, in 1861. His father, W. P. Archibald, died at Truro, aged ninety-one years, July 6, 1909. He is a student in practice of Canadian criminology. Address, Ottawa, Canada.

Rev. Andrew Webster Archibald, graduated at the head of his class from Union College, also with oratorical and literary honors, and later received the honorary D.D. in Theological course at Yale University. Congregational pastorates in Iowa; trustee of Iowa College; president of the State Home Missionary Society; two pastorates in Massachusetts, with churches of seven hundred members each; moderator of Boston Ministers' meeting; director of Christian Endeavor Union, Massachusetts; delegate at large to the triennial Congregational national council; author of "The Bible Verified," which has gone to a fourth edition and has been translated into Spanish and Japanese. Two other books have more recently come from his pen, "The Trend of the Centuries" and "The Easter Hope." Residence, Newton Center, Massachusetts.

Luther B. Archibald born at Truro, Nova Scotia, 1849, son of Charles Blair Archibald, who was the first and for five years mayor of Truro. He has been prominently connected with the Prince Edward Island Railway and Inter-

colonial Railway since 1872, and prominent in Masonic circles, having been grand master Mason of Nova Scotia; grand high priest of the Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Nova Scotia; and supreme grand master of the Order of Knights-Templar for the Dominion of Canada, which position he holds at the present. He has also been a grand master workman of the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Peter S. Archibald, civil engineer, Moncton, N. B.

R. B. and W. M. Archibald, attorneys-at-law, Jacksonville, Florida.

James Archibald, railway contractor, Jacksonville, Florida.

Prof. Ebenezer Henry Archibald, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., Bowne Hall of Chemistry, Syracuse University, New York, 1910. Born at Musquodoboit, Nova Scotia.

Rev. Charles C. Earle, D.D., of Boston, writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry O. Archibald were characterized by graces and virtues which marked them as disciples indeed of the lowly Nazarene. They were faithful, generous, hospitable, and conscientious, commanding the regard of all who knew them." Residence, Brockton, Mass.

John Alfred Archibald, born 1849, resides in Littleton, New Hampshire, son of George Washington Archibald, born at Musquodoboit.

Roger Archbold went to Scotland from Berwick-on-the-Tweed, with his family in 1810. John Archbold, son, born 1800; died 1893. Andrew Archbold, son of John Archbold, born in 1855, Renfrewshire; came to America in 1874. Andrew, James, Mary and Catherine are the children of Andrew, Senior. Address, Cohoes, N. Y.

Abram Newcomb Archibald born at Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, June 2, 1849, seventh son of Daniel and Rebecca Archibald. He pursued classical studies, taught the public

school at Musquodoboit, in 1876 was appointed principal Richmond School, Halifax, and in 1879 of the Albion School. Resigned in July, 1881, and was appointed secretary and superintendent of colportage for the British American Book and Tract Society, with head office at Halifax. In 1883 Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and son, now Dr. Raymond Clare Archibald, visited Great Britain and both addressed large audiences in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Mr. Archibald was a persuasive speaker and good writer as was also Mrs. Archibald. He died at Halifax, November 27, 1883. After Mr. Archibald's decease Mrs. Archibald was appointed chief preceptress of Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, New Brunswick. The college honored her memory by raising in 1900 five thousand dollars to promote the education of deserving girls. This ultimately meant the raising of twenty-five thousand for a new wing adapted for the above purpose.

Raymond Clare Archibald, born in South Branch, Stewiacke, October 7, 1876. Educated at Mount Allison Male Academy, 1885-9; won mathematics scholarship on matriculation into Mount Allison University, 1889-94, B.A., 1894, with first-class honors in mathematics; Howard University, B.A., 1896; M.A., 1897; Post-graduate, 1897-98; Berlin University, 1898-99; Strasburg University, 1899-1900; Ph.D., 1900. Artist's Violin Diploma, Mount Allison Conservatory, 1895. Taught mathematics in the Mount Allison Ladies' College, 1894-95; 1900-07; professor of mathematics, Acadia University, 1907-08; instructor of mathematics, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, 1908-09; leave of absence to study at Sorbonne University, Paris, 1909-10. Assistant professor of mathematics at Brown University, 1910. Published mathematical notes and articles in *Educational Times*, *l'Intermediaire des*

Mathematiciens, Annals of Mathematics. Has also published *Die Kardioide und einige ihr verwandte Kurven*, 1900, and *Carlyle's First Love, Margaret Gordon, Lady Bannerman*, 1909. Life member of the American Mathematical Society and of the Deutsche Mathematiker Vereinigung; a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society and a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Eliakim Newcomb Archibald, born at Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, April 9, 1836; graduated, 1865; pastor Baptist Church, North River, 1865-1870; Alexandria, Prince Edward Island, 1870; Shelburne, 1874-1876; Osborne, Nova Scotia, 1877-1878; Bedeque, 1879-1883; O'Leary Road, Prince Edward Island, 1883-1886; Clements, 1886; Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, for nine years; retired from the active ministry, and died at Lawrencetown, June 7, 1903. B.A., Acadia, 1865.

Isaac Chipman Archibald, born at Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia; graduated, 1880; studied at Newton Theological Institute, 1880-1882; missionary to the Telugus in India under the Foreign Mission Board of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, 1882. B.A., Acadia, 1880; M.A., 1883. Address, Chicacole, Madras Presidency, India.

William Laird Archibald, born at Alexandria, Prince Edward Island, January 26, 1870; graduated, 1892; student Semitic languages and Biblical literature at the University of Chicago, 1892-1894; Rochester Theological Seminary, 1894-1896; Field Secretary, Acadia University, 1909. B.A., Acadia, 1892; M.A., University of Chicago, 1894, Acadia, 1895; Ph.D., National University of Chicago, 1900.

Adoniram Judson Archibald, born at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, July 10, 1874; graduated, 1896; Rochester Theo-

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logical Seminary, 1899-1900; pastor, Digby, Nova Scotia. B.A., Acadia, 1896; M.A., 1900. Address, Digby.

Harry Allison Archibald, mechanical engineer, born at Musquodoboit, April 26, 1875; educated Wolfville High School, Horton Academy, and Acadia University; withdrew three months before graduation to take a practical course in mechanical engineering. Address, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Etta J. Yuill (an Archibald), born at Great Village, Nova Scotia, July 7, 1868; graduated, 1897; teacher public school, Wolfville, 1897-1905; teacher, Penticton, B. C., 1907. B.A., Acadia, 1897. Address, Great Village, or Penticton.

Arthur Crawley Archibald, born at Osborne, Nova Scotia, August 15, 1878; graduated, 1897; pastor First Baptist Church, Brockton, Mass., 1907. B.A., Acadia, 1897; M.A., 1904. Address, 15 Columbia Street, Brockton.

Mabel Evangeline Archibald, born at Bloomingdale, Illinois; graduated, 1895; teacher of elocution, French and German, DeMille Ladies' College, St. Catherines, Ontario, 1895-1897; Missionary to the Telugus, India, under the Foreign Mission Board of the Maritime Baptist Convention, 1897. B.A., Acadia, 1895; M.A., 1906. Address, Chicacole, Madras Presidency, India.

Rosamond Mansfield Archibald, born at Truro, Nova Scotia, November 17, 1882; graduated, 1904; post-graduate work at Acadia, 1904-1905; instructor in Horton Collegiate Academy and librarian of Acadia University, 1905-1906; post-graduate student at Smith College, 1906-1907; teacher of English, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois, 1907-1908; teacher, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, 1908. B.A., Acadia, 1904; M.A., 1905; B.A., Smith College, 1907; M.A., 1908. Address, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Edgar Spinney Archibald, born at Yarmouth, May 12,

1885; graduated, 1905; student of agriculture at Nova Scotia Agricultural College and at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, 1905-1908; teacher, Nova Scotia Agricultural College, 1909. B.A., Acadia, 1905. Address, Truro, Nova Scotia.

Ryland McGregor Archibald, born at Truro, Nova Scotia, April 1, 1879; graduated, 1900; in mercantile life in Truro since graduation; B.A., Acadia, 1900. Address, Truro.

A. G. Archibald, Vancouver, says: "My father, Lewis William Archibald, spent some time in the California gold fields in the early fifties, coming from there to New Westminster, B. C., where he resided for a few years, and when the gold excitement broke out in Caribou in '58, he joined the rush by canoe and pack trail to Caribou; mined on Williams Creek for two years with varied success. From Saskatchewan he moved to Fort Garry. My father was one of the men taking sides against Riel in his first rebellion. He was held as a prisoner by Riel for ninety-five days. Shortly after the rebellion he took up land at Springfield adjoining Fort Gerry, and went into farming. There he married my mother, Josephine Campbell, from West Bay, Cape Breton, and there I was born, August 20th, 1880."

John William Bertram Archibald of Carnegie, Ontario, son of Edward Archibald, who was son of William Archibald of Musquodoboit.

CHAPTER IV

SOME FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE

A letter written by Charles Archibald, of Strange, Ontario, Canada, to the author:

The story of how my great-grandfather came to leave Scotland and come to America is as follows: My great-great-grandfather was professor of mathematics in Edinburgh University. His son, John Archibald, was my great-grandfather, who emigrated in 1740. He was apprenticed to a cheese maker, who scarcely supplied him with sufficient food. While working with the cheese curd he would take a lump of the curd to eat, which his master reported to his father, who in turn gave him a whipping for taking the curd without permission. He felt this treatment to be unjust and resolved to quietly leave his master, so he embarked aboard a British man-of-war bound for New York, and on arrival he slipped away from the ship and the crew. He made a home at Fishkill, New York, until the War of Independence broke out. At this period he appears to have been the owner of a large farm about the forks of the Delaware River and near the city of Philadelphia. His patriotism was divided between the Royalists and the Revolutionists and his home. While working in the fields he was shot at several times by an enemy among the Rebel soldiers. Measuring up the situation he resolved to leave the place. He left his wife and family on the farm, and joined the Royalists. Later while out on a scouting expedition he was taken prisoner, handcuffed and marched between two soldiers. When night came on, while going through a very dark forest he made a dash for liberty among the trees. Shots were fired after him, but missed. He dropped to the ground quietly, while they searched around for him, at times being very close to him. After the search was given up and they had gone beyond his hearing, he started in the darkness and wandered for some hours, but again lay down to wait for daylight. When morning came he felt himself to be lost and knew not where to go for safety, or how to get the irons off his wrists. Wet, hungry and benumbed with the cold, he decided to trust to Providence and go to one of the houses he could see. Fortunately for him he met with sympathizers, and the women filed the handcuffs off, and he found his way home. He left one son, Jesse, to take care of the farm, and with his wife and the rest of the family went as United Empire Loyalists to Digby Point, Nova Scotia, where they lived temporarily. After the war was ended he and his wife started back to the old home on the Delaware to look after their affairs and meet Jesse again, but left the remaining children on Digby Point. The ship they sailed in was wrecked in the Bay of Fundy and they were never heard from again. One of the boys, named John, migrated from Nova Scotia to Ontario in 1811. He came to

Toronto and took up land in township of Vaughn, York County, where he died in 1842. The house he built is still standing, and is the house in which my father, David Archibald, was born in 1814. It was built of elm logs. My grandfather was buried in the Methodist cemetery on the farm, and this land and church site he donated to the church society. Grandfather was most noted as a hard-working, industrious farmer. His open-hearted benevolence was characteristic of him.

The trail through the woods passed by his farm to the townships. Settlers passed this way to their homesteads, and when benighted, his invariable practice was to keep them all night and feed their horses or cattle free of charge. He was ever ready to help the needy. After my grandfather's death, my father traded his share in the old farm for fifty acres in the township of King. My father was the youngest and maintained his parents until their decease. He died in 1893, survived by seven children out of ten. He was successful in his undertakings, and before the union of the Methodist bodies in Canada was a Primitive Methodist and local preacher.

Letter to the author from his son, Harry A. Archibald, written from Vancouver, B. C., October 6, 1909:

I have your most welcome letter, and read and reread it with great pleasure; doubly so because I am so far away from home and all the dear ones. I find that we do not know how to appreciate the company of those we love until we get so far away from them. I am working hard but have not got a really good situation yet. By this I mean a situation which is to my liking. The people I am with are good straight men, who are doing all they can to get me what I want, and are using me well. I think I told you that they were friends. That must be an interesting work you are writing; and in many cases would be pretty nearly a history of development of parts of Nova Scotia, if I have been correctly informed.

This is the third day of a rainstorm here, but in between the showers to-day the sun shone out, and on the mountains a few miles away from here, six miles up, we could see it fall there as snow. Snow is something which is very seldom seen in Vancouver, but can be seen the year round on the mountains from nearly all points in the city. They call the winters cold here, but when you see water pipes buried from six to eighteen inches only, and the plumbing exposed, often on the outside of the houses, you can readily see it is not really cold. The grass is green the year round in the city and close surrounding country, but on the mountains five or six miles away it is a different story. But all along the coast, which is washed by the Japan current, the weather is mild in winter and comparatively cool in summer—none of the extremes we are so used to on the Atlantic seaboard. A very live question here is that of Asiatic immigration, which an Easterner can hardly understand and even then does not look upon it as being so vitally important as the people here. Even yet I

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can not get up the same enthusiasm on the subject as those who have been here longer, and besides the Oriental does not interfere with my work,—while he does in many lines. But I am of the opinion that the so-called “yellow peril” is something which the whole world will have to face in the very near future.

The Oriental lives cheaper and works cheaper than the white. He is a good worker and is also very industrious, quick to pick up our ways and methods. More especially is this true of the Japanese. Even now, Japanese goods are being imported here cheaper than we can manufacture. The Japanese are aggressive in a business way. Here they own much property and carry on a tremendous amount of business. They try hard to accommodate themselves to our ways and methods, and are succeeding surprisingly well, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary. The Chinaman is somewhat different. He still wears his coolie garb, keeps to himself as much as possible and as far as possible keeps his own customs. But he too is a good, quiet, faithful worker, a very cheap liver, and owns a lot of property in the city, and farms in the close inlying country—market gardening and green truck. The Hindoo is another Oriental element here, but of far less immediate value, as there are so comparatively few of them, and of course you know how our immigration laws are now as regards Orientals. The Hindoo is at present out of his element here. He despises the Chinese, and the whites will have none of him. The Japs also will not associate with him. All are intelligent and in their way handy, capable and industrious, although when unused to our ways ineffective and often awkward; but all have the knack of adapting themselves. All have their newspapers, printed here in the city. Most of them have not the same brute strength or muscle of our people, but when they live on a diet calculated to build muscle and physical strength, I will leave you to guess where the whites are going to fit in in the next fifty years or so.

The labor element, the trades and labor council on the whole Pacific seaboard, is very much alarmed and worked up over the outlook, and with good cause. But what can they do? China with four hundred million, India with three hundred million, Japan with forty-five million, what can the white world interpose that *can* stop the predominance of Orientals? It looks to me as if they might as well save their breath, for the Orient is awake and will win out by endurance and weight of numbers. I forgot to mention that a very large part of shipping on the Pacific is in Japanese bottoms, and they are crowding the United States' flag in the Pacific Ocean.

Dear little Allison—your only grandson and our only child. I miss him so much! He is such a bright little fellow. His picture ought to make quite a good cut. He still has his baby beauty and with it the keen look that comes with the awakening faculties.

I have been letting my pen run and have written as I would have talked had we been together, and the remarks are probably disjointed.

Letter to the author from his son Harry, written from Vancouver, B. C., December 6, 1909:

Your very welcome letter of October 18 was received about two weeks ago. I finally got it from another Archibald in town, whom I got acquainted with in a business way. I have no post office box here as yet. Box 366 is owned by some friends and I get my mail through them. Am also in receipt of your letter written from home in Halifax. My time and opportunities for looking up data on the article you wish are very limited. I have made several efforts to get data and information through real estate agents here in Vancouver, but their information on fruit growing I would judge would better be called misinformation. Am trying to get a map such as I think would interest you; such a map I cannot find here in this city, but the Okanagan Valley is the chief fruit-growing district, followed by the Similkameen Valley. I mailed to your address in St. John a copy of the "World" which I am told contains the most information on the subject of anything yet printed. Have also sent you a copy of a Spokane paper called "Opportunity" which has an article on the apple situation in the State of Washington, where natural conditions are almost identical with the fruit-growing districts of British Columbia. There is also another district near Vancouver which is being opened up by rail this fall, called Chilliwack, which is a fine farming country and produces good fruit, at least for here. Chilliwack is in the valley of the Fraser River. All the fruit-growing districts here are in valleys, with quite an amount of elevation above sea level. Generally speaking, these valleys run north and south.

The Rocky Mountains are or were volcanic and near here are several mountains which still carry a cloud or cap—Mt. Baker, Mt. Rainier and others. The fruit lands are of two kinds,—those naturally watered and those requiring irrigation, and there are many schemes in Washington, Oregon and in British Columbia for irrigating fruit-bearing lands. Here in British Columbia they claim the land requires watering twice a year, in the spring and in midsummer, for the mountains between the valley and the sea effectually shut off the rain, the moisture in the clouds being deposited on the mountain peaks as rain and snow; although in winter it is said that there is a light fall of fine, dry snow, but as the air is quiet it never drifts, and in the spring when the *chinook* winds blow down the valley the snow simply melts away and vanishes. The formation of the soil, as I understand it, is—on top lies alluvium and detritus, washed down from the mountain sides through long time. Immediately under this are the volcanic ashes, under this volcanic rock—porous—all lying over the general formation of the Rocky Mountain chain. This formation readily affords drainage which does not require much ditching, and gives depth and strength to the soil. A peculiarity which I have noticed here is the almost entire absence of hard-wood trees; although a few soft maples are found, oak, beech and birch are seldom met with. Further north in

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Alaska, I am told by those who have travelled the country, there are large and extensive forests of white birch, and from their descriptions these birches are larger, taller and straighter than in the Atlantic provinces. In summer the weather is cooler than in Nova Scotia, as the breezes come off the ocean or mountain peaks and are always cool. The winters are much warmer, although in Vancouver we have much rain in the winter. Almost any day here now, when it is clear enough, one can see the snow storms raging on the mountain sides. Am wearing the same clothing I wore all summer, although an overcoat is in order, especially in the evenings. They claim it is the usual order of things here to use the same weight and amount of bed clothing the year round. This will show the comparatively small amount of temperature variation—nothing like our sixteen to ninety-eight degrees.

The fruit I have seen is larger and better colored than with us, although it does not have the flavor we look for and tastes kind of insipid—flat, or perhaps more nearly right, lacking in taste and flavor. It is not much longer between blossom and maturity than with us, but everything here seems to take its own time in growing. Another thing that strikes one here is the remarkably clean skin on the fruit—none of those scabs, spots, or sun burns, or bee stings we are so accustomed to. When one sees native fruit alongside that from Ontario in the fruit stores here the difference is more than noticeable; it is not a difference, it is a gulf or chasm. The Eastern product is puny and diseased. In comparison it is like a yellow crabapple alongside of an exhibition King of Tompkins, and the king taken from the king row in barrel. Whether this freedom from disease is on account of the climate, the change of climate, or the sun, or because the plagues have not reached here, I cannot say; but the fruit is here and they sell it in the stores for two dollars and fifty cents, to two dollars and seventy-five cents per box. But I must say the boxes have not increased in size, as one would expect to see in this country when they claim everything is on a large scale. At retail the apples sell for three pounds for twenty-five cents, and the ones you can buy two for five cents are pretty measly—culls. I saw pears from Summerland, British Columbia (that is in the Okanagan) retailing for one dollar per dozen. I saw turnips the other day from Lulu Island—that is in the Fraser Delta—that were too large to go into a Yankee bucket. With these turnips were potatoes to match. I expect they were specimens, especially selected. They were in the window of a real estate office. As I told you earlier it is difficult for me to get accurate information, for many of the real estate men were accurately described by King David, when he lost his temper. The fruit dealers—mostly foreigners, Greeks and Italians—were never noted for veracity, and I have not come into touch yet with any of the growers. I have not had either time or opportunity and it may be a little while before I do. Am very glad you were to see Joe and Allison. It will be good for them. I miss them so much, and the little chap is at such an interesting age, and he is so bright. Joe writes me she enjoyed the extracts you read

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her very much. She says it is well written and the English is beautiful, and she is a judge. Few women have the knowledge of literature she has.

I like this West beyond anything I have seen, and it only needs to have those near me who are nearest and dearest to make one as near contented as it is possible. I must lay this aside. Think I will date it and mail it. Write again soon.

Extracts from an address on music by Mrs. Harry A. Archibald:

"I wonder how many mothers, as they sit beside the cradle softly singing a lullaby to the restless little child, give deep or earnest thought to the power of music? Although none doubt its power to soothe the babe to rest, too few realize its great importance in home life and training, for apart from its obvious and admitted helpfulness as an adjunct of religious worship, as a vehicle for and incentive to religious feeling, it is also a source of great joy and pleasure for old and young in the home.

"What more helpful way of passing the long winter evenings than in contributing and listening to music. I believe that music has a vaster future before it, and that it is destined to be a great refiner, recreator, health-giver, work-inspirer and purifier of man's life. As for music as a health-giver, I have seen an invalid forget pain and weariness under the stimulus of music; I have seen a pale cheek flush up, a dull eye sparkle, an alertness and vigor take possession of the whole frame, and animation succeed apathy. What does that mean? That music attacks the nervous system directly and reaches where medical treatment can neither reach nor rouse. An English writer and musician says, 'Music will some day become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic. Music is not only a body healer, it is a mind regulator. The future mission of music is the discipline of emotion.' While this is true, I also believe that the great educational function of music is not recognized as it should be. It should have

SOME FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE

a larger place in all schools, public or otherwise. The Greeks laid great stress on gymnastics and music, although it was not music as we understand it to-day, still they understood how sound regulated emotion, and no gymnasium, procession, social gathering or even an important oration was thought complete without music. Music is bound, when properly used, to train us in the exercise of our emotions, and the Greeks seem to have understood this thoroughly.

“The same writer before quoted says further, ‘Once get people together by the power of music, you can mould them; one closed chamber of their minds after another might be unlocked; and were the scheme to be conducted with ability and carefully watched, we should soon hail the dawn of a new era of popular enlightenment and genial instruction, combined with an almost boundless variety of accessible, innocent and elevating enjoyment.’ And again I believe this to be true, and would urge all home-makers and all those who have the welfare of their race and country at heart to give a large place to music in the training of the young.”

G. H. Archibald, Sunday School World Worker, met with some hundreds of ministers and Sabbath School teachers, at Dr. Campbell Morgan’s Bible School at Mundesley. Last year, Mr. Archibald introduced the question of child study to the ministers in a series of very helpful addresses, and this year, the work of the Sabbath School is again to be brought forward, a special session being devoted to the subject each day. Mr. Archibald is a son of the late Thomas Archibald, merchant, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER V

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

IN the following list are the names of heads of families and persons over twenty years of age, of the names Archibald, Archbald, and Archbold, arranged in alphabetical order, by towns, counties, States and provinces in North America, with their present post office address.

The list is not as complete as could be desired. The need of a uniform system of registration throughout the various States is keenly appreciated, because the dearth of these vital statistics greatly impedes like work being carried to a finish. Another difficulty encountered has been the indifference of families in responding to correspondence regarding race lineage. This apparent apathy to genealogical interests is a serious evil to ourselves and hinders race progress. Observation proves that ready response comes from those who by isolation among strangers feel this want of family knowledge most. This basis lies deep in the human heart, and is fundamental in race development.

The author sincerely thanks all persons who have assisted in preparing this part, or who have in any manner shown interest in the effort.

The names as printed are distributed over North America by families as here tabulated: Alabama, 8; Alberta, 10; Arizona, 1; British Columbia, 62; California, 18; Colorado, 2; Connecticut, 8; Florida, 4; Georgia, 1; Idaho, 1; Illinois, 28; Indiana, 14; Iowa, 1; Maine, 20; Manitoba, 28; Massachusetts, 165; Michigan, 1; Minnesota, 13; Missouri, 10; Montana, 6; Nebraska, 6; New Brunswick, 24; New Hampshire, 2; New Jersey, 12; New York, 60; Nova Scotia, 225; Ohio, 2; Ontario, 90; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 17; Prince Edward Island, 1; Quebec, 30; Rhode Island, 15; Saskatch-

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ewan, 12; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 5; Utah, 10; Virginia, 1; Washington, 15; Washington, D. C., 2; Wisconsin, 3.

The following letter by James Archbald, written from Scranton, Pa., June 3d, 1909, is published for its historical setting and may be useful to others who are seeking further information.

Yours of recent date addressed to my son Thomas F. has been handed to me to answer, as I am the one who has kept track of our family. The health of my son, who was a professor in an Ohio college where I graduated in 1860, gave out two years ago, and he has only been busy since trying to get well, which I am glad to say he has about accomplished. My grandmother Archibald was a minister's daughter named Woodrow, a historian, and after her father's death moved upon the little Cumbrae Island, Buteshire, Scotland, in the mouth of the Clyde. There she met James Archibald, son of a large farmer, who lived near Dalry, Ayrshire. This island was one of the leased farms rented by Mr. Archibald and used to pasture sheep. Grandmother kept a diary, and about 1785 and 1786 mentions the Archibald coming to the island. Then the *i* in the name is dropped and she writes it Archbald. I was interested to know the correct spelling and so went to the Buteshire records and found that my great-grandfather was married to Margaret McTaggart in 1751 as James Archbald; married again in 1759 to Isabel Crawford as James Archbald. Their children are all recorded in the same way, so I judge we are entitled to that spelling. My grandfather took the island after his marriage, August 4, 1789, and paid about \$1000 a year, keeping it until March, 1807, when Lord Elyinton raised the rent to \$1200. Grandfather then came to this country with his family of four children. They made the trip in twenty-five days, rested a few days in New York City, then went to Albany; and finally located at the mouth of the Schohooin Creek, forty miles west of Albany, on a farm where they lived and died. My father became an engineer, built that part of the Erie Canal which ran through his farm, and afterwards, in 1838, was the engineer in charge between Troy, N. Y., and Frankfort, in the employment of that canal. In 1825 he was employed in building the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and after 1828 was engineer in that company's service, opening their mines, etc., being with that company until 1854, except during 1838. In 1854 he was vice president of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. In 1855 he became general agent of the D. L. & W. R. R. Co. In 1864 he became president of the Lack. & Bloomburg R. R. and was such until he died in 1870. My father's family consisted of seven children. I myself, the third, and Robert Woodrow, the youngest (Judge of the Federal Court), are the only ones now alive. I was born at Sand Lake, twelve miles east of Albany, 1838 (while my father was on the Erie Canal enlargement)

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near Albany. The judge was born in 1848. Father's eldest sister, Margaret, married a Van Alstine. His other sister was married twice. The youngest child, Patrick Woodrow, was married to a Miss Catherine Stoner and their children are scattered. My immediate family are three boys and three girls, all married except our baby girl. We have a large family of grandchildren. I have been actively employed in building railroads until two years ago. I have accumulated a reasonable amount of worldly goods, and am amusing myself now looking after what I have got. In going to Europe a few years ago I met a Mr. James W. Archibald of Jacksonville, Florida. This winter while in that city I called on him, and we had a very pleasant hour. His father was a Scotchman from near Stirling. His name was James, and James W. to distinguish him from his father. He assumed the W. Judge Archibald has two sons, one a lawyer in Philadelphia, Robert Woodrow; the other, Hugh, a mining engineer living here.

I have never been in New Brunswick, but it is more than possible that I shall get to St. John this summer. I travel a great deal.

Yours, etc.

JAMES ARCHBALD.

THE ARCHBALD LIST

James Archbald, 424 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.	Robert Archbald, Scranton, Pa.
Rev. Thomas F. Archbald, Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.	Robert W. Archbald, Philadelphia, Pa.
George Archbald, 1921 Wayne Ave., Scranton, Pa.	Robert W. Archbald, Jr., 5207 Archer St., Germantown, Pa.
Hugh Archbald, 236 Monroe Ave., Scranton, Pa.	Frank W. Archbald, 1050 Lulu Ave., Oakland, Cal.
William Archbald, 1919 Brick Ave., Scranton, Pa.	John R. Archbald, 1050 Lulu Ave., Oakland, Cal.
Hall Archbald, 304 West Market Ave., Scranton, Pa.	Harry R. Archbald, S. Pasadena, Cal.
Judge Archbald, Scranton, Pa.	Thomas Archbald, 316 N. 26th St., Billings, Mon.
	Joseph A. Archbald, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ARCHIBALD LIST

DOMINION OF CANADA

ALBERTA

Archibald Brothers, Boundary Creek.	Arthur W. Archibald, Lochinvar.
Alida M. Archibald, Calgary.	Judson Arnold Archibald, Lochinvar.
John Archibald, Calgary.	Cecil Arthur Archibald, Lochinvar.
Arthur Archibald, Edmonton.	Wallace Rand Archibald, Lochinvar.
S. C. Archibald, Ferry Bank.	Fred Archibald, Lochinvar.
	Dr. Seymour Archibald, Strathcona.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

BRITISH COLUMBIA

- Alexander Archibald, 714 Silica St., Abbotsford.
William Archibald, Hulder St., Chilliwack.
Philip Archibald, Rett River Rd., Coquitlam.
David Archibald, Fernie.
Chester Herbert Archibald, Greenwood.
John Gordon Archibald, Harrison Springs
Ruben Archibald, Kelowna.
Burrell Archibald, Kimberley.
M. C. Archibald, M.D., Kamloops.
Archibald Brothers, New Westminster.
David J. Archibald, New Westminster.
Alexander L. Archibald, New Westminster.
Donald M. Archibald, New Westminster.
John M. Archibald, New Westminster.
Thomas Dickson Archibald, New Westminster.
William Archibald, New Westminster.
David D. Archibald, East Barnaby, Westminster.
Margaret Archibald, 610 6th St., New Westminster.
Harry Archibald, 128 Queen Ave., New Westminster.
David Archibald, 311 6th St., New Westminster.
Belle Archibald, 610 6th St., New Westminster.
Marion Archibald, 610 6th St., New Westminster.
B. W. Archibald, 218 3d St., New Westminster.
C. Archibald, North Vancouver.
Rupert Archibald, North Vancouver.
William F. Archibald, Nanaimo.
Cyril Isaac Archibald, Nelson.
Hugh W. Archibald, Potlach Creek.
Ruben Archibald, Summerland.
Ernest Donald Archibald, Squeamish.
D. Archibald, Surry Lynehead.
Harry Allison Archibald, Vancouver.
Mr. Archibald, 670 Hamilton St., Vancouver.
William Alexander Archibald, 670 Hamilton St., Vancouver.
Harry W. Archibald, 670 Hamilton St., Vancouver.
Captain Archibald, 144 Cordova St., Vancouver.
Arthur G. Archibald, 941 Seymour St., Vancouver.
Catherine I. Archibald, 941 Seymour St., Vancouver.
A. J. Archibald, 710 Westminster Ave., Vancouver.
Charles B. Archibald, 2425 2d Ave., W. Vancouver.
Harry P. Archibald, 1030 Nelson St., Vancouver.
John Archibald, 762 Richards St., Vancouver.
Hugh Archibald, Dougal House, Vancouver.
J. Archibald, 220 Keefer St., Vancouver.
Asa James Archibald, 532 Prior St., Vancouver.
David Archibald, Empress Hotel, Vancouver.
Ernest Donald Archibald, 544 Burrad St., Vancouver.
Henry P. Archibald, 661 Howe St., Vancouver.
James Archibald, 322 Abbott St., Vancouver.
Robie Archibald, 313 Cambie St., Vancouver.
Fred R. Archibald, Read Island, Vancouver.
Joseph Parker Archibald, 487 Superior St., Victoria.

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Aubry P. Archibald, 487 Superior St., Victoria.
William Archibald, 487 Superior St., Victoria.
Walter Roy Archibald, 487 Superior St., Victoria.
Marion B. Archibald, Vernon.
Mr. Archibald, Ymir.

MANITOBA

C. Archibald, 120 8th St., Brandon.
Isaac Archibald, Bradwardne.
W. Archibald, Beresford.
John W. B. Archibald, Carnegie.
H. M. Archibald, Carnegie.
Harry V. Archibald, Crystal City.
H. J. Archibald, Elva.
W. W. Archibald, Killarney.
Mrs. A. Archibald, Melita.
G. W. Archibald, Melita.
W. J. Archibald, Maravilla.
H. Archibald, St. Anne.
William Archibald, Wheatland.
C. Archibald, 120 8th St., Winnipeg.
Miss Archibald, 211 Edmonton St., Winnipeg.
A. S. Archibald, 153 Burrows St., Winnipeg.
Frank Archibald, 627 William St., Winnipeg.
James W. H. Archibald, 627 William St., Winnipeg.
Lucretia Archibald, 427 William St., Winnipeg.
Minnie Archibald, 627 William St., Winnipeg.
George D. Archibald, 90 Gertie St., Winnipeg.
George H. Archibald, 811 Union Bank, Winnipeg.
Heber Archibald, 15 Roslyn Rd., Winnipeg.
James Archibald, 778 Logan St., Winnipeg.
James Archibald, 55 McAdam St., Winnipeg.

James Archibald, 488 Magnus St., Winnipeg.
Margaret Archibald, 61 Osborne St., Winnipeg.
Willis S. Archibald, 186 Walnut St., Winnipeg.

ONTARIO

Alexander Archibald, Allen Park.
Louis Archibald, Allen Park.
John Archibald, Alma.
Mrs. Alice Archibald.
George Archibald, Aylmer.
John Archibald, 243 George St., Belleville.
William Archibald, W. E. Bank St., Belleville.
Andrew Archibald, Belleville.
Benjamin Archibald, Bar River.
William Archibald, Colbeck.
A. H. Archibald, Colbeck.
Edmund Archibald, Colbeck.
John Archibald, Cannifton.
Alexander Archibald, Crossland.
R. C. Archibald, Copper Cliff.
Mrs. Christina Archibald, Dundalk.
W. R. Archibald, Egmondville.
John R. Archibald, Egmondville.
James Archibald, Elora.
David Archibald, Elmsvale.
James Archibald, Fort William.
J. W. Archibald, Fort William.
Andrew Archibald, Gore Bay.
Mrs. J. Archibald, Lorne Ave., Hamilton.
Lilly Archibald, 279 McNab St., Hamilton.
William F. Archibald, Norway Ave., Hamilton.
Mrs. Annie Archibald, 21 Benson St., Ingersoll.
William T. Archibald, King.
David H. E. Archibald, King.
Hugh Archibald, Kettleby.
Jno. Archibald, Kettleby.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

- R. M. Archibald, Kettleby.
Thomas Archibald, Leadbury.
Robert Archibald, Leadbury.
John Archibald, Lucknow.
Jacob Archibald, Marmora.
John Archibald, Marksville.
Wallace Archibald, Marksville.
David Archibald, 418½ Clarence St.,
Ottawa.
W. P. H. Archibald, 25 Sparks St.,
Ottawa.
John E. Archibald, Nobleton.
George Archibald, Nobleton.
Robert C. Archibald, Nobleton.
George Archibald, Newboro.
James Archibald, New Sarum.
Alexander W. Archibald, 134 Hunter
St., Peterboro.
James Archibald, 148 Rubridge St.,
Peterboro.
Mrs. K. Archibald, Puce.
William J. Archibald, Parker.
Robert Archibald, Parker.
William Archibald, Seaforth.
John C. Archibald, Shelburne.
David Archibald, Scudder.
Charles H. Archibald, Strange.
Herbert Archibald, Strange.
Thomas Archibald, Carton St.,
St. Catherines.
William Archibald, Schomberg.
Samuel Archibald, Schomberg.
David Archibald, St. Thomas.
William Archibald, St. Thomas.
Albert Archibald, 11 Barwick St.,
St. Thomas.
Alexander Archibald, 40 Afton Ave.,
Toronto.
Charles S. Archibald, 87 Woodlawn
Ave. W., Toronto.
C. Percy Archibald, 87 Woodlawn
Ave. W., Toronto.
Douglas W. Archibald, 87 Wood-
lawn Ave. W., Toronto.
Lloyd M. Archibald, 87 Woodlawn
Ave. W., Toronto.
- Mrs. Christina Archibald, 10 Rath-
nolly St., Toronto.
Garrett A. Archibald, 273 St. George
St., Toronto.
David Archibald, 273 St. George St.,
Toronto.
Edward B. Archibald, 273 St. George
St., Toronto.
Mrs. Drusilla Archibald, 17 Shep-
pard St., Toronto.
Eldred J. Archibald, 64 Pembroke
St., Toronto.
James P. Archibald, 695 College St.,
Toronto.
John W. Archibald, 164 Beaconsfield
St., Toronto.
John Archibald, 93 Howard St.,
Toronto.
William R. Archibald, Toronto.
Thomas D. Archibald, M.D., 507
College St., Toronto.
William Archibald, 82 Kenilworth
St., Toronto.
William Archibald, 258 St. Patricks
St., Toronto.
William J. Archibald, 275 St. Pat-
ricks St., Toronto.
William Y. Archibald, 3 Carlton
St., Toronto.
Alexander Archibald, Tillbury.
James Archibald, Tillbury.
Rounding Archibald, Temperance-
ville.
Walter J. Archibald, Udora.
Moses Archibald, Windsor.
Marcella Archibald, 72 Lincoln Rd.,
Walkerville.
James G. Archibald, 42 Wellington
St., Woodstock.
- PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Mrs. P. P. Archibald, Cavendish.
- QUEBEC
Harry Archibald, Fraserville.
Francis Archibald, Fraserville.

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Fred Archibald, Hull.
John Archibald, Hull.
Charles E. Archibald, 248 Prince
Arthur St. W., Montreal.
Edward Archibald, 248 Prince
Arthur St. W., Montreal.
Albert Archibald, 209 Quesnel St.,
Montreal.
Alexander Archibald, 434 St. Charles
St., Montreal.
Alfred Archibald, 646A Drolet St.,
Montreal.
C. E. Archibald, 871 Dorchester St.
W., Montreal.
E. B. Archibald, 547 Dorchester St.
W., Montreal.
Edward Archibald, M.D., 190 Peel
St. W., Montreal.
F. Archibald, 1570 Esplanade St. W.,
Montreal.
J. E. Archibald, 74 Colborne St.,
Montreal.
Hon. J. S. Archibald, 113 Mackay
St., Montreal.
John S. Archibald, 59 Beaver Hill
St., Montreal.
M. J. Archibald, 131A Mansfield
St., Montreal.

Mrs. L. Archibald, 4115 Sherbrooke
St., Westmount.
William H. Archibald, 50 Berthelet
St., Montreal.
William Henry Archibald, 709 St.
Urbain St., Montreal.
William Archibald, 81 St. Matthew
St., Montreal.
James Archibald, Magog.
Joseph Archibald, Montmorency.
Charles E. Archibald, Pointe Claire.
J. B. Archibald, St. Paul.
D. Archibald, Windsor Mills.
Edward Archibald, Windsor Mills.
Gordon Archibald, Windsor Mills.

SASKATCHEWAN

G. Archibald, Bethune.
James Archibald, Condie.
Alexander Archibald, Condie.
William Archibald, Maymount.
William Archibald, Poplar Grove.
Henry Archibald, Poplar Grove.
Walter Archibald, Peacock.
David Archibald, Regina.
Charles Archibald, Regina.
Jacob L. Archibald, Saskatoon.
Burton A. Archibald, Saskatoon.
Charles Archibald, Saskatoon.

NEW BRUNSWICK

ALBERT COUNTY

David Archibald, Albert.

CARLTON COUNTY

John Archibald, L. Brighton.
Rev. A. Archibald, McKenzie Cor.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY

John J. Archibald, Bathurst.
Henry Archibald, Bathurst.

KINGS COUNTY

C. N. Archibald, Sussex.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY

John Archibald, Chatham.
William Archibald, Chatham.
John Archibald, Sr., Black River.
John Archibald, Jr., Black River.

RESTIGOUCHE COUNTY

Alexander Archibald, Summerside.
Charles Archibald, Robinsville.
Michael Archibald, Robinsville.
Donald Archibald, Archibald Set.
Robert Archibald, Archibald Set.
Hugh Archibald, Archibald Set.
Hugh Archibald, Shannonville.
James J. Archibald, Flatland.
Edgar Archibald, St. John City.
I. Frank Archibald, 113 Queen.
Mrs. M. M. Archibald, St. John City.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY

P. S. Archibald, Moncton.
Charles E. Archibald, Pettitcodiac.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

NOVA SCOTIA

ANTIGONISH COUNTY

L. C. Archibald, Antigonish.
William S. Archibald, Antigonish.

COLCHESTER COUNTY

Charles W. Archibald, Beaver Brook.
George Archibald, Brookside.
Thomas L. Archibald, Brookside.
Harvey Archibald, Cen. Stewiacke.
A. G. Archibald, Dartville.
James Archibald, Dartville.
John H. Archibald, E. Mountain.
John S. Archibald, E. Mountain.
Rupert Archibald, Eastville.
Edson Archibald, Great Village.
Fulton Archibald, Great Village.
Blanchard Archibald, Hilden.
John H. Archibald, Harmony.
John L. Archibald, Harmony.
Wellington Archibald, Harmony.
Thomas Archibald, Harmony.
Alfred Archibald, Kemptown.
Elisha Archibald, Kemptown.
Samuel P. Archibald, Kemptown.
George R. Archibald, L. Stewiacke.
John McD. Archibald, L. Stewiacke.
Adelbert D. Archibald, Old Barns.
Walker Archibald, Old Barns.
Alfred W. Archibald, Old Barns.
Edgar S. Archibald, Old Barns.
Edmund Archibald, Old Barns.
Simon H. Archibald, Old Barns.
W. Robinson Archibald, Old Barns.
Harvey Archibald, South Branch.
James Archibald, Stewiacke.
John H. Archibald, Stewiacke.
Mrs. John Archibald, Southvale.
A. D. Archibald, Truro.
Andrew Archibald, Truro.
A. A. Archibald, Truro.
A. G. Archibald, Truro.
A. Kent Archibald, Truro.
Alexander L. Archibald, Truro.
Alice Archibald, Truro.

Blair Archibald, Truro.
Carl Archibald, Truro.
Charles Archibald, Truro.
Charles A. Archibald, Truro.
Carrie P. Archibald, Truro.
Clark Archibald, Truro.
Cyrus W. Archibald, Truro.
David Archibald, Truro.
Eli Archibald, Truro.
Elizabeth Archibald, Truro.
Mrs. C. B. Archibald, Truro.
Frank Archibald, Truro.
Fred O. Archibald, Truro.
Fred K. Archibald, Truro.
Foster P. Archibald, Truro.
F. O. Archibald, Truro.
G. G. Archibald, Truro.
Harry Archibald, Truro.
Harry C. Archibald, Truro.
Isaac Archibald, Truro.
I. Frank Archibald, Truro.
James Archibald, Truro.
Mrs. Jane Archibald, Truro.
John Archibald, Truro.
John C. Archibald, Truro.
J. Ross Archibald, Truro.
Luther B. Archibald, Truro.
Lewis Archibald, Truro.
Laurie Archibald, Truro.
L. E. Archibald, Truro.
Mattie K. Archibald, Truro.
Marshall Archibald, Truro.
Millard Archibald, Truro.
Nettie E. Archibald, Truro.
Ocenia Archibald, Truro.
P. McG. Archibald, Truro.
Ryland Archibald, Truro.
Robert B. Archibald, Truro.
Ross Archibald, Truro.
Rupert F. Archibald, Truro.
R. S. Archibald, Truro.
Willis Archibald, Truro.
William F. Archibald, Truro.
Jacob Archibald, Valley Station.
Alexander Archibald, Valley Station.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

CUMBERLAND COUNTY

Mrs. Dimock L. Archibald, Amherst.
T. A. Archibald, Amherst.
Allen Archibald, Amherst.
N. F. Archibald, Amherst.
D. F. Archibald, Athol.
Ephraim Archibald, Hansford.
Gordon Archibald, Springhill.
David Archibald, Malagash.
Asa Archibald, Wallace.

CAPE BRETON COUNTY

Blowers Archibald, North Sydney.
W. H. Archibald, North Sydney.
E. M. Archibald, North Sydney.
George E. Archibald, Sydney.
Harry Archibald, Sydney.
M. B. Archibald, Sydney.
Charles Archibald, Glace Bay.
W. B. Archibald, Glace Bay.
Isaac Archibald, Leitches Creek.
W. H. Archibald, Sydney Mines.
Arthur Archibald, Sydney Mines.
F. Archibald, Sydney Mines.

DIGBY COUNTY

C. C. Archibald, M.D., C.M., Bear River.
Rev. A. J. Archibald, Digby.

GUYSBORO COUNTY

A. Fisher Archibald, Denver.
Henry Archibald, Denver.
Howard Archibald, Denver.
John A. Archibald, Goldenville.
A. D. Archibald, Glenelg.
A. G. Archibald, Glenelg.
John C. Archibald, Glenelg.
W. C. Archibald, Glenelg.
Maria Archibald, Glenelg.
David Archibald, Forrest Hill.
Isaac Archibald, Lochaber.
John T. Archibald, Newton.
Robert Archibald, Newton.
William H. Archibald, Newton.

David Archibald, Stillwater.
Ernest Archibald, Stillwater.
John C. Archibald, Stillwater.
William A. Archibald, Stillwater.
John Archibald, Smithfield.
William J. Archibald, Smithfield.
James C. Archibald, Smithfield.
William A. Archibald, Sonora.

HALIFAX COUNTY

Roy E. Archibald, Bedford.
Ralph Archibald, Bedford.
Joseph Archibald, Bedford.
Andrew Archibald, Bedford.
Morton Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
Adam Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
James Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
John Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
Stanley Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
Warren Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
Leander Archibald, C. Musquodoboit.
Henry Archibald, Dartmouth.
Edgar Archibald, Elmsvale.
William J. Archibald, Glenmore.
Henry Archibald, Glenmore.
William Archibald, 2d, Glenmore.
Munroe Archibald, Harrigans Cove.

City of Halifax

Charles Archibald, Halifax.
Clarence A. Archibald, 63 Maynard.
Frank R. Archibald, 28 N. Bland.
J. Ross Archibald, 9 Inglis.
L. G. Archibald, 279 Gottingen.
Lewis G. Archibald, 16 Harvey.
Louis Archibald, 63 Maynard.
Martin W. Archibald, 14 Wright Ave.
Mary Archibald, 130 Maitland.
Parker G. Archibald, 36 Victoria Rd.
Richard L. Archibald, N. W. Arm.
Sadie M. Archibald, 28 N. Bland.
Samuel F. Archibald, 28 N. Bland.

David W. Archibald, Sheet Harbor.
Eldridge Archibald, Sheet Harbor.
Ellen Hall Archibald, Sheet Harbor.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

David Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
G. Archibald, M.D., U. Musquodoboit.

Neil Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Jonathan Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.

Jessie Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Jennie Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Mary Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Peter G. Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.

Samuel Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Sydney Archibald, U. Musquodoboit.
Wm. Archibald, 3d, U. Musquodoboit.

HANTS COUNTY

Hiram D. Archibald, Hartville.
Alexander Archibald, S. Maitland.
Mrs. Rachel Archibald, Windsor.

INVERNESS COUNTY

Henry A. Archibald, Port Hastings.
Ernest Archibald, Port Hastings.

KINGS COUNTY

E. E. Archibald, Wolfville.

Rev. W. L. Archibald, Wolfville.

LUNENBURG COUNTY

H. H. Archibald, Bridgewater.

PICTOU COUNTY

Edwin Archibald, Alma.
Eldridge G. Archibald, Alma.
Mathew G. Archibald, Alma.
S. S. Archibald, Alma.
Samuel Archibald, Alma.
Wilbur L. Archibald, Alma.
Harold D. Archibald, Durham.
John C. Archibald, Foxbrook.
William A. Archibald, Foxbrook.
Alfred Archibald, St. Pauls.
Clarence Archibald, St. Pauls.
George Archibald, St. Pauls.
Rupert F. Archibald, New Glasgow.
Rev. W. P. Archibald, Sunny Brae.
George Archibald, Toney Mills.
Mrs. Henry Archibald, Westerly.
Samuel Archibald, Watervale.

QUEENS COUNTY

Brenton Archibald, S. Brookfield.
James Archibald, S. Brookfield.

UNITED STATES

ALABAMA

Ellis M. Archibald, 1005 Eula St.,
Birmingham.
Edward S. Archibald, 1005 Eula St.,
Birmingham.
Horace M. Archibald, 1005 Eula St.,
Birmingham.
Edward Steele Archibald, 1005 Eula
St., Birmingham.
Ella May Archibald, 1005 Eula St.,
Birmingham.
Louise P. Archibald, 1005 Eula St.,
Birmingham.
Edwin A. Archibald, Eutaw.
Horace M. Archibald, Jr., 1501 So.
21st St., Birmingham.

Robert M. Archibald, 1203 Tuscalla
Ave., Birmingham.
Walter B. Archibald, 1220 Tuscalla
Ave., Birmingham.
James S. Archibald, 809 Govern-
ment St., Mobile.

ARIZONA

Arthur Tupper Archibald, Jerome.

CALIFORNIA

Edward Archibald, 3017 Persimmon
St., Oakland.
Mrs. Jennie C. Archibald, 1312 8th
St., Oakland.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

J. H. Archibald, 433 Pasadena Ave.,
Pasadena.

George Henry Archibald, 1564 Monterey Rd., Pasadena, South.

Henry Ruthven Archibald, 1127
Brent Ave., Pasadena, South.

William W. Archibald, 407 Waldo
St., Pasadena, South.

Robert A. Archibald, San Jose.

Samuel C. Archibald, San Jose.

E. Archibald, 543 Vallejo St., San
Francisco.

R. H. Archibald, 242 Turk St., San
Francisco.

James T. Archibald, 35 Prospect
Ave., San Francisco.

Mark J. Archibald, 187 Douglass
Ave., San Francisco.

Mrs. Susan Archibald, 1940 Page
St., San Francisco.

Walter H. Archibald, 804 Mc-
Allister St., San Francisco.

CONNECTICUT

Fred B. Archibald, Manchester.

Leslie Archibald, E. Hartford.

FLORIDA

Mrs. Henry B. Archibald, 337 East
3d St., Jacksonville.

James W. Archibald, 1417 Main
St., Jacksonville.

Robert B. Archibald, 125 West 2d
St., Jacksonville.

William M. Archibald, 15 Phelps St.,
Jacksonville.

GEORGIA

Alexander Archibald, 741 Glenn St.,
Atlanta.

IDAHO

John Archibald, 218 East Idaho St.,
Boise City.

ILLINOIS

Mrs. Catherine Archibald, 285 Or-
leans St., Chicago.

Charles Archibald, 318 1-2 Orleans
St., Chicago.

Alexander Archibald, 926 Osgood
St., Chicago.

Charles W. Archibald, 926 Osgood
St., Chicago.

Frank Archibald, 926 Osgood St.,
Chicago.

Henry S. Archibald, 926 Osgood St.,
Chicago.

Edward S. Archibald, 7301 Lafayette
Ave., Chicago.

Frank J. Archibald, 185 Superior St.,
Chicago.

George N. Archibald, Mrs., 726 W.
Adams St., Chicago.

H. Teller Archibald, 1877 Sheridan
Rd., Chicago.

Joseph Archibald, 842 Diversey
Building, Chicago.

Joseph Archibald, 224 N. Ashland
Ave., Chicago.

Lawrence Archibald, 839 N. Hermit-
age Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. Mary A. Archibald, 879 Tripp
St., Chicago.

Paul N. Archibald, 796 Winthrop
Ave., Chicago.

Ralph H. Archibald, 1698 Racine
Ave., Chicago.

Robert R. Archibald, 1368 W.
Division St., Chicago.

Theodore Archibald, 40 S. Centre
Ave., Chicago.

Thomas E. Archibald, 215 S. Hayne
Ave., Chicago.

Walter Archibald, 2137 N. Ashland
Ave., Chicago.

Wesley Archibald, 879 Tripp Ave.,
Chicago.

Arnold E. Archibald, Hinsdale.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

INDIANA

Carson Archibald, 1256 East Ohio St., Indianapolis.
Frank Archibald, 1069 Hunter St., Indianapolis.
Gerritt A. Archibald, 2246 N. Meriden St., Indianapolis.
Bertram S. Archibald, 614 S. 5th St., Terre Haute.
Henry E. Archibald, 614 S. 5th St., Terre Haute.
William W. Archibald, 614 S. 5th St., Terre Haute.
William A. Archibald, 336 N. 21st St., Terre Haute.
William A. Archibald, Jr., 326 N. 21st St., Terre Haute.

IOWA

Eugene C. Archibald, 653 Franklin Ave., Council Bluffs.

MAINE

Samuel Archibald, Hotel Royal, Bangor.
U. V. Archibald, Silver St., Poland.
Alexander F. Archibald, 1013 Congress St., Portland.
Samuel Creelman Archibald, Portland.
Arthur J. Archibald, 253A Danforth St., Portland.
Asa Archibald, 77 Myrtle St., Portland.
Blanchard Archibald, 1013 Congress St., Portland.
Charles Archibald, 87 Sherwood St., Portland.
Charles Archibald, 64 Cedar St., Portland.
Charles Archibald, 63 Salem St., Portland.
George H. Archibald, 284 Brackett St., Portland.
George O. Archibald, 37 Tate St., Portland.

Harold Archibald, 1013 Congress St., Portland.
Hugh Archibald, 51 Tyng St., Portland.
Hugh Archibald, 222 Danforth St., Portland.
John Archibald, 24 Hartley St., Portland.
Mrs. Robert D. Archibald, Ocean St., South Portland.
Rufus Archibald, 448 Commercial St., Portland.
Mrs. Sarah S. Archibald, 25 Hartley St., Portland.
T. A. Archibald, 7 Valley St., Portland.
George H. Archibald, 74 Coyle St., Woodford.

MASSACHUSETTS

Alfred G. Archibald, 70 Mt. Pleasant St., Athol.
Carroll E. Archibald, 112 Wellington St., Athol.
Horace W. Archibald, 957 Main St., Athol.
Joseph F. Archibald, Athol.
Lewis Archibald, 200 Crescent St., Athol.
Charles Archibald, 200 Crescent St., Athol.
Nelson Archibald, 200 Crescent St., Athol.
Robert N. Archibald, High St., Avon.
Albert Archibald, 80 High St., Andover.
John Archibald, 126 Kendrick St., Brighton.
Rev. Arthur C. Archibald, 217 Spring St., Brockton.
Austin Archibald, 286 Pleasant St., Brockton.
David A. Archibald, 286 Pleasant St., Brockton.
Henry O. Archibald, 80 Winthrop St., Brockton.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

- Mrs. John Archibald, 18 Washburn St., Brockton.
- Leonard M. Archibald, 18 Washburn St., Brockton.
- Ralph L. Archibald, 18 Washburn St., Brockton.
- Nelson Archibald, 14 Washburn St., Brockton.
- Samuel Archibald, 34 Parker St., Brockton.
- Warren Archibald, 36 Ash St., Brockton.
- Isaiah N. Archibald, Brooksville.
- Herbert Archibald, Bradford.
- Bertha A. Archibald, 12 Albemarle St., Boston.
- E. E. Archibald, 219 Washington St., Boston.
- George Archibald, 35 Rose St., Boston.
- John Archibald, 1 Oakdale St., Boston.
- John G. Archibald, 612 Mass. Ave., Boston.
- Mabel S. Archibald, 31 St. Botolph St., Boston.
- Warren S. Archibald, 63 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.
- Earl Stanley Archibald, 175 Congress St., Boston.
- David Archibald, 50 Walden St., Concord.
- Mrs. Almira Archibald, 110 Buttonwood St., Dorchester.
- Lorenzo M. Archibald, 26 Josephine St., Dorchester.
- Robert E. Archibald, 41 Saxton St., Dorchester.
- Albert J. Archibald, 41 Saxton St., Dorchester.
- Robert J. Archibald, 41 Saxton St., Dorchester.
- Thomas Archibald, 28 Hecla St., Dorchester.
- William Archibald, 3 Ballou Pl., Dorchester.
- William D. Archibald, 213 Linden St., Everett.
- Frank W. Archibald, 9 Hawthorne St., Everett.
- Edward M. Archibald, 130 Cottage St., Everett.
- Edward M. Archibald, Jr., 130 Cottage St., Everett.
- George C. P. Archibald, 130 Cottage St., Everett.
- Christopher J. Archibald, 128 Webster St., East Boston.
- Alonzo Archibald, 415 East 8th St., South Boston.
- Mrs. James R. Archibald, 906 East 4th St., South Boston.
- John Archibald, 79 L St., South Boston.
- Michael J. Archibald, 532 East 5th St., South Boston.
- Elbridge H. Archibald, 152 Spring St., Cambridge.
- Edwin P. Archibald, 83 Brattle St., Cambridge.
- E. H. Archibald, 120½ Otis St., East Cambridge.
- Mrs. Isaac Archibald, 130 Austin St., Cambridge.
- Robert Archibald, 68 Boylston St., Cambridge.
- Joseph Archibald, 411 Bunker Hill St., Charlestown.
- Ralph E. Archibald, 5 Caldwell St., Charlestown.
- H. N. Archibald, M.D., Cheshire.
- George O. Archibald, 358 Main St., Chicopee.
- Henry M. Archibald, 9 Hawthorne St., Everett.
- Mrs. Ellen E. Archibald, Colony for Insane, Gardner.
- Mrs. Emma Archibald, 45 Graham St., Gardner.
- George N. Archibald, 446 Chestnut St., Gardner.
- Isaac Archibald, Fall River.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

- Freilon N. Archibald, 6 Freeman St.,
Haverhill.
Wallace E. Archibald, 6 Freeman
St., Haverhill.
Fred W. Archibald, 6 Freeman St.,
Haverhill.
F. S. Archibald Co., Phoenix Row,
Haverhill.
Dana S. Archibald, 2 Freeman St.,
Haverhill.
Harry Archibald, 2 Freeman St.,
Haverhill.
Erwin Archibald, 2 Freeman St.,
Haverhill.
Guy Archibald, 398 Washington St.,
Haverhill.
Guy W. Archibald, 4 Silver St.,
Haverhill.
Ira D. Archibald, 11 Whittier St.,
Haverhill.
John Archibald, 32 Byron St.,
Haverhill.
Herbert Archibald, 32 Byron St.,
Haverhill.
Norman H. Archibald, Hingham.
Sara H. Archibald, So. Franklin St.,
Holbrook.
Fred Archibald, Broadway, Hanover.
Charles H. Archibald, 97 Williams
Ave., Hyde Park.
Edgar S. Archibald, 40 Harvard St.,
Hyde Park.
John B. Archibald, 89 Wenham St.,
Jamaica Plain.
Margaret W. Archibald, 89 Wenham
St., Jamaica Plain.
Elmer Archibald, 60 Spring St.,
Jamaica Plain.
Edward M. Archibald, Lanesville.
Thomas A. Archibald, Lunenburg.
Arthur P. Archibald, 34 Leighton St.,
Lynn.
Mrs. Asher B. Archibald, 256 Walnut
St., Lynn.
Charles J. M. Archibald, 46 Fre-
mont St., Lowell.
Homer W. Archibald, 411 Bridge St.,
Lowell.
Henry Archibald, 411 Bridge St.,
Lowell.
Mrs. James Archibald, 411 Bridge
St., Lowell.
Albert Archibald, 22 Hudson Ave.,
Lawrence.
Mrs. George Archibald, 204 Bailey
St., Lawrence.
George F. Archibald, 204 Bailey St.,
Lawrence.
George W. Archibald, 6 Crescent
St., Lawrence.
Irving M. Archibald, 143 May St.,
Lawrence.
Samuel A. Archibald, Malden.
William D. Archibald, 12 Bartlett
St., Malden.
Mrs. Caroline Archibald, 26 Sprague
Ct., Medford.
Richard Archibald, 26 Sprague Ct.,
Medford.
David E. Archibald, 26 Garfield Ave.,
Medford.
Harry E. Archibald, 26 Garfield
Ave., Medford.
George H. Archibald, 15 Pleasant
St., Medford.
Oscar D. Archibald, 10 Garfield Ave.,
Medford.
William D. Archibald, 150 Park St.,
Medford.
Clayton Archibald, 35 Meriden St.,
Melrose.
Caroline E. Archibald, 89 Spear St.,
Melrose.
Martha May Archibald, 89 Spear
St., Melrose.
Mrs. A. Archibald (Butler), 89 Spear
St., Melrose.
Florence E. Archibald, 89 Spear St.,
Melrose.
James A. Archibald, 12 Field St.,
Melrose.
Irving Moore Archibald, Methuen.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

- Theodore S. Archibald, 89 Spear St., Melrose.
Edward Andrews Archibald, 38 Pleasant St., Methuen.
Everett Heustis Archibald, 8 Tremont St., Methuen.
George Woodbury Archibald, Methuen.
Edward Andrews Archibald, Methuen.
George Andrew Archibald, West Main St., Millbury.
Edward M. J. Archibald, 8 Park Pl., New Bedford.
John Archibald, 26 Ashland Pl., New Bedford.
Merton E. Archibald, 26 Ashland Pl., New Bedford.
William Archibald, 26 Ashland Pl., New Bedford.
William B. Archibald, Nahant.
Mrs. William B. Archibald, Nahant.
Hannah Archibald, of Scranton, Pa., Oak Bluffs.
James Archibald, of Scranton, Pa., Oak Bluffs.
William Archibald, Horn St., Pittsfield.
Rev. Warren S. Archibald, Pittsfield.
Harry A. Archibald, 317 Tyler St., Pittsfield.
Charles F. Archibald, 114 Intervale St., Quincy.
James Archibald, 64 River St., Quincy.
John Archibald, 37 Farrington St., Quincy.
Adam Archibald, 11 Gaston St., Roxbury.
David Archibald, 20 Oak Grove Terrace, Roxbury.
George N. Archibald, 17 Oak Grove Terrace, Roxbury.
David W. Archibald, 100 Arundel St., Roxbury.
Fred H. Archibald, 122 Blue Hill Ave., Roxbury.
George W. Archibald, 5 Monroe St., Roxbury.
Henry T. Archibald, 10 Notre Dame St., Roxbury.
Mrs. Isabella Archibald, 28 Alexander St., Roxbury.
John A. Archibald, 1 Oakland St., Roxbury.
Leonard A. Archibald, 46 Symmes St., Roxbury.
Mrs. Robert Archibald, 39 Clifton St., Roxbury.
Warren S. Archibald, 39 Clifton St., Roxbury.
John A. Archibald, Somerville.
William H. Archibald, Somerville.
John Archibald, 49 Bridge St., Springfield.
Isaac Archibald, South Swansea.
Elmer E. Archibald, 192 School St., Watertown.
John G. Archibald, 150 Main St., Watertown.
Samuel Archibald, 150 Main St., Watertown.
William J. Archibald, Wareham.
George Archibald, 16 Knowlton St., Worcester.
Peter S. Archibald, 2 Pelham St., Worcester.
Mrs. Robert N. Archibald, 2 Pelham St., Worcester.
Mrs. Fred W. Archibald, Waltham.
Fred Archibald, Whitman.
William M. Archibald, 266 Union St., Weymouth.
David Archibald, 8 Ash St., Weston.
- MICHIGAN
- John Archibald, 321 Adams St., Bay City.
- MINNESOTA
- Mrs. Ada M. Archibald, 2703 Harriet Ave., Minneapolis.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

Alexander R. Archibald, 2544 Aldrich St., Minneapolis.
George Archibald, 5th Ave., N., Minneapolis.
George S. Archibald, 3910 Pillsbury Ave., Minneapolis.
James W. Archibald, 4106 Dupont Ave. N., Minneapolis.
John Archibald, 2933 Emerson Ave. N., Minneapolis.
Ray W. Archibald, 3552 Park Ave., Minneapolis.
William Archibald, 4106 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis.
Frank S. Archibald, 2246 Commonwealth Ave., St. Paul.
Jean M. Archibald, 471 Oakland Ave., Minneapolis.
John C. Archibald, 397 Ashland Ave., St. Paul.
Ray G. Archibald, 397 Ashland Ave., St. Paul.
William D. Archibald, 397 Ashland Ave., St. Paul.

MISSOURI

George Archibald, 2104 N. Broadway, St. Louis.
George Archibald, 5957 Theodosia Ave., St. Louis.
Parker J. Archibald, 4237A Harris Ave., St. Louis.
Franklin B. Archibald, 4237A Harris Ave., St. Louis.
Russell Archibald, 5741 Garfield St., St. Louis.
Thomas Archibald, Webster Groves, St. Louis.
Walter C. Archibald, 3030 Vine Grove Ave., St. Louis.
Marvin D. Archibald, 3310 Woodland Ave., Kansas City.
Coventry Archibald, 3010 Felix Ave., St. Joseph.

MONTANA

John Archibald, 307 N. 33d St., Billings.
Arthur Archibald, 307 N. 33d St., Billings.
George B. Archibald, 808 W. Galena St., Butte.
James T. Archibald, 808 W. Galena St., Butte.

NEBRASKA

Allen R. Archibald, 1618 N. 25th St., Omaha.
Joseph Archibald, 1618 N. 25th St., Omaha.
Mrs. Alexander Archibald, 1828 N. 19th St., Omaha.
William P. Archibald, 1828 N. 19th St., Omaha.
Edward Archibald, 1828 N. 19th St., Omaha.
J. John Archibald, 1416 Ogden St., Omaha.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

John A. Archibald, Littleton.
Fred G. Archibald, Littleton.
Everett F. Archibald, Littleton.
John Windmere Archibald, Littleton.
Rev. Ira D. Archibald, 26 Garmond St., Manchester.

NEW JERSEY

Alexander Archibald, 54½ South St., Newark.
Mrs. William Archibald, 54½ South St., Newark.
David G. Archibald, 109 Miller St., Newark.
John Archibald, 659 N. 7th St., Newark.
Mrs. Lucy Archibald, 13 Summit St., Newark.
Robert A. Archibald, 50 Burnet St., Newark.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

William J. Archibald, 84 Bleeker St., Newark.

Charles Archibald, 324 Goodwin St., Paterson.

James F. Archibald, 324 Goodwin St., Paterson.

Joseph Archibald, 134 S. Bellevue Ave., Atlantic City.

NEW YORK

Albert J. Archibald, 221 Green Ave., Brooklyn.

George Archibald, Binghamton.

Sloan Archibald, Bovina.

J. A. Archibald, Bovina.

A. T. Archibald, Bovina.

William Archibald, Bovina Centre.

James W. Archibald, Bovina Centre.

Alexander Archibald, Delhi.

John M. Archibald, Margarettsville.

William L. Archibald, Margarettsville.

J. S. Archibald, Margarettsville.

J. B. Archibald, Margarettsville.

James W. Archibald, Menands.

R. H. Archibald, N. Kingston.

J. T. Archibald, N. Kingston.

J. R. Archibald, N. Kingston.

L. W. Archibald, N. Kingston.

B. T. Archibald, N. Kingston.

F. S. Archibald, N. Kingston.

Arthur G. Archibald, 19 Columbus Park, New Rochelle.

Grant Archibald, 64 Barling Lane, New Rochelle.

Mrs. John Archibald, 64 Barling Lane, New Rochelle.

Carson G. Archibald, 423 W. 23d St., New York City.

Charles D. Archibald, 750 E. 175th St., New York City.

Dr. Charles Archibald, 105 Madison Ave., New York City.

Frank D. Archibald, 361 W. 125th St., New York City.

James L. Archibald, 361 W. 125th St., New York City.

Fred A. Archibald, 229 Broadway, New York City.

Henry Archibald, 144 Timothy Ave., New York City.

Hy M. Archibald, 844 Trinity Ave., New York City.

James P. Archibald, 750 E. 175th St., New York City.

John C. Archibald, 524 Robbins St., New York City.

John P. Archibald, 560 W. 182d St., New York City.

Mrs. Mary Archibald, 311 E. 119th St., New York City.

R. Edwin Archibald, 147 E. 125th St., New York City.

Thomas T. Archibald, 635 E. 169th St., New York City.

William Archibald, 13 Gouverneur Pl., New York City.

William Archibald, 252 W. 149th St., New York City.

William Archibald, 538 W. 142d St., New York City.

William H. Archibald, 433 W. 23d St., New York City.

William S. Archibald, 226 8th Ave., New York City.

William S. Archibald, 610 W. 135th St., New York City.

Ebenezer Henry Archibald, M.A., M.S.C., Professor Bowne Hall of Chemistry, Syracuse University, Syracuse.

William H. Archibald, N. Broadway, White Plains.

James Archibald, Tredwell.

Thomas A. Archibald, Tredwell.

OHIO.

David D. Archibald, 42 West Gay St., Columbus.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

PENNSYLVANIA

George M. Archibald, 6052 North Main Ave., Scranton.

RHODE ISLAND

Annie M. Archibald, 249 Broadway, Pawtucket.

Janet P. Archibald, 249 Broadway, Pawtucket.

Margaret P. Archibald, 249 Broadway, Pawtucket.

John F. Archibald, 4 Young Ave., Providence.

Warren E. Archibald, 4 Young Ave., Providence.

Raymond C. Archibald, 9 Charles Field St., Providence.

Silas A. Archibald, 28 Corinth St., Providence.

Arthur D. Archibald, 105 Ballou St., Woonsocket.

Christie A. Archibald, off S. Main St., Woonsocket.

David G. Archibald, 583 S. Main St., Woonsocket.

Edwin C. Archibald, 157 Bernice Ave., Woonsocket.

George W. Archibald, 624 S. Main St., Woonsocket.

Martin D. Archibald, 614 S. Main St., Woonsocket.

Peter S. Archibald, 640 S. Main St., Woonsocket.

Winburn B. Archibald, High St., Woonsocket.

TENNESSEE

Edward C. Archibald, 523 3d Ave., South Nashville.

Edward Archibald, 907 S. 2d Ave., Nashville.

John E. Archibald, 318 Blackmore Ave., Nashville.

William A. Archibald, 1114 Forest Ave., Nashville.

TEXAS

Jacob W. Archibald, 173 Caddo St., Dallas.

John B. Archibald, 173 Caddo St., Dallas.

John H. Archibald, 97 Beckley Ave., Dallas.

Lizzie M. Archibald, 173 Caddo St., Dallas.

Robert N. Archibald, 182 Caddo St., Dallas.

UTAH

Mrs. Agnes S. Archibald, 470 N. 1st St., East Logan.

Charles S. Archibald, 107 E. 4th St., North Logan.

Mrs. James Archibald, 45 S. 4th St., West Logan.

Charles Archibald, 187 W. Capitol St., Salt Lake City.

Charles C. Archibald, 569 S. 14th St. W., Salt Lake City.

David J. Archibald, 94 W. Capitol St., Salt Lake City.

Elmer H. Archibald, 369 S. 14th St. W., Salt Lake City.

John Archibald, 94 W. Capitol St., Salt Lake City.

Ralph Archibald, 64 3d St. S., Salt Lake City.

Russell Archibald, 94 W. Capitol St., Salt Lake City.

VIRGINIA

Samuel L. Archibald, 1213 23d St., Newport News.

WASHINGTON STATE

Alfred E. Archibald, 4232 Wallingford Ave., Seattle.

Mrs. A. D. Archibald, 82 W. Stewart St., Seattle.

Fred H. Archibald, 1114 7th Ave., Seattle.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

John Archibald, Labor Temple,
Seattle.

John R. Archibald, 84 Stewart St.,
Seattle.

Robert F. Archibald, 4010 Aurora
Ave., Seattle.

Samuel M. Archibald, 1817 E.
Howell St., Seattle.

Silas Archibald, 1426 Seneca St.,
Seattle.

Charles D. E. Archibald, 2418 3d
Ave., Spokane.

Edward T. Archibald, 2418 3d Ave.,
Spokane.

James Archibald, 2418 3d Ave.,
Spokane.

John S. Archibald, 2418 3d Ave., Spo-
kane.

Marvin D. Archibald, 2418 3d Ave.,
Spokane.

Murt J. Archibald, 2418 3d Ave.,
Spokane.

Stephen P. Archibald, 2418 3d Ave.,
Spokane.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Clarence C. Archibald, 1427 Monroe
St. N. W.

James F. J. Archibald, The Wyom-
ing.

WISCONSIN

John Archibald, 409 N. Broadway,
Green Bay.

John Archibald, 1019 Wright St.,
Milwaukee.

William Archibald, 529 Washington
St., Wausau.

THE ARCHBOLD LIST

William Archbold, 902 N. St.,
Sacramento, Cal.

William D. Archbold, 1421 Fillmore
St., Denver, Col.

Chellis H. Archbold, 1844 Wheeler
St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Ezra B. Archbold, 610 Breckenridge
St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

John D. Archbold, 610 Breckenridge
St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Harry E. Archbold, 833 Columbus
Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Martin V. B. Archbold, 833 Colum-
bus Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Jason C. Archbold, 2827 Hoagland
St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Douglas Archbold, 30 Somerset Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

James W. Archbold, Somerset Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Frank F. Archbold, 50 Winter St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Edward M. Archbold, 562 Waterloo
St., Detroit, Mich.

Fred W. Archbold, 1201 4th Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Richard C. Archbold, 1201 4th Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

George S. Archbold, 1201 4th Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Ralph Archbold, 107 Waterloo St.,
Detroit, Mich.

William Archbold, 77 Reed Pl.,
Detroit, Mich.

William P. Archbold, 77 Reed Pl.,
Detroit, Mich.

William J. Archbold, 302 Hold-
brook St., Detroit, Mich.

John Dustan Archbold, 26 Broad-
way, New York City, N. Y.

George Archbold, 229 17th St., New
York City, N. Y.

G. J. Archbold, 99 Gold St., New
York City, N. Y.

James J. Archbold, 230 Fulton St.,
New York City, N. Y.

James J. Archbold, 136 Ocean
Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

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|--|---|
| <p>John Archbold, 300 119th St., New York City, N. Y.</p> <p>Robert P. Archbold, 100 Vanderveer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.</p> <p>Walter C. Archbold, 748 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.</p> <p>William Archbold, 567 East 157th St., New York City, N. Y.</p> <p>Andrew Archbold, 2 Amity St., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>Andrew Archbold, Jr., 2 Amity St., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>Isabella Archbold, 22 Younglove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>James Archbold, 263 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>John Archbold, 193 Main St., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>William Archbold, 75 Younglove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.</p> <p>Robert H. Archbold, 83 Parsellsa Ave., Rochester, N. Y.</p> <p>Mrs. Sarah E. Archbold, 144 Caledonia Ave., Rochester, N. Y.</p> <p>George Archbold, 126 Montella St., Jersey City, N. J.</p> <p>Walter H. Archbold, 823 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.</p> <p>Charles L. Archbold, 8918 Meridian Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.</p> | <p>John N. Archbold, 668 Ravensview St., Portland, Ore.</p> <p>Benjamin Archbold, 1332 Kenilworth St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>Charles W. Archbold, 2318 N. 27th St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>Cuthbert Archbold, 428 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>George W. Archbold, 428 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>John Archbold, 428 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>Thomas Archbold, 1919 Wayne Ave., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>Charles H. Archbold, 325 5th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.</p> <p>Henry L. Archbold, 368 Meryan St., Pittsburg, Pa.</p> <p>Frank W. Archbold, 843 Astor St., Milwaukee, Wis.</p> <p>George Archbold, 1919 Wayne St., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>Hannah D. Archbold, 1919 Wayne St., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>Elizabeth W. Archbold, 1919 Wayne St., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>William Archbold, 2079 North Main St., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>W. S. G. Archbold, Los Angeles, Cal.</p> |
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LINEAGE CONTRIBUTORS

Name	Present Address	Children	
		Boys, Girls.	Birthyear and Birthplace
ARCHBALD			
James	424 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.	3 3	1838—Sand Lake, N. Y.
ARCHBOLD			
George	1919 Wayne Ave., Scranton, Pa.		Chattan, England.
M. B. V.	830 Columbus Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.	2 1	1860 [Scotland.
Andrew	4 Amity St., Cohoes, N.Y.		1855—Renfrewshire,
Charles L.	8914 Meridian Ave., Cleveland, Ohio	1	1880—Decatur, Ill.
Robert P.	Cincinnati, Ohio	1 1	1858—New York City.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

Name	Present Address	Children		Birthplace
		Boys.	Girls.	
ARCHIBALD				
Henry O.	80 Winthrop St., Brockton, Mass.			1860—Portland, Me.
John A.	Littleton, N. H.	3	5	1849—Nova Scotia.
Charles C.	89 Spear St., Melrose, Mass.	1	3	1842—Nova Scotia.
Walter P.	490 McLaren St., Ottawa, Can.	2		1860—Nova Scotia.
Robert B.	125 W. Second St., Jacksonville, Fla.	1	2	1843—Alva, Scotland.
Harry P.	1030 Nelson St., Vancouver, B. C.			Nova Scotia.
Wm. Adam	25 24th St., Terre Haute, Ind.			1865—Nova Scotia.
Sylvester C.	Alberta, Can.			1880—Nova Scotia.
Wallace R.	Alberta, Can.	1	1	1879 Nova Scotia.
Fred R. and Silas	Adrian Court, Seattle, Wash.			1882—Nova Scotia. 1864—Nova Scotia.
Hazel M.	Adrian Court, Seattle, Wash.			1891—Seattle, Wash.
Edward A.	38 Pleasant St., Methuen, Mass.	3	3	1838—Nova Scotia.
Everett H.	8 Tremont St., Methuen, Mass.	1	1	1860—Nova Scotia.
Hattie L. (Dodge)	Methuen, Mass.			1861—New Brunswick.
Jennie A. (Emerson)	Methuen, Mass.			1865—New Brunswick.
George W.	Methuen, Mass.			1869—Methuen, Mass.
Jessie M. (Buswell)	Methuen, Mass.			1871—Methuen, Mass.
Edward A.	Methuen, Mass.			1895—Methuen, Mass.
Irving M.	Methuen, Mass.			1888—Lawrence, Mass.
Horace McM.	Birmingham, Ala.	2	2	
George N.	427 N. Main St., Gardner, Mass.			Nova Scotia.
Harriet N. (Logan)	Amherst, N. S.			1844—Nova Scotia.
Emily J. (Bligh)	Brooklyn Corner, Kings County, N. S.	2		1848—Nova Scotia.
Sarah R. (Lewis)	Westbrook Mills, N. S. Cumberland Co., N. S.	3		1856—Nova Scotia.
Anna E. (Hill)	South Tacoma, Wash.	2		1858—Nova Scotia.

SOME ARCHIBALD HOMES

<i>Name</i>	<i>Present Address</i>	<i>Children</i>		<i>Birthyear and Birthplace</i>
		<i>Boys,</i>	<i>Girls.</i>	
George R.	Stewiacke, N. S.	1		1850—Nova Scotia.
Arthur W.	Lochinvar, Alberta, Can.	4	3	1853—Nova Scotia.
Harry A.	Box 366, Vancouver, B. C.	1		1875—Nova Scotia.
Nettie F.	Rawlin, Wyoming			1876—Nova Scotia.
George W.	Melita, Man.			1873—Nova Scotia.
Harry R.	1137 Brent Ave., Pasadena, Cal.			1872
Geo. Henry	Pasadena, Cal.			1839
Eben H.	Syracuse, N. Y.	1		1873—Nova Scotia.
Elbridge H.	120 1-2 Otis St., E. Cambridge, Mass.			1871—Nova Scotia.
Isaac S.	Leitches Creek, Cape Breton	4	3	1846—Nova Scotia.
Joseph P.	487 Superior St., Victoria, B. C.	2	1	1855—Nova Scotia.
Charles H.	Strange, York, Ont.	2	6	1853—Ontario
Warren S. Rev.	Pittsfield, Mass.			Nova Scotia.
Louise V.	4115 Sherbrooke St., Montreal			Nova Scotia.
William C. Jr.	Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.			1891—Nova Scotia.
Earl Stanley	175 Congress St., Boston, Mass.			1888—Nova Scotia.
Isaac Chipman	Edison Company, Boston, Mass.			1886—Nova Scotia.
Wm. Charles	203 Sudbury Building, Boston, Mass.	4	3	1842—Nova Scotia.
C. C., Dr.	Bear River, N. S.	1	1	1878—Nova Scotia.
Joseph	134 Bellevue Cove, Atlantic City, N. J.	2	1	1840—United States.
Robert C.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.	7		1848—Ontario
William T.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.	4		1877—Ontario.
David W. E.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.	1	1	1879—Ontario.
George H. D.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.			1881—Ontario.
Rounding T.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.			1883—Ontario.
Ralph E.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.			1889—Ontario.
Ambrose A.	Nobleton, York Co., Ont.			1892—Ontario.
Sloan	Bovina, N. Y.	1	1	1848—New York.
Herbert D.	Eagle River, Ont.	2		1871—New Brunswick.
George M.	Scranton, Pa.			
Luther B.	71 Queen St., Truro, N. S.	1		1849—Nova Scotia.
Louise L.	71 Queen St., Truro, N. S.			Nova Scotia.
A. G.	1735 13th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.			1880—Fort Garry, Can.
Alex. R.	Minneapolis, Minn.	1		1846—Nova Scotia.

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

<i>Name</i>	<i>Present Address</i>	<i>Children</i>		<i>Birthyear and Birthplace</i>
		<i>Boys,</i>	<i>Girls.</i>	
Mrs. Alex. (Nelson)	South Maitland, N. S.	6	1	Nova Scotia.
Samuel	10 Union St., Brockton, Mass.	1	2	1867—Nova Scotia.
Lucy G.	Shubenacadie, N. S.			1869—Nova Scotia.
Mrs. Alex N.	Cambridge, Mass.	1	2	1871—Nova Scotia.
James B.	South Maitland, N. S.	1		1875—Nova Scotia.
Urbine S.	South Maitland, N. S.			1877—Nova Scotia.
Lorine	South Maitland, N. S.	2		1879—Nova Scotia.
Thomas	Kentecook, N. S.	1	1	1871—Nova Scotia.
Mrs. John N.	Shubenacadie, N. S.	5	3	1842—Nova Scotia.
John A.	Brockton, Mass.			1868—Nova Scotia.
Leonard M.	Brockton, Mass.	1		1870—Nova Scotia.
Isaac N.	Avon, Mass.			1872—Nova Scotia.
Robert N.	Brookville, Mass.			1874—Nova Scotia.
Nelson A.	Brookville, Mass.	3	2	1876—Nova Scotia.
Ralph S.	Brookville, Mass.			1890—Nova Scotia.
Arthur T.	Jerome, Arizona			1886—Nova Scotia.
Horace M.	1501 S. 21st St.,			1884—Alabama.
Jr.	Birmingham, Ala.			
George W.	Lawrence, Mass.	1	1	1869—Waltham, Mass.
John W. B.	Carnegie, Man.	2	3	1879—Brampton, Ont.

APPENDIX

FAMILY LINEAGE



GRANDFATHER'S BOY
Willie Allison Archibald, age five years

CHAPTER I

FAMILY LINEAGE

I. ARCHIBALD, SAMUEL BURKE, second son of John Archibald 2d, b. at Truro, Nova Scotia, November 12, 1776; m. at Musquodoboit November 26, 1801, Margaret Wallace Dechman, first daughter of the late James Dechman, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland, b. May 26, 1781, and had issue:

1. James Dechman, b. August 22, 1802; d. March 15, 1808.

2. Rachel M., b. March 24, 1804; m. July 20, 1825.

3. Margaret, b. November 19, 1806; m. January 17, 1825.

4. Daniel C., b. November 15, 1808; m. February 1, 1830.

5. James D., b. July 11, 1810; m. February 15, 1832.

6. Grizzel D., b. March 5, 1812; m. February 2, 1830.

7. John G. D., b. July 14, 1814; m. January 15, 1837.

8. George W., b. May 30, 1816; m. March 30, 1839; d. October 29, 1899.

9. Wallace, b. February 19, 1818; m. October 27, 1840; d. Christmas morning, 1860.

10. Burke, b. April 15, 1821; d. December 20, 1901.

11. Samuel, b. January 7, 1823; m.———

12. William A. Nutter, b. October 9, 1825; d. January 29, 1853. Studied at Horton Academy, 1841, and at Acadia and Harvard Colleges; graduated in medicine at Harvard, July 16, 1851. Ten years were given to academy teaching and collegiate training. His forceful Christian character stands out in ideal honor. He died a bachelor at the age of twenty-eight years, of consumption, widely lamented.

Samuel Burke Archibald died at his estate, Musquodoboit, Friday, November 26, 1861, aged eighty-five years.

Margaret Wallace, his wife, died at his estate Friday, August 30, 1861, aged eighty years. He died on the same day of the week and the same day of the month, on the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

II. ARCHIBALD WALLACE, son of Samuel] Burke and Margaret, m. at Musquodoboit Anna, fourth daughter of Rev. George Richardson, of Stewiacke, October 27, 1840, and had issue:

1. Charles, b. July 31, 1841; d. 1841.
2. William C., b. September 19, 1842.
3. Harriet Newell, b. June 3, 1844.
4. Anthony Dimock, b. January 22, 1847; d. 1850.
5. Emily Judson, b. June 26, 1848.
6. George R., b. January 31, 1850.
7. Charles, b. April 30, 1852; d. 1854.
8. Arthur C., b. December 15, 1853.
9. Sarah R., b. June 2, 1856.
10. Anna Elizabeth, b. July 5, 1858.

Emily Judson and Sarah Richardson graduated from the Normal School, Truro.

Wallace Archibald died at his estate, Musquodoboit, Christmas morning, 1860. Anna Archibald, his wife, died at his estate October 6, 1868.

III. ARCHIBALD, WILLIAM CHARLES, son of Wallace and Anna Archibald of Musquodoboit, m. February 25, 1874 Cordelia Florence, only daughter of William Buchanan, Esq., Brooklyn, Queens County, Nova Scotia, and has had issue:

1. Harry Allison, b. April 26, 1875.
2. Nettie Florence, b. November 9, 1876.
3. Anna Richardson, b. July 11, 1878.

Allison's letter to
Grandpa

ALLISON'S LETTER

FAMILY LINEAGE

4. Mary Innes, b. January, 1880.

Cordelia Florence, wife of William Charles Archibald, died at Wolfville, December 10, 1881. Mary Innes, daughter, died October 26, 1882. Anna Richardson, daughter, died November 11, 1882. They are buried in the Wolfville cemetery.

IV. ARCHIBALD, HARRY ALLISON, son of William Charles and Cordelia Florence Archibald, of Musquodoboit and Wolfville, educated at Acadia University, married by Rev. Mr. Harris, Christ Church, Amherst, April 9, 1898, to Josephine Fredericka, daughter of the late F. W. and Fredericka Beckmann, of Ellershuse, great-great-granddaughter of the historian and scientist, John Beckmann, Professor of Economy in the University of Gottingen for forty-five years. Many of his books have been translated into English. Had issue William H. Allison Archibald, born at Amherst, March 22, 1904.

This is Allison's letter translated, written at the age of five. He is sitting at his mother's side chattering while writing.

Dear Grandfather: Thank you for that money. I am going to buy some serge and a pair of stockings. I ate five apples yesterday. Are you having the same nice sunshine that we are?

Your little Grandson,

ALLISON.

ARCHIBALD, WILLIAM CHARLES, married, second, April 16, 1885, Alexina McKay, only daughter of Alexander McKay of Amherst, and had issue:

1. Isaac Chipman, b. March 22, 1886.
2. Earl Stanley, b. February 18, 1888.
3. Henrietta Feller, b. March 13, 1889; d. July 18, 1893.

4. Mary McKay, b. August 27, 1890.
5. William Charles, b. November 2, 1891.
6. Ruby Douglas, b. February 21, 1893.
7. Frances Willard, b. May, 1894; d. August, 1894.
8. Eugene Faville, b. May, 1894; d. August, 1894.
9. Edison Avalon, b. July 18, 1895; d. June 18, 1896.
10. Baby, b. October 21, 1896; d. October 30, 1896.

IV. ARCHIBALD, ISAAC CHIPMAN, son of William Charles and Alexina Archibald, Wolfville, N. S., married June 10, 1908 Clara Daniels, only daughter of Mrs. Edward Daniels, Lawrencetown, a graduate of Acadia Seminary. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. W. L. Archibald, of Wolfville, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hutchison, President of Acadia University, and Rev. H. S. Bagnel. The presents were many and handsome, and after a dainty collation Mr. and Mrs. Archibald left on a trip to St. John and Fredericton.

Letter to William Charles Archibald, from his son Isaac Chipman, written at Greenwich-on-the-Cornwallis, June 25, 1908.

We have just finished tea so I thought I would write a few lines to you. Dr. DeBlois preached for us this morning an excellent sermon. We have no letter from you except your wire. Take good care of yourself, father, you are not so young as you used to be. I am very sorry to know you are feeling depressed. I sympathise with you in your trouble. I wish I could smooth your path and make it easier. I have and will continue to do all in my power to straighten the way. I know you know more of business than perhaps I will ever know. We are having very heavy rain to-day. We had a very fine trip on the river to Fredericton. The captain and officers of the Victoria were very kind and we enjoyed it. Our friends met us at the wharf and invited us to spend Sabbath with them. Clara is now at the piano; wish you might be with us to enjoy the music. She will write very soon. Hope to hear from you before long. Lots of love from us.

In Precious Memory

HENRIETTA FELLER

(PET NAME, PANSY)

Her parched lips and fevered brow are with us now.

Dear lovely flower in bright and charming bloom,
Thy life bud breathed more heavenly air than ours.
In her fifth summer, an angel plucked our earliest
Pansy. We bend beside thy little grave and yearn.

EUGENE FAVILLE
FRANCES WILLARD

(TWINS)

EDISON AVALON

AND

BABY BOY

Four rose buds of less than a single year were these,
Were wont to bathe their smiles in our circle round.
We caught these smiles and felt their shining ways.
On the hillside lot, 'neath the rowan,
lie our rose leaves.



A LOVING MOTHER AND TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

FAMILY LINEAGE

A TRIBUTE BY THE AUTHOR
TO
COMMEMORATE
SEVEN YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE
TO
CORDELIA FLORENCE BUCHANAN,
BELOVED WIFE OF
WILLIAM CHARLES ARCHIBALD,
WHO DIED TRUSTING IN JESUS, AT OUR HOME IN WOLFFVILLE
DECEMBER 10, 1881,
AGED 26 YEARS.

There was a fineness in her face and a goodness in her
manners that steadily grew greater.

AND IN MEMORY
OF OUR TWO BELOVED LITTLE DAUGHTERS
MARY INNES AND
ANNA RICHARDSON

“Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet to us this life we live and see!

* * * * *

“Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and blessed
is the thought;
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you
naught.”

Father, son and daughter are relieved by the Easter Hope.

“I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

HOME-MAKING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

The happy days of manhood and womanhood began in soul-mating which was a prelude to home-making. The future was set in roseate prospects. Our hearts were true and tender in mutual devotion. Our lives were joined together in home building. Her vocal and instrumental music softened every asperity of daily life and lifted our lives into the sweeter influence of harmony. Her soul was ever an inspiration to best endeavor. Our dear baby girls Anna and Mary went to their mother within a year. They needed her spirit life—"dear olive branches in the other homeland now larger grown" in supernal grace. I am grateful now for knowing their sweet and enduring love.

Letter to Mrs. W. C. Archibald, from her father, William Buchanan, Brooklyn, N. S., May 27, 1874:

With pleasure I take this opportunity to write to you. We received yours of the 15th, and were much pleased to know you were both well. I do not wonder you were disappointed without letters from your mother and me. The children had all sent you a full envelope and we were waiting yours. Your dear mother is well this spring and all the family will be looking for your visit this early autumn. I am quite well now, better than I have been for months.

In reference to yourself not being much missed, I think it would be very hard to take the only daughter out of any family and not have her missed. We find it so, we assure you.

Dear Florence, your kind invitation to visit you this summer we would like to accept, but I would find it difficult to leave now. However, your mother is planning to go if nothing prevents. You write that perhaps John would come this summer. We think we will let him go in about two weeks, if agreeable to you and William.

George and Arthur Archibald are boarding here while attending the Liverpool Academy. They row across the harbor morning and evening. John is not very healthy and a change may do him good.

We are anxious about you, and hope that your health will continue. Your mother and I want to know how you are getting along in your household duties. I know you are quite young for so much care. I hope and trust God will guide and help you. Look to Him. I hope that you both go to the throne of grace for help and strength in every time of need. We all wish to see you very much, and the time will seem long. These things are of the world and we must submit to them. Your last letter reached us on Tuesday.

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Emma and your mother have gone to bed; also Rogers and Milford. John will give you all the minor and newsy things. Your mother is working something to take to you.

Receive our united and earnest invitations for the expected visit. Give our love to William and Sister Annie. From your loving father.

A letter written by Mrs. Cordelia F. B. Archibald to her brother John, from Wolfville, August 31, 1880:

Dearest—shall I say it—Brother! but I am afraid the others might be jealous. I must ask your pardon for offending you so sorely, but it is not quite so bad as you would have it. I wrote one letter to you and sent enclosed with one I was sending home. I am very glad to get yours to-day.

You are still teaching, I see. How do you like it? And are you getting a good salary? I hope you have heard from Rogers ere this—if you have please write me at once. I wrote to him a week ago. I sincerely hope he is better and will be spared to return. How he will miss his home and parents. Annie is not able to do much yet. We do not know whether she will be over this autumn or not.

We had a visit from George R. Archibald and his wife for two weeks and it was spent very pleasantly. I have written for Emma to come, I hope she will. And so Loretta has another baby. How fast they do gather. She will soon have quite a family. The baby Mary Innes looks like Nettie; more so than the rest. She is just as good as she can be, and Anna is very mischievous. It keeps one busy looking after them.

I will enclose Annie's last letter for it is interesting. I have not time to write more and I hope you will excuse and write me a good long letter on receipt of this.

William is away, and will be till the last of September—so I want lots of letters from home. I have thought of you much of late. I will try to give you a longer letter next time. My writing looks very shabby after looking at all your flourishes.

We subscribed for the *New York Independent* and got Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary as premium by paying three years in advance—like it very much.

A letter to Mrs. Archibald from her young brother John, now in Rawlins, Wyoming, with a fine family of his own, and also Grandma Buchanan and Nettie Florence, written from Brooklyn, April 3, 1874:

We have not heard from you for a good while and I can tell you that we are quite worried about you. Emmeline has gone away on a visit. Father and mother have gone to Liverpool this evening. Ellie, James, and Janet Starratt are here and we are playing checkers. We had examinations

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to-day. This is the last examination this term except the oral one. We have a great revival in the town, in the lower meeting house, and most every person is getting good. Wilson, Eliza, Helena, Carrie, Helen, and Emily are trying to be better. Ellie says she is getting good, but I do not see much change in her or Janet either. Mrs. S. has just come in and I must close my letter, so I will end by bidding you good-bye.

P.S. Mother has just reached home and not any letters yet from you. If you knew how anxious mother is to hear from you, I know that you would write. Father is not well and the doctors say it will be some time before he recovers his health. My kindest respects to brother William and all the family.

Letter to W. C. Archibald, from his daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. A. Archibald, written at Halifax, August 9, 1909.

I was very glad to receive your kind letter of the 3d inst. Allison, I am sorry to say, is not very well. This is the first summer I have not been able to get him somewhere into the country, and he misses it very much, but living is so high, and everything so dear, that I cannot take him away; but I give him all the fresh air possible here. Harry has gone to Vancouver, B. C., seeking larger opportunities. I am sure he will be glad to hear from you.

It is too bad about dear Aunt Sarah's illness. She has been ill so long and suffered so much! I had a short but very bright letter from her last week and, as you say, she seems very hopeful herself.

And now for the information you ask for: Allison was born at Amherst, March 22, 1904. I am sorry I have no photograph of Allison left, but I could have one finished in a week or so, if that would not be too late; if not let me know and I will have it done just as soon as possible.

Allison sends letter and love to grandpapa. Trusting you are enjoying good health, I remain

Yours very sincerely.

Letter to W. C. Archibald, from his son Harry Allison, written at Vancouver, B. C., August 24, 1909:

I received your very welcome letter of the 18th inst. I had intended writing you last month, but things moved so swiftly I did not do it. Had a good deal on my mind. This is the nicest city I ever was in. Of course I have not been in a great number, but I like it and like the climate here, if I could only enjoy it, but I am half sick most of the time. For farming and fruit growing I think this province has advantages not equalled in Canada. Some of the most magnificent fruit I have ever seen is raised here. If I liked farming or was inclined that way I would certainly locate here. But you ought to see it yourself. If I knew anything about that business I would be tempted to try it. You have no idea of what this

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province is—was never so surprised in my life. The people here claim that Vancouver will in a few years be the greatest city on the Pacific Coast, either in United States and Canada, and things look that way. If I only had Josephine and Allison with me I would not be so bad, but being parted from them makes me sick at heart. I know Allison should have country air but do not see how it can be managed this summer. Am very glad you have been helped by the treatment in the hospital. Was in Tacoma last Sabbath and saw Aunt Annie. She is quite well. Am glad to know Aunt Sarah is improving. She has had a very serious time. Was in to the A. Y. P. E. at Seattle for a few hours; it is a big show and will do Vancouver and British Columbia a lot of good. Vancouver is benefiting already. I miss my wife and little boy more than I can say. Had no idea being parted would be so hard, but it is taking the heart right out of me. Would like to hear from you as I am very lonely.

Letter to W. C. Archibald, from J. E. Buchanan, written at Rawlins, Wyo., September 15, 1909:

Your esteemed favor came to hand a short time ago, but I had just gotten home from a little vacation and my work being somewhat behind I could not get time to look up those letters.

When I was in Wolfville I took care of the only letters that I had of Florence's, but there were only three I could find, so herewith enclose one.

When I left Prince Edward Island I left all my old letters behind, and when the folks followed they destroyed about all the old letters there were lying around. I have still two letters, a memorial card and a picture of her monument preserved; yes and a few flowers also—that is all except a very sacred memory. Very few were her peers.

I am sorry I have been so interrupted that I cannot take time to devote to this letter, but I have to take Mrs. Stewart and Eveleen home; in fact it is bedtime, and I fully intended to write you a good letter, but I have delayed so long that it would not be right to keep you waiting longer.

Yes, there have been many changes since I saw you. I presume I would not know you nor would you probably know me. I, myself, am pressing fifty years pretty hard. My eldest boy is past twenty-one years. I am getting along pretty well, am earning a fairly good salary, but living is so dreadfully high that it is impossible to save very much.

Am sorry that I must close. Mrs. Stewart and Eveleen, grandma and all the family wish to be remembered. We would be very pleased to see you out here whenever you could make it convenient. Kindly remember me to your brothers, sisters and family.

Nettie is out of town just now on vacation—expect her home to-morrow.

Letter to Mr. W. C. Archibald from Mrs. Mary Melish Archibald, written at Halifax, December 30, 1881.

This is a very severe trial which you have been called upon to pass

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through. May our loving Father support and comfort you in this bereavement. I have never had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with dear Mrs. A., yet from what I have known of her from my husband, sister A., and others I have been led to believe her to be a noble woman—one well fitted to train and nurture the minds and characters of her dear little children. I feel deeply for those dear little ones thus early in life bereft of a loving and affectionate mother. God alone fully knows their loss. When we lose a mother we lose our best earthly friend. May God watch over you and them and ever guide you in the way of all truth, is my earnest prayer. Look ever to Jesus, dear brother, He will carry you through. "God has His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell"; and all is well. Oh, what comforting words to the dear ones left to follow her to the heavenly home. "There is no death, what seems so is transition. This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian, whose portals we call death." She is not dead, the wife of your affection, but "gone into that school where she no longer needs our poor protection, and Christ himself doth rule." God bless and keep you, dear brother. Please give my love to the dear little ones. I remain truly your sympathizing sister.

Letter to Grandfather Archibald, written in a copper-plate hand by his son William A. N. Archibald at sixteen years of age, at Horton Academy, October 4, 1841:

As I am here and settled to my mind, or at least contented with my situation, I take up my pen to address you by way of letter, though at a distance from you at present. I trust my heart beats with the same glowing love towards you as when present with you, for who can forget, let his situation be what it will, a parent's kindness who watched over him in his younger years. But I haste to inform you of my situation at present. I am in good health, and I think the object of my coming here will not be in vain. I am at present studying English grammar and geography, with arithmetic. I like the place here very much. I can see vessels sailing on the water almost every day. I expect to go home about Christmas, if I am well. I have not much to tell you that will be interesting to you, but I trust that gratitude towards God who has taken such great care of me will ever occupy an exalted place in my thoughts.

I wish you to give my warmest love to my mother, brothers and sisters and to Mrs. Wallace A. In the meantime believe me your affectionate son.

Dr. William A. N. Archibald graduated at Harvard, July 16, 1851. Extracts from Dr. Archibald's diary, Acadia College:

December 3, 1848.

I feel much cast down in mind and grieved on account of my sins and shortcomings. My soul is much impressed with a weight of eternal things. I feel very weak of myself and earnestly desire strength from on high. My

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mind is much exercised with regard to the path of duty. I desire to walk in that path God has marked out for me. O my Father, direct me and keep me in Thy fear and pour me out a blessing.

December 10, 1848.

I have enjoyed myself much better to-day, though my mind has been impressed with eternal things, yet it has been elevated and directed to the happiness that awaits the Christian, and the sure possession of hope. I desire more grace, that I may be kept from all sin and sinful desires.

December 17, 1848.

I have to-day reflected much on the depravity of human nature, and also how depraved is man, how prone to do wickedly and to rebel against God. My mind has been occupied with the goodness of God—His greatness and His dealings with the sons of men. O! that I could serve Him better and love Him more, and that my feeble understanding may comprehend more of His divine nature and will, that my mind were enlightened in the truth and may ever be directed by wisdom from on high, that my path of duty may become brighter and brighter, so that I may always glorify my Heavenly Father and be prepared to enjoy His presence through an endless eternity.

The enjoyment and privileges of the Christian I feel to be uppermost to everything else. He is travelling to obtain that crown of immortal life. His desires and affections rest not on earth, for he feels himself a traveller to another land. The man of the world has nothing in view but his present enjoyment and happiness, living an anticipated happiness and never obtaining, and at last is overwhelmed with the thought of enduring eternal banishment from His presence.

February 28, 1849.

For some time my mind has not been very seriously impressed with anything very particular, though I have never lost sight of that in which my greatest interest lies. My desire is to grow in grace, increase in wisdom; and advance towards that rest which remains for God's people.

September 30, 1849.

I desire to live under a continual sense of my dependence upon God. To-day there have been two funeral sermons preached, one by Dr. Pryor, the other by Father Harding, on Mrs. Armstrong's death. Everything reminds us that the fashion of this world passeth away. As I am about to leave for a strange land, I desire to go wholly depending upon God, trusting in Him and seeking His counsel to guide and direct me through the changing scenes of this life. I know not I shall ever return to Nova Scotia. Life is uncertain and time is short. May I ever be proved ready for the messenger Death, and be made fit by the grace of God for the inheritance of the saints in light.

Musquodoboit, January, 1852.

Review of the past. Ten years have elapsed since I left home and went into the world. I went to Horton, October, 1841, just at the age of sixteen

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years—spent one year in the academy, fitting for college. Then I taught school two years in the Eastern Passage, Halifax County, and returned to Acadia College; studied one year, and left much against my inclination, but persuaded by friends who, knowing nothing of a course of study, the difficulties attending it and the importance of following it without interruptions, I was induced the second time to leave my studies and take a school. My father had just settled his business, and left me with nothing to enable me to pursue my studies. Here I was much disappointed, as I had a right to expect his assistance to enable me to finish my college course. I then taught school six months each in Stewiacke and Newport, and one year in Horton Academy as English teacher.

It was during this latter period that my mind was seriously exercised with regard to my future course, and the necessity of an exertion on my part in order to accomplish anything in the way of study. I decided upon the study of medicine, and immediately began a course of reading preparatory to attending lectures. I then spent upwards of a year in Acadia College pursuing chemistry and those studies immediately connected with the profession I had chosen. In October, 1850, I left Acadia for the United States. I joined the Harvard Medical School in Boston, and after the most diligent study and attention I graduated at Cambridge July 16, 1851. The first year I spent at Horton was not the least, but perhaps the most important of any for, some time previous to my going there, I had serious impressions on my mind with regard to eternal things. There by the frequent and earnest appeals to the conscience of the sinner, especially by Dr. Pryor, my mind was aroused to greater energy than ever to seek an interest in the Saviour—the soul's salvation.

The existence of this fragment of Dr. Archibald's diary and letters was not known to the writer when the preparation of this book began, nor the existence of the various family letters now selected for an appendix to this volume. But the author is sure the thoughtful reader will appreciate their appearance for the family strength and personal interest and for the power to which they point, that indissoluble principle inlaid for generations, uniting a family in a home under one paternal roof.

Around this family clusters the sacredness of home life, principles impossible of violation, because all human desire and unholy imaginings are subdued and subordinated to the only truthful foundation on which a nation's highest hopes can be achieved and its permanency maintained.

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The growing thought that the home may be broken into fragments for personal reasons, has its seed thought in the hearts where the principles of home life are weakest in inheritance. The strength of a principle depends upon its centuries of growth. What mankind to-day needs most is power and strength of will to control all the energies of man to build in eternal truth for both worlds.

Dr. Archibald's review of the past was written in the last year of his life, and is but a portion of a larger plan for his life which he had in view. He was highly endowed with superior force of will, ambition and high purpose. His father aided him in the first year at Horton Academy at least, and gave him from the age of sixteen the five remaining years for his own use for earning and study. Perhaps he should have done more. Had he lived in our day, doubtless he would have mortgaged his property. The writer has felt it to be wise and just to give this fragment as Dr. Archibald wrote it. Both father and son were actuated by noble principles and the warmest affection for each other to the day of his early death.

REV. GEORGE RICHARDSON

"Father Richardson"—for so the good man was commonly known—died at his home near Sydney, C. B., on January 4, 1878, having almost reached the age of eighty-eight. This devoted and faithful servant of Christ was born in Ireland in 1790. His parents were of English descent and belonged to the Episcopal Church, in which system he was carefully instructed. Early in life he was brought to a personal knowledge and experience of the grace of God that renews the heart and transforms the life. His experience was deep and his conversion thorough, and he soon after became a member of the Baptist Church in his native town. Having found the way of life himself, he at once began to

labor for the salvation of those about him; and so evangelical and earnest were these efforts that by the divine blessing they resulted in bringing numbers to God, among whom were several of his near relatives.

He continued to labor in the Gospel with the hearty approval of all his brethren, and about the year 1820 emigrated to Canada. After remaining for a short time in Quebec, he came to Nova Scotia, where he served the Master faithfully in various places, almost to the close of his long career. St. Margaret's Bay, Hammond's Plains, Stewiacke, Isaac Harbour, and Sydney were the principal scenes of his labours; but he preached more or less frequently in many other places. He was ordained at Hammond's Plains in the year 1822.

Our venerable brother was remarkable for his thorough soundness in the faith. He held the great facts and truths of the Gospel with a strong, unfaltering grasp. Jesus was the center of his religious system. With what rapture and triumph he was wont to speak of the finished work of redemption through Christ! The word of God was his delight; and so fully had he devoted himself to it that his mind was stored with its doctrines and precepts. He was a man of very deep feelings. In private conversation on the great themes of redemption, in the public services of the sanctuary, and especially at the Lord's table, his soul seemed to overflow with gratitude and love.

His manner of speaking was peculiar, and somewhat abrupt, so that he frequently made an unfavorable impression upon strangers. But those who best knew him esteemed him highly in love, and will long remember his odd sayings and his pointed addresses to persons with whom he met.

Having a strong, clear voice, and a ready command of language, he was a forcible speaker, and retained his preaching ability nearly to the last. To sum up all, "He was a good

man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and as a consequence, "much people was added unto the Lord."

A letter from Rev. George Richardson to our mother, written at Sydney River, C. B., April 16, 1850. This letter is on a double sheet of foolscap, folded to envelope size and sealed with wax.

Your brother George has lately written to me. The information has surprised us very much. We little thought that at Halifax the small-pox should so have prostrated him, but to sundry diseases we are all liable each moment. He writes that since the affliction, his bodily health has improved. This is cause for gratitude to the Most High.

George also in writing refers to a communication of yours in which he states that the Almighty has given you a son, and that you were in a prosperous condition. These tidings are cheering to us, although so remote from each other. I hope your son may live to honor God and his parents, and that his parents may, in accordance with their exalted profession, be a pattern in their religious course, every way worthy the imitation of gracious children and of the people of God around.

O, my children, let me call your attention to the amazing display of our Heavenly Father's unparalleled love in the gift of His dear Son to redeem us from the curse of the divine law, "being made a curse for us," though He knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. O unparalleled love, from an offended Sovereign to the vile offenders. How our hearts should glow with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for such stupendous mercy as this.

I hope that you and Wallace are living under this dispensation as Zacharias and Elizabeth under the power dispensation. If so, let grace, mercy and peace be multiplied unto you for ever, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. When the Eastern and Western Antichrists are viewed and reviewed in their mode of living for eternity, and the simple life of faith upon the Son of God practised by the Christians is compared with the same, what a contrast is presented to view. The features of one present us with the pitiful and not less formidable picture of the grossest superstition that imagination can paint, whilst the other presents us with features no man can well sketch, but the volume of inspiration amply supplies the picture. Please read the following Scriptures, which bear upon this lucid subject: Psalm 45:13-14; Psalm 125; Ezekiel 16:14; Colossians 2:10; Colossians 4:12; Revelation 12:1. These with many others witness the dignity of Christianity. See Hebrews 11 on this interesting subject. How unilluminated must he be that seeth no glory, no beauty, no dignity, no loveliness in being united with the love of God. Now that faith is an operation of the Holy Ghost, draw the veil aside and look into the unseen. What adds to this subject is, that this mission is indissoluble as far as John 15:2

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testifieth compared with Philippians 1:6 notwithstanding the blessedness of a life of faith.

We know that the Christian is not exempt from a perpetual warfare in his own bosom, carried on between the two hostile powers, the law of sin and the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, known by flesh and spirit. And now it may be asked why father dwells so much on a subject that is so common. I will give my reason in a few words: As the blessed Bible abounds with admonitions we all need. Why? Because we are liable to let truth slip and fall into decay, which must be very dishonorable to God and ruinous to our comfort and consolation, which are provided in the everlasting Gospel of the Christ of God, and now the apostles' prayer will suit us admirably. It is, "Lord, increase our faith."

O that we had more of that blessed grace on earth. It may be our happiness, Anna.

Sometimes I feel it would be a treat to drop in among you as in former days, and spend a few hours in friendly chat with grandfather and grandmother. But the privilege is denied, and we must submit. I ask again why cannot grandfather and mother, if life and health are spared them, pay us a friendly visit next summer? We should esteem it a privilege. Tell them I think they should accept the invitation.

If you feel inclined to write me a letter and let me know how you all are, I should accept the favor, and in addition you will please tender my affection to my dear Eliza and husband and family. Also should you write, please let me know how they are succeeding for time and eternity. I cannot but naturally feel for their state.

My family at home is in an ordinary state of health. Sarah is just improving, after her most perilous situation, for which let the Most High have the glory.

I suppose that George has informed you that John and family, with Mary Ann Lingley and one child, are now located at St. Johns, Newfoundland. The other two are a boon conferred on me for the winter, and they are doing well. I had almost forgotten to ask when Wallace and yourself intend to visit us. Come and see us. I conclude conjointly with my family's warmest affection for you and all the family and friends at Musquodoboit.

P.S. Please tender my respects to Colonel Kent and family and Mr. John Dechman and family. I cannot tell what your brother intends doing.

Letter from Harriet Newell Archibald to her mother, written at Sackville, February 7, 1866:

I received your interesting and amusing letter; also one from Uncle George on the same evening. I am glad to see you are in such good spirits, and do not take it to heart. I hope I shall participate in the benefits of the unexpected occurrence, at least get a taste of—of course you will be invited. So you have joined the Division, and are going to ride down to the Temper-

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ance Hall! I suppose you are not aware that I joined here, but I did not undergo the ordeal of initiation. It happened that I was sick the night that there were to be some others and myself initiated, so I concluded that I was not fit to go. However, I felt better about eight o'clock and as a young lady called for me and told me I had better go, we went; and as it was late and they had considerable to do installing officers, and they had not finished initiating the others, they took me in without ceremony and gave me the password. It is well for me that I changed my boarding place, we have had such weather and I have not been well. One day I was not able to go to school at all, and I was glad it was stormy, which prevented all but two or three coming, and I sent them home. But I am quite well again. I was sorry I did not bring a little of the family medicine, as I could not get any here. I like my boarding place better than I expected, and you need not say it cannot be that you will not again hear your daughter sing. She may be able to sing more tunes than Boylston. Please excuse this as I am going to fill the remainder to Willie and I cannot write to Emily this time for fear of making the letter too heavy, but I will expect one from her ere long. Mrs. Bambrick has told me that she wanted me to feel at home and ask my sister down next summer.

Letter to mother, from her son, William C., written at
Halifax, March 1, 1866:

I feel my pen should make my first mark to you. What shall I write? It cannot be that my pen refuses to write. It cannot surely be that I would deny you, O greatest of mothers! If it would give you pleasure I would like to go home, and indeed, it would be a great pleasure to me, but time will not permit. I am still attending the commercial college. It will require six or eight months' evening study to complete. It is tedious work. I hope you are better and free from bodily pain. Do not work so much; you may as well take kindly care of yourself and enjoy the remainder of a hard life. I know there is a great deal to be done in training and educating the children, and you could never overlook it. The Bible part is not unimportant. I regret the little acquaintance I have with passages of Scripture committed to memory. I am going to buckle to study as never before. I am trying to do my best and I have the consciousness of gaining a little by study. Harriet and Emily must not be jealous in not getting a letter this time. I will gather some thoughts for them, and store them in a sheet of paper some day not far distant. Dear mother, please write me a full letter next mail. We are unworthy of such a mother. Your loving son.

Here are a few letters between brothers and sisters, reflecting the characteristics of father and mother. The following is the only one from Brother George that can be found, and was written when he was quite young, from Gor-

ham, Maine, November 11, 1868, and before he began teaching. Three of the seven brothers and sisters later graduated from the Normal School, Truro:

I have not heard from home since I left, but I do not blame you for not writing, for I expect there is a letter in Portland for me. I obtained a nice situation here at very good pay, and was at work four or five days when I began raising blood and suffering considerably with my back. The doctor was sent for, and has helped me. Do not feel uneasy. I feel contented and expect to be out to-morrow. Write often and give all the news, and believe me to be your true and loving brother.

A letter written by the author to his brother George, from Halifax, March 1, 1867:

I've been expecting a letter from you and hope you will not long keep me waiting. I think it is time we should be cultivating friendship, independent of our natural relation. I want you to write regularly. I will give you an idea how I get along. Our lodge of Good Templars is one I hold very dear. Nothing would tempt me to leave it. We have the nicest times. I am Worthy Chief this quarter. I feel as if I could not miss a night. We are small in numbers, but never was there a more united band, and we are determined to work. I hope if I live to see Chebucto Lodge become great. I wish you could be at some of our meetings. You will make a good reciter. You have a good memory and it will improve. I will send you the "Speaker" and there is a great variety you can select from. I am writing a composition on "Tasso," the Italian poet who was imprisoned. I simply write a short introductory of his life, up to the time of his imprisonment, and recite his appeal and poem for freedom. I will send it to you after. We have without exception the best music of any of the societies in the city. Burpee Witter and the Paysons and others lead in inspiring ways. Sometimes we are a little afraid of the spirit of contention setting in, but we must avoid everything of that kind. We have some good debaters. Mr. T. B. Flint, a young barrister, we like very much. He and James McQuinn are excellent speakers. We are to have a fraternal visit from Acadia Lodge in two weeks. I really wish you could be here. I will have to prepare an address of welcome, and do not know how I can do it. I think I will have a talk with Brother Flint. I want you to give me a minute account of how you are getting along on the farm.

As ever with love to all. I am also writing mother. Make things easy for her.

The following letter was written Sister Annie from Winnipeg, April 2, 1883, by a very dear cousin, Janet Archibald, eldest daughter of Uncle Samuel, who lived on the half of the

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Old Farm. She is now deceased and was known at her death as Mrs. William McFarlane, Cayuga, Ont. She was a lady of very superior qualities, attractive and lovely, deep and strong in heart and mind:

Your most welcome letter came to hand all right. I had heard through Cousin Sadie that you had been at South Branch, and was so glad to hear that you were having a change of scene. You never mentioned hearing from me, so I think probably my last letters were mislaid. I did not know until you wrote me that you had diphtheria yourself in your brother's home. You surely have passed through deep waters, dear cousin, but He who doeth all things well, who never chastises us but for our good, has given you strength to bear it all—and I trust you will come out as refined silver made for the Master's use.

If you only had your strength, Annie, what a noble, self-sacrificing missionary you would make. But missionary work—plenty of it—can be done very near home, and how much work there is for earnest, devoted Christians. Sometimes I am thoroughly alive to the work, but, dear cousin, the care and vexations of daily life so cool my ardor that I find myself in a state of apathy most of the time.

Yes, I read Janie's letter. How much you must miss those dear little children. You have certainly been a second mother to them, and cannot reproach yourself with neglect or anything of that kind. When we think what a world of sin and trouble they have escaped we cannot wish them back. Anna was surely a dear little child. I did think a great deal of her myself. And Mary Innes was a pretty babe.

What a nice change it will be for you all to go to Prince Edward Island. I do hope, Annie, your health will improve. Try and take care of yourself, and do not sacrifice your life all for the good of others. I often think of poor Willie in his grief and loneliness. Tell him I would like to hear from him when he feels like writing. What a comforting thought, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

You ask about my health. I have never felt so well since I was a child of twelve or fourteen as I have this winter. I have gained fourteen pounds since October, and like the country very much. We have had such a beautiful winter, only a few weeks of severe cold, and beautiful weather all the time. There has not been a drop of rain since October, and not a snow storm for months. Clear sunshine day after day. I never saw so much clear weather for so long a time.

I think I told you before of my promotion. I have Standard three Ls, five hundred and fifty dollars, with a good prospect of Standard four, six hundred and twenty-five dollars, after the summer vacation. I think Arthur would like this country, but his getting a good situation at teaching would be only a chance. I consider myself remarkably fortunate in having a promotion already. Several of the teachers have been here two years and

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have not yet had even one promotion. There were thirty-seven applications for one vacancy two months ago, so you can guess what a rush there is for situations here.

I have made many friends here and feel very much at home. Cousin Amy Archibald lives on the next street and seems to be happy. I see her often. James' health is much better and Mrs. Grant (Olive Burris) is very well. She is more fleshy than she ever was. They are building a new house and will be moving soon.

You ask about her brother, John B. I met his wife at Mrs. Grant's one evening. They went to their prairie home next day and have not been in since. I do not know that he and Sam have lost in land. They own several lots together in the city, and of course they are not as valuable as they were, but I guess they intend to keep them until they are of value, if they ever get to be.

Crowds of immigrants are coming here already and also many will be coming this year. This country is certainly progressing rapidly.

Annie, I wish you were out here. I like this country very much and do not think I will ever go to Nova Scotia to live again. Remember me to all the family. Give my love to Willie especially, and may the God of all comfort sustain you both in your trouble, is the earnest prayer of your loving cousin. Tell me all about yourself.

A letter from the author to his little children, Nettie and Harry, written from Halifax, August 29, 1883:

I sat down this evening to write to you and Harry. How much I would like to see you both to-night! I have your pictures before me; also those of your dear little sisters, who are gone to heaven. If we get to heaven, do you think we will know them, and dear mamma who loved you so much? Ask Jesus to help you love Him more. Obey grandpa and grandma in everything. Do you know the fifth commandment? Ask Harry to teach it to you. Of course you and Harry are kind to each other. I send you some cards for Sabbath School. You can give some of them to some little girls every Sabbath until the end of the year. Give my love to grandpa and grandma, and Uncle John, with much love to yourselves.

Letter from the author to his son Harry, written from Halifax, March 7, 1884:

I was indeed glad to receive your letter which showed to me you were trying to improve. This is right, and while you are trying to get knowledge so that you will be a credit to yourself and us, you must not forget to ask God to daily make your heart better, by giving you His Holy Spirit to dwell there, that you may not sin against Him. I think of you and Nettie very often, also of mamma and Anna and Mary, although they are gone from our home. Would we not like to see them again! With much love.

FAMILY LINEAGE

Letter from the author to his daughter Nettie, written from Halifax, March 7, 1884:

I have been wondering why Nettie did not write me a letter. I had a very nice one from Harry, which I am carefully keeping and reading now and again. I think Harry is improving, and when you write me I will have something to say to you about it. I hope you and Harry and all the rest are well again of the rash. It is God who makes us well, and let us always thank Him. It is very late and I am very cold. Give my love to grandpa and grandma and Uncle John, and write me very soon. Good night.

Letter to the author from his sister Sarah, written from Elm Farm, Westbrook Mills, Cumberland County, N. S., January 2, 1885:

I received a letter from you just before Christmas. I thought I should get it answered before the old year left us, but found it impossible to do so. It is not often I get a letter from you, so I ought to appreciate it. I always feel like making Christmas as merry and joyful a time as possible. I remember when a child I looked forward to that day as the brightest of the year. We always got some presents, and then we had a good supply of doughnuts, of which I was very fond. I well remember the first party we had on that day, but just how long after father's death I cannot recall. The Reynolds were there, and some others, and I was asked to sing "Contrast" alone.

It makes me feel sad to look back on the past, without father and mother. I would like to meet in a family reunion. George was very interested, but invitations at the eleventh hour could hardly be successful at such short notice. If all could meet at the old homestead in Musquodoboit in the summer time it ought to do us good.

Edgar and I went to Salem Wednesday evening. We had to go by carriage. Elton was up there. I suppose you and Annie went to Waterville and spent Christmas with Emily.

You speak of making a change in your mode of life ere long. You wrote too indefinitely and left me to surmise so much, that I gave it up and thought I would wait for further developments. The secret will come out I hope ere long.

Mr. Miller will remain with us six months longer, and then go to college. Burton and Wallace are going to school and getting along nicely. I am very glad you enjoyed yourself so well the time of the wedding. Edgar joins me in wishing you a very happy New Year.

A letter to the author from Mr. J. L. Bishop, principal Wolfville School, written from Wolfville, November 8, 1886:

I owe you an apology for not answering your letter before, but really I have been so busy at the close of the term and with the teachers' association

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that I could not catch a spare moment for myself. In answer to your questions regarding Harry, permit me to say that he has done very good work during the past term and I think he deserves the reward offered by you. He is the most original boy I have in my school. He is also a great friend of all the scholars, and the soul of honor, honesty and obedience. I do candidly think he is doing well. He is the best thinker I have and takes delight in investigating for himself. He likes every subject I teach, especially my oral lessons on the sciences. I should be at a loss were I to lose him. I promise you I will do the best I know how for him. Harry is a very brave boy and has just saved at great risk a companion from drowning at the Tannery Pond.

A letter to the author from his daughter Nettie, written from Wolfville, December 13, 1886:

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. There is going to be a concert to-night. I am going to take a sled to school to-morrow if it is fine, and coast at recess. Chipman burnt his fingers yesterday morning—the two he likes so much to put in his mouth—and mamma put rags on them before he went to sleep, and when he woke up they were better and he put them in his mouth as usual. Miss McLeod is not going to teach longer than Christmas. She told us she is going away. I would like to learn to skate and I hope Harry will get the skates. He and mamma help me with my lessons. I am at the head of my class in history to-day and am going to try to keep there. Mamma is going to give me five cents if I can. We are all getting ready for Christmas, and expect it will be here before we get ready for it. Yet it seems to come very slowly. Mamma received a card from Aunt Emily. They are all well. She invites us all at Christmas to stay a week and you, too, papa. She says Harry and I can make taffy in the afternoon. I hope Santa Claus will come and there will be lots of snow at Christmas, so he can bring a big nice load.

A letter to the author from his son Harry, written from Wolfville, December 13, 1886:

We received your letter to-day. We were very much pleased with it, so I thought I would write, as mother is going to write you to-morrow. The coal came in last Saturday and I hauled five loads to-day on the sled. I took Tom down to Mr. Franklin's, and got his shoes sharpened, as the forward calks were gone. It cost fifty cents. The cattle are doing nicely. The cows are giving about the same quantity of milk. I have given them all the mowed oats on the scaffold, and the hay above the stable is getting pretty low. I was out sleighing several times last week, as there is excellent sleighing. There is also nice skating. I saw several boys on the ice to-day. The straw has not come yet. There was a praise meeting last Sabbath evening. It consisted mostly of singing. Several took part besides Dr. Higgins. I must close now.



A NOBLE MOTHER

The late Mrs. Arthur Wallace Archibald, who died at Clifton,
Nova Scotia, in 1885, leaving a very sorrowing husband
and three fine little boys: Wallace,
Sylvester and Frederick

FAMILY LINEAGE

Two letters by the author's children, Harry and Nettie:

WOLFVILLE, December 24, 1886.

Santa Claus, Esq.: I should be very much obliged to you if you would be so kind as to leave below my stocking a pair of brand new skates, Acme spring club, also a jack knife. I should like to have those very much, as I expect to go on a visit to Aunt Emily's to-morrow. Please fill Nettie's stocking full. Please do not forget baby Chipman. I must close now, from your loving friend, HARRY.

WOLFVILLE, December 24, 1886.

Dear Santa Claus: I would be very glad if you would leave five things. They are money, a pair of slippers for myself, No. 1, a nice picture book, a knife that will do for sharpening pencils, a pair of boots for our baby Chipman, without soles, No. 1. If you can't put them in my stockings, please put them on the tree. Be sure to fill Harry's and baby Chipman's stockings full. I must close now. From NETTIE.

A letter to the family from their brother Arthur Wallace Archibald, written from Clifton, Colchester County, N. S., November 24, 1886:

Thanksgiving Day has come again and gone. Lily's only sister spent the day with us. How well I remember the day a year ago. It was a few days after dear Lily had taken a turn for the better,—shortly after the doctor said she could not rally, and when she almost let go she said to me, "I think we can keep Thanksgiving this year," referring to God's goodness in sparing her a little longer to us. I think I did feel thankful. O! how kind he was to spare her to us so long. All I asked then or could expect was to have her regain sufficient strength to sit in her chair free from pain. I remember when first I saw her sit up on coming home from my school, she looked so pleasant, as she knew I would be so glad to see her there. She looked so happy, so cheerful. You were not acquainted, nor any of our folks unless it was George. O, how I miss her! I feel lonely, lonely, lonely. But there is a Friend who will never leave us, and will not suffer us to be afflicted with more than we are able to bear. I am drawn closer to Him. I owe very much to my dear wife. She was my superior in many ways, at least in most important points.

The idea that book education is everything has not exploded too soon with commonsense people. Her company was everything to me, and our parting makes a sad separation for me. When Queen Constance learned that her son and heir to the throne was to be murdered, while tearing her hair in deepest anguish, the would-be regicides said: "You hold too heinous a respect of grief." Her reply, "He talks to me, that never had a son." Those who have not passed through a similar trial, and many that have, have but a faint idea of the heart pain. I do not know whether I told you any circumstances in reference to her death. The night previous she

slept none, which was unusual. She requested her mother two or three times to see what time it was. I went in to see her first in the morning; she looked as if she had been sleeping, but I could see no change for the better. I did not think the end was so near. I stayed a few minutes, then went out to breakfast and returning to her she seemed a little easier. I wrote a few postals, then went out into the garden. A half hour later her mother came to say, "Lily wants you to come quickly." O, Willie, it nearly kills me as I write this. She said: "Arthur, trust in Jesus." Sometime previous she said to her mother that she should like singing at the last. So her sister tried to sing "Wonderful Words." Then she said: "I know in whom I have believed." She became very cold and wanted heated clothing, which we applied, and she then told us we need do nothing more. To Wallace, Sylvester and little Fred she said: "Be good children," then added "All." Her last words were "All is well."

Letter from the author to his little daughter Nettie, written from Montreal, January 23, 1887:

I am very glad to get your good letter, which I have read twice. I am very much interested in you and how you are getting along. I would not spare any effort to help you grow up good and useful. I trust you will use every effort to be truly good in heart, active, kind and useful to those around you. I want you particularly to help us all to make our home a very happy one and "scatter seeds of kindness for our reaping by and by." We want our home first of all to be a real Christian home, where every one in it loves Jesus and is every day living to please Him. Mamma writes you are doing a little better; but I wish to say that you must keep striving to make progress. Be diligent. I trust you will also give good attention to your music lessons, so that when we all meet again you will be able to sing and play for me. Your own dear mamma was very fond of singing and playing that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

The trees are beautifully covered with ice and the streets are very slippery. Montreal is a large city of two hundred thousand people. There is about five feet of snow here. The large part of the people speak the French language. The citizens are building an ice palace almost as large as Acadia College. The large blocks of ice are sawn in the river, and one block is put upon another, and water poured on to freeze them together. I may send you a picture of it some day, as I know you like pictures. The carnival begins on February seventh and lasts to the twelfth, and thousands of people come to see it, and to have toboggan slides. The boys and girls have great fun tobogganning, and they go almost a mile a minute. Grown people take these rides, for it makes them brighter and smarter for work.

I hope you will like your new teacher. Now, my dear Nettie, I wish you to write me a good letter, sensibly written, and the writing neatly done. I preserve all letters from home and look to see an improvement every week. With love to you all.

FAMILY LINEAGE

Letter from the author to his son Harry:

I have your welcome letter of the thirteenth and will now reply and write you as my feelings and judgment prompt. How much you are in my thoughts I can hardly tell you. You know that passage, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and I understand now how a father loveth and careth for his children; and how less selfish is the love of our kind Heavenly Father. I heard a sermon this evening on the fifth chapter of Luke, most beautifully illustrated on oil canvas as large as one side of our sitting-room. The trees, hills, pastures, fields, flowers, brooks, and away on the high hills was the city of Jerusalem and the hill Calvary, and the three crosses, and over on the other side of a large brook was a shepherd returning with the lost sheep on his shoulder, and the ninety-nine when they see him coming go to meet him. Then on the canvas is seen the prodigal son leaving his father's home and going away with the money his father gave him; and if you read the chapter you will learn how quickly he spent it. His father yearns for him, and with his hand above his brows is looking down the road to see him coming. At last he sees him in the distance, and the moving canvas runs the boy towards his father's breast. Then he is on his knees and the father leads him to the house. The next scene is the servant bringing the fatted calf, and there is great rejoicing that the son who was lost is now found repenting. While these pictures were passing, a young lady behind the canvas sang softly, "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night," and when a group of angels were lowered as from the ceiling she sang "There are Angels Hovering Round," and the speaker made deep impression by telling how the Saviour and angels rejoice when a sinner comes to Christ. I wish all of you could have seen it.

Now, Harry, I am trusting you to take good care of the stock. See that all get plenty to eat. Give Chipman a kiss for me.

Letter to the author from his daughter Nettie, written from Rawlins, Wyoming, October 8, 1906:

I was very much pleased to get your letter which arrived a week ago. I have been quite busy since I returned from my trip and vacation two weeks ago. We are having nice weather here, only of course rather cool at night. We had a cold wave with snow three weeks ago. Last Sabbath week we celebrated the laying of the corner stone of the Methodist Episcopal Church twenty years before. A few of the old citizens who were present at that time gave addresses, and the history of the church was read, which gave added interest to the audience.

Is Earl in Boston? I heard he was going into a wool brokerage office there. I am going to Queen Esther circle to-night, a missionary society under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have about ten members now; we had fifteen or more, but a good many have left town. Grandma is much improved and is now getting along nicely. The wound

has healed. Aunt Eveline and Uncle John took a ten-days' outing in the country. They are all feeling better. I hope you are well. Don't work too hard. It is time you were having it easier. Try and take care of your self. With love to all I am your affectionate daughter.

Letter to the author from his sister Annie, written from Tacoma, Washington, November 16, 1908:

I was very glad to get your letter and would have answered sooner, but am now only recovering my strength. I will be fifty next July. Yes, we are growing old, and I am the youngest. It is not often that of a family of seven all are alive at my age. I dread the first break. I do hope Sarah will get better—poor soul, she has had a hard time of it.

The newspaper clipping of Sheriff Archibald and his picture you sent resembles you—did you not notice it? His home was only six miles from ours. I cannot jot down many remembrances of father. It is very hard for me to do. I had a big cry over it. I get very hungry to see some of my own sometimes, though I have many true friends here. I never had so many and such good friends anywhere, and I appreciate them. They mean something to me when they are genuine.

Father died on Christmas morning. I was only three years old, but remember climbing up so I could open a little door in the wall that led into the bedroom where he lay on his bed, to look at him. Then the night when Willie carried me down to see him when he died, and after that his being laid out in the parlor and how awesome it seemed, but I was too young to understand my loss. I know that the principles of integrity, of proper pride in honest toil, of sturdy honesty, seemed to me to belong to him and be a part of him—and I thank God for the principles I unconsciously imbibed and the strong love I have for the home folk. Different surroundings, but distance cannot change it.

The first thing about mother I remember was kneeling at her knee and mother combing my hair. I remember how glossy and smooth her hair was—and then I remember waking up in the night and crying, and she took me in bed with her, and how happy and contented I was. O! how I loved her and how I missed her and do miss her yet! God alone knows! I was ten in July and she died in October. I do not know how young I was when I learned to knit, but I recall how pleased I was when mother would run a race with me. I do not know who won, but I was pleased whichever way it went. I also remember her teaching me to sew. It was a brown cotton dress with white stripes, like rickrack braid, running lengthwise, and it was pretty stuff for little fingers, and a friend who was visiting (Mrs. West of Halifax) helped me, and mother and she looked at one another and smiled. I always tried to get the first ripe strawberries and earliest violets to bring to mother, and she was always so pleased. How well I remember the day she died, when we were all standing around her bed. She passed away so peacefully, though a tear rolled from her eye. I wonder if she was

FAMILY LINEAGE

conscious and thinking of her children. I did not know she was to die so soon. I wish I had and had talked with her, but I suppose they thought me too young, though I was old enough to know she was the dearest and best mother there ever was. I can remember getting upon her knee when some one said I was too big, but she kept me there.

She never allowed a word of gossip in the house. When Sarah and I heard something at school and brought it home and told it, even though it was true, we were reprimanded and told not to say anything against any one. It is something that has told on my life, for I hate gossip like poison.

The influence of the morning and evening family prayers, when she had to lead them herself, is a factor not to be forgotten. I can see her now with father's big New Testament, that had Edwards' notes and instructions on every chapter in it; and these readings and prayers could not fail of their benedictions.

George's mother died a few weeks ago—another stroke of paralysis. He had to go down to Ashland, Oregon. She was a lovely Christian woman, and George loved her dearly. We have had to keep a nurse for five years, and this trip cost us a hundred dollars. Much love to you. Write often.

Sister Anna, with her husband, Deacon Hill, spent several years as missionaries in Alaska, but with impaired health returned to Washington, where their eldest daughter, Florence Carey, and Mr. John Emery Lindberg, barrister-at-law, were united in marriage on Wednesday, June 2, 1909.

Letter to the author from his son Earl, written from Dorchester, Mass., March 13, 1908:

I got your postal and was glad to hear from you. There is little new around Boston. Business has been exceptionally dull this winter. I am rooming with the Keddys. They are very kind to me, and I like the location very much. There has been little or no snow this winter, and little cold weather. I have no intention of going back to college, but shall stick to work. Thank you very much. I think Willie will go through and make a name for himself. I am working in a wool broker's office. They handle an immense business. I would rather be in Canada. I always stand up for Canada, but they say if it is such a fine place why did I leave it? I will send you my picture. Please send me Harry's address. Your loving son.

Letter to the author from his daughter Nettie, written from Rawlins, Wyoming, September 15, 1908:

Your welcome letter reached me this morning. I wrote you before going to Wolcot for my vacation. We are having just lovely weather—

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not so hot as it has been. It is so much more comfortable to work when it is cool. I enjoyed my summer trip and am much the better for it. I would like to have been at Chip's wedding. I got the photographs—they are good. I am sorry Aunt Sarah is so ill. I will write her very soon. Earl sent me his photograph the other day. I was glad to get it; he takes a fine picture, doesn't he? Had letters from Aunt Emily and brother Harry and Josephine. I was a teacher in the Sabbath school till vacation. Grandma is recovering slowly from the stroke of paralysis, but we are very anxious about her. All the rest are well. Excuse short letter.

Letter to the author from his son William, written from Wolfville, June 1, 1908:

I received the gray mare you sent me and want to thank you very, very much for her. She is a fine little horse, very stylish and a fair roader. I hope you are well. The weather has been very warm lately. We have exams. next week. School has been quite difficult this year, but I will try and get through if possible. Chipman is having a busy time moving to his place at Greenwich. I saw the picture of you on horseback. The horse is a fine-looking animal. I hope you are doing well, and will write often. I am not a very good hand to write. All are well. Hoping to write again soon, I am your affectionate son.

Letter to the author from his sister Sarah, written from Elm Farm, Westbrook, November 16, 1908:

Your letter has been a long time unanswered for the simple reason I was not able to write. I am only now able to sit up and eat my regular meals. Am still far from well, but am under Dr. S.'s treatment in Halifax. It hurts me to write. I am very glad to hear from you, but am not able to write of our parents' lives and their reflex influence on family. You will, I know, excuse these few lines. I may be able to write more in the future.

I spent a good part of the summer in the Halifax infirmary. We were very pleased to have a short visit from Chipman on his way to Amherst. He is looking well. Was sorry to hear of illness there, but glad to know all were well again.

Edgar and Burton are very busy farming; they have done quite a lot of lumbering the past year and expect to the coming year. Wallace is working with them. Elton is teaching in a collegiate institute in Essex, Ontario, and likes the work very much. He has not been home for two years. I am not able to walk or drive, so cannot get out doors to enjoy the beautiful autumn weather. Hattie is visiting friends in Truro and will remain some weeks visiting. She has good health. I do so wish I could get well. Hope buoys me up. I have much to be thankful for, so must not complain. God is better to me than I deserve. I feel this note is hardly worth sending, but you may like to hear direct. With love, interest, and best wishes.

FAMILY LINEAGE

Letter to the author from his sister Annie, written from Tacoma, Washington, January 2, 1909:

The Christmas package received the last day of the old year, the marked Testament before Christmas. Very many thanks for all of them. I appreciate them very much. Oh, how I wish you could have been with us!

A boy from Alaska who was in my mission school came to see me, and now has a good position here. We had a treat as usual and enjoyed it as we used to do at Christmas in the "Old Red Home." Mamie and Gay and Florence are getting along nicely and enjoy life. Mr. H. and I hold the missionary spirit, and it grows.

You speak of the reading aloud in the old home. There is nothing I look back to with more pleasure, or was to me of more profit than that very thing. It is helpful as a bond of union. We are to have a meeting at Bellingham of the Baptist convention board, and Mr. Hill is a member of the board, and I expect to go with him. A friend, Mrs. W., is coming to stay with the girls. She is the mother of Herman Spinney's wife of Yarmouth, N. S.

I cannot make a drawing of the old home, but Hattie can. The weather is very mild; snowdrops and hyacinths are coming in bloom, with narcissus coming, too. In the greenhouse we have beautiful carnations. Fred Archibald from Alberta, my nephew, has been in several times. He is getting a hundred dollars a month in Vancouver. He is a nice boy. Fred Logan (Isaac's son) is at Victoria. I have calls from many coming from Nova Scotia. I received the photograph. It takes me back to the old times to see you on horseback. I do hope Sarah will recover. She has suffered so much.

I am glad you wrote what you did to mother. I had a good cry over the letter. I wish I knew more about both father and mother, but you know I am the baby. Father died when I was not quite three years old and mother when I was ten. Mother instilled honesty and helpfulness in others. No gossip was ever allowed in the home. She was ambitious for us all, and tried to keep us together.

Florence is to be married—he is an expert bookkeeper in the Northern Pacific office in Spokane. He has twenty acres of orchard land in Idaho. His father is a Baptist minister. She is only eighteen. We are going to have oyster soup. Come in and dine with us? Love to all.

Two letters to the author from his sister Emily, written from Brooklyn, Kings County, N. S., March 3, 1909.

I was very glad to hear from you again after a long silence. We received the Christmas presents and they did us good. I think I acknowledged these before. We all thank you very much. We have received at various times papers and magazines and the book of views. Sarah is not gaining much in health or strength. I fear she cannot last very long unless she takes more nourishment.

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It is now forty-three years since mother's death, and I dread the break among us seven. I am glad you enjoyed the Chapman meetings in Boston. It is a remarkable Pentecostal movement, as Mr. Lamb puts it. The laymen's missionary movement is outlining a great work and it is only in its infancy. We have had a gracious revival since Mr. Whitman came. Eight were baptized, with Archie among the number. Meetings are held three evenings in the week. It is a continuous warfare. "To him that overcometh" is the promise given.

R. R. McLeod has passed away, and much is being said of his qualities. I had a letter from the "Hills of Washington" last week. Chipman Archibald and wife have left India for the home land. They will visit Palestine and Switzerland en route. I owe Brother George a letter; also had one from Arthur. Sylvester is home, but goes back in April as manager of government creamery. Archie talks of going to Summerland, B. C. George contributed a good editorial to their local paper. Trusting you are rested and better of the trip. I am as ever, your affectionate sister.

June 7, 1909: Yours received, also the *Strand*. Thanks for remembering, and also for the maple cream sent some time ago. The boys attended the closing exercises of Acadia, enjoyed the day, and took dinner and tea at Chipman's. All well. Earl is expected next week. The orchards are in full bloom and give promise of large crops. Sarah is little better. Always glad to hear from you.

Four letters to the author from his sister Sarah, written from Elm Farm, Cumberland Co., N. S., January 26, 1909:

I am not able to write a letter. I am in bed. Was very glad to get your nice letters and sorry you were not well. I hope x-ray treatment may prove beneficial. It is well there are hospitals for the suffering. I am unable to write of mother's life. Well remember the day she died. You went for Mrs. Horton, but she passed away by the time you and she returned. I memorized the hymns sung at the funeral. She was the best of mothers, so self-sacrificing. I find myself too weak to write more. I do hope I will get better, but I am in the Lord's hands and He does what is best for His family. Glad to hear from you often. Will write when I get better. I fain would write more. Your affectionate sister.

February 26, 1909: I am just a little better this morning. Have a new doctor, who thinks he can help me, and I do hope he can. Sister H. has a letter written to send you, and I thought I must try to write you a few lines. I feel too weak to write; it hurts very much. Many thanks for papers. Glad you enjoyed meetings in Boston. I do hope you will soon be quite recovered. Please excuse penciling.

Westbrook, May 7, 1909: I received yours some time ago, but took a severe attack of la grippe nearly three weeks since. I was so weak by previous sickness and suffering that it will take me some time to rally. The doctor will not allow me to attempt to sit up for at least two weeks

FAMILY LINEAGE

more. Will be pleased to see you at any time you can come. You could not expect me to remember much of Aunt Sarah, when she died some weeks before I was born. Have heard through Hattie as being possessed of the missionary spirit in large degree, with remarkably sweet disposition, fine perceptions, and gifted in poetry and music

Westbrook Mills, March 6, 1910: Hattie will write as I dictate a few lines to you. I am lying on the bed, suffering with my eyes. If they do not improve in a few days I purpose going from home to consult a specialist. My stomach is better. Was glad to get your letter of sympathy and love; also photograph of Allison. Hope your book will prove a success, as you have spent much time and thought on it. The ideas are good, well thought and wrought out.

I find it very difficult to think and dictate, as my head is so distracted with pain in eyes. Edgar, Burton and Wallace have been extremely busy filling a lumber contract, which will not be completed for some time yet. The winter has been the mildest of any since my earliest remembrance. We hear from Elton almost every week. I enclose his last letter, which you can return. Accept my deep sympathy for you in your loneliness. I may be able to write you more sometime in the near future. Our great Sympathizer is our best friend.

[Sarah ought scarcely to have dictated the foregoing; it has left her completely wearied. I will send more later.—Sister Hattie.]

Letter to the author from his daughter Nettie, written from Rawlins, Wyoming, March 2, 1910:

Your welcome letter received a few days ago. I was indeed glad to get it. I wrote to cousin I. C. Archibald at St. John yesterday. We are looking for Mrs. Stewart back from Boulder the last of this week—maybe to-night. I am feeling much better and am able to take up my sewing again for ourselves. Uncle's address is M. L. Buchanan, 128 West Seventh Street, Leadville, Colorado. Uncle Rogers is in the country at present. We are having beautiful weather; it is really quite warm, but of course this is a changeable climate. Grandma is quite well and keeps around and does more than she thinks—in fact more than we wish her to do. But she is never satisfied unless she is doing for others.

Many thanks for those pictures you sent me. I appreciate them so much. I will frame them for my room. They are, I think, very good of my dear mother and sisters, whom I miss so much. There is no one can be like one's own in sympathy and love. You must be very busy with your book. I will be glad to have a copy when ready. Who are Dr. Andrew W. Archibald and Henry O. Archibald? The view of the Musquodoboit River makes a pretty picture. Willie Buchanan is home and will spend a day or two with us. He expects to come again in May. I had a good letter from Aunt Emily. I like to hear from her and we write quite often, also letters from Harry and Aunt Annie. I do not get many letters from Wolf-

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ville, but I like to hear sometimes. I get quite homesick to see you all. We will be glad to see you any time you can come here. Good-bye.

Letter to the author from his son Harry, written from Vancouver, B. C., February 20, 1910:

Am just in receipt of your card and will do the best I can to give you the information you ask for. There is quite some difficulty in getting what you ask, as there are no directories made up here; I am told a Winnipeg firm makes all the directories west of Ontario. Another thing is, the population in these Western provinces is so sparse that many places are not listed in the directories, as well as the fact that none of the directories are complete, either as to names or places.

By the way you never acknowledged the monologue I wrote you on the outlook of fruit growing in this province. I also sent some printed matter on this subject—which I thought would be of interest to you. To-day we are having a slight snowfall for a change; but the snow will not stick, the weather is too warm; we just get enough of it to let us know what we are really missing by not being back by the broad, heaving bosom of the misty Atlantic. "The Land of Evangeline" is a good country but this is a long way ahead of it. Do you know whether there is any truth or not in the statement that McKenzie & Mann are taking over the D. A. R.? The people there do not know when they have a good railway service. They will have to learn by bitter experience; but when the change is made, all they will have for their trouble will be the experience. Things are not at the present moment going at all to my liking and I am in a pretty bad way; the future holds all my hopes, and if they do not pan out—I am all to the bad.

This typewriter business is a new one on me, and have not yet quite got the hang of it, but it is a long way ahead of writing with the pen, and is also a good deal quicker. Lately have not had time I could call my own; and will not likely have any for quite a while.

There is almost a new language here, there is so much slang. If a person is not satisfied with the local conditions they "beat it." One hears all kinds of odd or local expressions, viz.: "What do you know about that?" "Beat it," etc. There is a little profanity in the Eastern provinces, but out here there is twice as much "and then some." No one seems to mind it, one hears it without taking notice of it. We have just had the Chinese New Year, and a big celebration it was. They make a lot of it. There was a cartoon in one of the papers here of a "Chink" sitting in a chair, holding a jug of gin to his lips and remarking, "Ten days of this." But the "Chink" is not much of a gin drinker. His tippie is "sam suey," a kind of whiskey or spirit distilled from rice; and it does duty very well. It is said that many of the whites are very fond of it. Every little while the police have a raid down in Chinatown and pull a place or two for running a gambling joint or an opium den. The "Chinks" are confirmed gamblers,

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and their quarters are as full of tunnels and underground passages as a woodchuck's den.

This Vancouver is full of Socialists. A peculiar thing is this that the Socialists are nearly all foreigners—Englishers, Germans, Americans, etc. They have meetings nearly every evening and on Sundays. Their big meeting is on Sunday evening. Was there once, but do not think I will join for awhile at least. Their ways are not my ways, and at present we have nothing in common. But nearly every evening at the street corners one can see a crowd of them holding forth. Many of them remind me of the great unwashed.

One of the drawbacks to this place is the Englander, or as he is more familiarly known, the Remittance Man. Some of the Eastern papers call Vancouver "The Remittance Man's Clearing." He knows it all, and we sometimes have quite a lot of trouble to beat it into his head that he is not "it." After awhile they take a tumble that they are not the "whole cheese," and after that they are not too bad. The C. P. R. is very strong here, and one finds them engaged in various lines of business under other names. Every one, or nearly so, thinks this is the only place, and that helps a lot to push a town ahead.

How large a book do you expect that your work will make? It is a big undertaking to write and compile a book like that. And when do you expect to have it issued?

I sometimes get a slight attack of nostalgia, but usually manage to throw it off. If the wife and little boy were only with me here I would not care a rap; but in the meantime what cannot be helped must be endured.

Will try and get other directories for that information, but am not very sanguine about it at the present moment. There are several places I have not tried as yet, but will do so at the earliest moment.

Trusting you are enjoying your usual good health and that you will write again soon, I remain your loving son.

Letter to the author from his son Harry, written from Vancouver, B. C., March 20, 1910:

I have your letter under date of the tenth. Received the advance circular of your book about the middle of the week. Sir Hibbert Tupper is in Vancouver City. His address is on Barclay Street. I did not know that the old war-horse was out here. Penticton is on the Okanagan Lake about three days' journey from here; although they tell me that when the new line is built it will only be about eighteen hours from Vancouver. I met a brother of Etta Yuill in town here the other day. He told me he came from Truro and has been in the West many years; also told me that his sister was in Penticton. Had a letter from Nettie a few days ago. She appeared in better spirits than usual.

Spring is here; the bulbs in the gardens are in bloom, the grass is green, the air is warm, and the sunshine, after the winter rains, makes one feel a

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little more like living. It is certainly very mild winters we get here; quite a lot of rain, seldom cold enough to freeze, although there is quite a lot of frost. It is a splendid climate along the water, although back among the mountains it is surely rough enough to satisfy a man from the Hyperborean regions. Met Fred Logan the other day. He is doing well and making money. There are many Nova Scotians here, most of them are doing well, too. You are right; it never pays to worry. Bret Harte was right when he wrote:

If of all words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are "It might have been,"
More sad by far we daily see,
"It is—but it baddent orto be."

I have often tried to make you understand on how much greater a scale this West is than the Eastern part of our country; and it is only very lately that this has been borne home to me by the interruption of traffic and the great loss of life caused by avalanches or snow slides in the Cascade Mountains. In my mind, at least, avalanches have been associated with the Alps and other mountains in far-off lands, and even then in some time in the more or less misty past—and have been viewed in a similar way that we read about the famine in India, floods on the Yang Tse Kiang, or some cataclysm in the Congo valley, earthquakes in Tokyo, and not as a thing to be taken in a serious way by us, or even affecting ourselves even in the most indirect way. During the last few days it has been impressed on us here that these things are not all to be endured by those whom we call foreigners; but are an issue which have to be reckoned with by ourselves. Of course these things only happen where nature has constructed things on a large plan, and it is this same largeness that makes it almost impossible to contend against. Mark Twain has written some beautiful descriptions and touching accounts of Alpine slides, but his is only a word picture. Here it has been some different. When one goes on the street and can see daily for perhaps a week a funeral cortege of a dozen hearses on their way to the cemetery, and know that there are many more bodies in ice and snow, rocks, trees, boulders, train wreckage and other debris, in the canyon only a few miles from this city, where snow is uncommon, it makes one realize that there is a vast difference from the smaller country in which we were raised, and the conditions under which we were living. True it is that in the case of the avalanches at Roger's Pass and Glacier many of those who lost their life were Japanese, while in the case of the slides at Wellington where the whole train was swept into the canyon the loss of life was all whites. I do not know whether or not you have read the newspaper accounts of these happenings, but they beggar description, and the end is not yet. The slides are occurring daily, but in the last day or two there has not been any further loss of life; but on the other hand those already dead

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have not all been recovered; and the long funeral processions still continue. In the case of the disaster at Wellington on the G. N. R., just as the express for this city came through the long tunnel they were brought to a stop by word of slides and avalanches ahead; and the train was finally left standing on a "bench" just outside of the tunnel. The passengers, many of whom were very nervous and somewhat frightened, wanted the train crew to back into the tunnel itself for safety. The train crew, knowing that help must come from the further end of the "bore" and being afraid from the nature of the mountain sides that they would be buried in the tunnel by avalanches at the tunnel's mouth, left the train in what they considered the safest place. Two men who were tired of waiting and knew the lay of the country, started to walk about fifteen miles across country, and made the trip safely; they are the only ones of all those who were on that train (some one hundred and fifty in all) who are now living. When relief trains arrived on the scene the express was not there. Avalanches down the mountain sides had swept the train, track, and even the place where the train had stood, into the canyon. Many of the bodies are still in the canyon among the wreckage, snow, ice, and trees. The G. N. R. sent a large number of men—Europeans—to the scene of the disaster to clear things up, and according to accounts these "Apaches" started in to loot the bodies, and the crews of the trains had to drive them off with firearms; at any rate the G. N. R. had to remove the gang and send others in their place. The papers are not giving very full accounts of this accident. Wellington is in the State of Washington. In the case of the accident at Roger's Pass the express trains were not touched. There was a work train with a crew engaged in trying to clear the road, when the big avalanche came without warning. The number of the dead is variously estimated from sixty-five to ninety-two, many of whom are Japanese. And here again the dead are not all recovered. The "Jap," as I have told you, is not liked here, but when the funeral passes the whites take off their hats and all are agreed that he is a brave man, one who is not afraid to work in a dangerous place and one who keeps his head when death is looking him in the face. The number of lives lost in Roger's Pass will probably never be known exactly. The track, which was supposed to be in a safe place, was also protected by snowsheds. These were torn away. The train, engines, and snow plows were demolished, and the track site buried to a depth of over twenty feet. The road was opened after nearly a week only to be again filled in by slides. Those who saw the bodies as they were taken from the snow give descriptions that are not cribbed from any poet's dreams. In the majority of cases there were no wounds or bruises; the wind ahead of the avalanche seemed to carry them and hold them suspended and they were smothered by the snow, which was light, as it buried them, although it soon became almost like ice. In nearly all cases the faces were placid, and they looked like statues of marble and bronze; their faces were as if they had been asleep. In many, many cases the bodies had to be taken up the mountain sides on toboggans. In some cases the victims had nearly got clear—a

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few inches more and they would have worked their way to the surface; but death came in the shape of suffocation, and cold caught them in spite of all they could do.

The warm weather coming unusually early is given as the cause. The snow, which usually melts away by warm winds and the sun, slid down the sides of the mountains, carrying all before it. They tell me that although these slides have to be watched for, the likes of these are unknown. And still the slides continue, but they will soon be over. Spring is here, and the sun and warm winds will soon make the snow disappear, and in a few days all that you can see to mark the places of these tragedies will be the paths of the avalanches on the mountain sides. The writers in the magazines tell us that as the mountains are denuded of their timber, floods and avalanches will become more common; and it looks as though they may be right. If the like of this comes every spring, travel will indeed be dangerous.

I do so miss the wife and our little boy—do not get over it, miss them every day. Had hoped to have had them here in January, but “The best laid plans of mice and men ’gang aft a’glee.”

I trust you are feeling better, and that you will write soon.

Letter to the author from his sister Annie, written from South Tacoma, Washington, December 14, 1909:

I was pleased to get your letter last month and would have answered sooner, but I have not had a meal alone for seven weeks. Our new pastor, Rev. James Banton, from British Columbia was with me, and his wife and two daughters part of the time, and then a lady and her baby boy from Bellingham for two weeks—in fact this summer has been extra strenuous. I feel very tired, for there is a great deal depending upon me. Sometimes I think I cannot get through, but somehow the Lord helps me and I get strength to get it done. Our new pastor is a grand, spiritual man and both he and his wife are extra singers, so they are a great help.

We knew them slightly about fifteen years ago, when Victoria and Vancouver met with us in our association and convention. I am very much pleased with your Preface, and with all the advance pages you sent. I think you did very well and I congratulate you. Florence is very happy and well. They have been quite busy all summer.

Well, it is getting near Christmas again and as it comes, I long to see the home faces. This is the first of the letters, but I hope to write a Christmas letter to all the brothers and sisters. I do wish Sarah was better. If she was here I think I know a doctor who could help her, but she thinks she could not travel so far. Dear girl, how all the old times flow back when we played together. I hope in the providence of God we may meet again. We are going to send you a tie pin and we want you to wear it, and sometimes think of the givers. George is very busy; gets more so as the days go by—more territory, more people, more responsibility, but he is suited

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to the work and the people like him. He very often takes the place of a minister at the burial of some one. Jenny is going to school, and is pretty well. We all send love and best wishes for a very happy Christmas.

Letter to the author from his sister Hattie, written from Stanley, N. S., January 27, 1910:

I thought I would jot a few lines to you and wish you a happy New Year. Down in the deep recesses of our hearts, if we feel that we can lean on the strong arms of the Sympathizing One whate'er befall, He can sustain us. I wish some things were different, but one can only make the best of them and hope for the best. Perhaps you think I do not sympathize with you enough, but indeed I do—with you away from the home you valued so much. To a lover of home it means a great deal. I hope you may be sustained. I hear you are not well. Perhaps if you could be ministered to, by those near and dear, you would improve in health and spirits. I have just come home from Amherst Point, after visiting friends there for more than a week. Part of the way there, there was much snow and the roads very bad, so much rain followed by snowstorm. General Booth's son is in Amherst holding meetings. He speaks in the churches, but I did not hear him on account of the state of the roads. Thought I had better come home with Wilber through town, as they might be worse. Am looking for letters from Sister Emily, Sarah and Annie, although I heard from them some two weeks ago. Sarah's eyes are a great affliction, otherwise she is somewhat better. Every one has some trial. One man, with his wife in the asylum at Dartmouth, cannot sleep without powders, and sometimes not then. I think there is a good deal of fine manhood in Harry. I send you a hymn for the New Year (see Luke 24:29):

“Abide with us, thou Saviour dear,
Throughout this new and untried year;
Guest of our hearts, our spirits grieve
To think that even Thou might'st leave.
We need Thee as our loving guide
Both day and night — with us abide.

“We think of dear ones far away—
Dwell with them ever, Lord, we pray;
That midst all changes they may prove
The precious wealth of Thy great love.
Be Thou their friend, whate'er betide—
With every one, dear Lord, abide.

“Abide with us when twilight's gray
Foretells the close of life's bright day,
And well we know eternity
Can bring no better friend than Thee.
O glory! Wondrous deep and wide,
With Thee forever to abide.”

Letter to the author from his son Harry, written from Vancouver, B. C., January 11, 1910:

A few days ago I received that Abraham Lincoln Calendar you sent me for Christmas. I have read it through and it is exceptionally well made up and interesting right through. I have strong hopes of better things in the near future. But things are not exactly rose tinted at the present time. Our family does not seem to be highly favored when fortune is passing out the good things of this life. That it will be otherwise in the future "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd." I had a bright, cheery letter from Josephine a few days ago. Allison is well, but she has had a bad attack of tonsilitis, with which she is bothered considerably in the winter season. Am in hopes when she comes West that will be changed, for, compared with other parts of Canada, there is no winter here.

For the coming year the prospects are good in all lines, industrial and otherwise, but January is nearly always quiet.

The people of the two or three Vancouver cities claim that this is becoming the most beautiful city or cities on the American Continent. Landscape architects are laying out the new town sites. The municipality is paying for this and selling the lots, acres, or subdivisions, and doing it in such a way that these parcels of land cannot be subdivided, so that when the work is complete it will be part of a harmonious plan. The city of North Vancouver has already laid out a large boulevard, having parks and pleasure grounds mixed in with building lots. But of course everything is raw, crude and unfinished, as the work is still under progress. It is a very expensive operation, as stumps here cannot be pulled out with a yoke of oxen as back East. What do you think of clearing trees four feet in diameter and one hundred feet high off land to make room for a city residence? That is the way this city is growing, and that is being done in the municipality of Point Grey, Vancouver. Things are growing and growing fast. Lots of property inside the city limits has changed hands since I came here at an increase of over twenty-five per cent in value.

In clearing land here dynamite is the chief agent, after that, Oriental labor. From three hundred dollars to six hundred dollars is about what is estimated per acre to clear land in this part of British Columbia. Where the trees are so large and tall the roots cover—shall we say—half a county? There is an extensive programme laid out for this province during the coming five years in railroad construction, and railroad construction means something in this province, for the province is all mountains, containing what is claimed to be some of the grandest scenery in the world; and no one yet knows anything of the mineral wealth in these same wild and almost inaccessible Rocky Mountains, covered by glaciers and torrents, with sections of forest, composed of those gigantic trees, in more sheltered parts of the slopes, with valley districts here and there, where the virgin soil will produce almost everything, including the semi-tropical fruits. This province is about fifteen times the size of Nova Scotia, and even with its

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cities—although the Vancouvers have a population of 100,000—the whole population of British Columbia and Vancouver Island is only about four hundred and fifty thousand. A large part of this province has never been explored, and no one knows what Nature has stowed away amid those rocky fortresses. But—and this is no canard—the whole of the American Continent is interested here now and this city and province is bound to grow. It is growing *now*. They say, "Fate hangs out no red lights at the crossings of a man's destiny," and that must be so, or we would have been out here years ago and got in on the ground floor, when fortunes were to be made in a few days, or rather made themselves. It seems as if that "old guy" who said that it took one life to learn how to live was not so far wrong after all. Why do you not fit up a calendar similar to that Abraham Lincoln one on the late lamented Joseph Howe? It should take well in Nova Scotia and in other provinces also, as his life had so much to do with the history of Nova Scotia. Had a nice letter from Aunt Hattie a few days ago. She was well and at Stanley.

A letter from the author to his sister Hattie:

I am glad you are visiting Emily, which will be mutual enjoyment. I have letters from Harry and Nettie by the same mail. I wish you would write them both, from your hearts, before you separate. Life at times will be lonely to them among throngs of strangers. They came into my own life in its happiest period with their loving and faithful mother of precious memory.

It has taken me sixty-eight years to catch that deeper note in our noble father's life, which he had reached long before his death fifty years ago. I recall him standing with a neighbor near the house entrance on that whole-hearted knoll, in the cooling shade and gentle tremor of the leaves, looking out over the bright green fields and sparkling river, bathing their spirits in something beyond their sight. As a child I was mystically charmed by what I could not know. The note he sought in fuller measure was to see himself to be a son of the King of Kings. It was like a Sabbath rest bearing him along his meditative way. That life of shining honesty with lasting charm holds us fast for deeper service to human kind, making us realize that there is a deeper union than any which is furnished by family ties. "In the *consciousness* of human brotherhood there is added a new bond uniting in a new fraternity those who *recognize* in God their Father and in every man a brother. There is, in other words, not only a brotherhood of men but also a 'communion of saints.' But the two are not identical, and the second could not exist were it not for the first, out of which it grows as the flower from the stem."

"Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Back of the strife—
Sweet life.

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And flowering meadows that glow and gleam
Where the winds sing joy and the daisies dream,
And the sunbeams color the quickening clod,
And faith in the future and trust in God.

Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Fronting the night—
The light!
Under the snows—
The rose!

And the valleys sing joy to the misty hills,
And the wild winds ripple it down the rills;
And the far stars answer the song that swells
With all the music of all the bells!

Fronting the night—
The light!"

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MRS. JOSEPHINE H. A. ARCHIBALD.

Dear Father:

I have the pictures and specimen pages of your volume. It must be an interesting work and pretty nearly a history of people in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and New England. The pages show good English, direct, forcible, simple — no reaching on dusty shelf for seldom-used word with whose very appearance you are not familiar. The language is very beautiful and clear in meaning. As an historical narrative it is a rare volume of merit to be handed on for centuries.

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Vancouver, Canada.

"Home-Making and Its Philosophy"

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